

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

To which is added

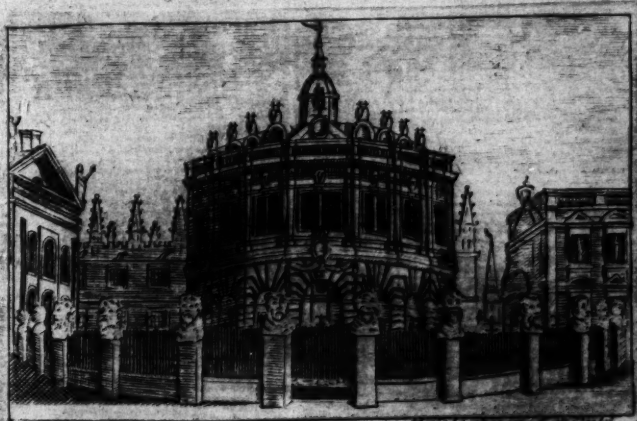
GONDIBERT AND BIRTHA,

A TRAGEDY.

By WILLIAM THOMPSON M.A. K

Late Fellow of *Queen's College, Oxford.*

His oblectamus Otium Temporis. Plin. Epist.



O X F O R D,

Printed at the THEATRE, MDCCLVII.

P O E M 3

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To which is added

GOLDEN RINGS

A T R A C T I V E

WILLIAM LITTLE



Printed by W. LITTLE

O X F O R D

Printed by W. LITTLE

To
The Right Honourable the
Countess of NORTHUMBERLAND

These P O E M S

Are with the profoundest Respect inscribed

By Her LADYSHIP'S

Most Humble

and most Obedient Servant

William Thompson.

To

The Right Honourable the

Councils of NORTHUMBRIA

That I am a

Are with the profoundest respect inscribed

By



Most Humble

and most Obedient Servant

William Thompson

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

R E A D E R.

I Shou'd not have troubled the Reader with any thing by way of Preface, if I did not think myself obliged to return my Thanks to my good-natur'd Subscribers for their Patience in waiting so long for their Books. A bad State of Health and some other intervening Accidents prevented me from Publishing the Volume sooner, tho' above half of It has been printed off for some Time.

As for the Poems themselves, the greater Part of them was written when the Author was very Young and without any Design of printing Them, which is only mention'd with Hopes to procure the Reader's Pardon for the Imperfection of some and the Lightness of others.

Yet

Advertisement to the Reader.

Yet

*Non Ego mordaci distinxi carmine Quemquam,
Nulla venenato Litera mista joco est. Ovid.*

I shou'd not have printed the two Latin Odes, if they had not given me an Opportunity of Publishing the Translations along with Them, which I believe will be thought the best Verses in the Collection: They are finish'd in so easy and masterly a Manner, that I must own that I had rather have been the Author of *Them* than of *the Originals* themselves. The *Tragedy* was likewise chiefly compos'd when the Author was an Under-Graduate in the University, as an innocent Relaxation from those severer and more useful Studies for which the *College*, where He had the Benefit of his Education, is so deservedly distinguish'd. I have caus'd it (with all its Juvenile Imperfections on it's Head) to be printed as it was at first written, and have even added the Original Motto, that it might be all of a Piece. The Poem call'd *Sickness* was republish'd at the Request of several of my Subscribers, to
which,

11
Advertisement to the Reader.

which, without regarding the additional Expence, I very readily agreed: I have made some Alterations, which, in the Divisions of the Books, I hope will be thought Improvements.

I return my most humble Thanks to my *Friends* for their many kind Offices in the Course of the Subscription, and shall leave the Poems to the Candour of the courteous Reader with Part of a Verse from *Horace*,

——— *Si placeo, Tuum est.*



Lately

Lately printed at the *Theatre* in *Oxford*.

Gratitude, A Poem, on the Countess of *Pomfret's* Benefactions to the University of *Oxford*.

Donarem statuas — Carmina possumus

Donare. Hor.

By *William Thompson* M.A. late Fellow of *Queen's Coll.*

28 MR 59

The Second Edition.

E R R A T A.

- P. 323. l. 8. *superior* for, *superior*. P. 332. l. 13. *Flow* for, *Flows*.
P. 334. l. 3. *You* for, *yon*. P. 336. l. 13. *Physian* for, *Physician*.
P. 361. l. 19. *the* for, *Thee*. P. 416. l. 17. *so* for, *too*.
P. 422. l. 4. *This a* for, *This is a*.

My Distance from the Press occasion'd these and some other Literal Mistakes, for which again I think myself obliged to desire the Reader's Pardon: He will likewise find some Repetitions, which wou'd have been alter'd, if the Author cou'd have review'd the Tragedy entire before it was all printed off.

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ERRATA.

- See Page 1st. where it is printed 1737 for, 1736.
- P. 41. l. 8. *gloomy* for, *rufull*. Dto. *he wears*, for *He wears*.
- P. 44. Lines 3d, 4th, 5th, for,
I wou'd to new Joys my Hours I pass
Sing with the Muse, trip with the Last,
And ne'er forget my Bliss-inspiring Glass.
- P. 45. l. 10. *He lives?* for, *He lives!* Lin. 17. *It shakes the Heart* for, *it made me start*.
- P. 46. l. 2. *fills* for, *shakes*.
- P. 113. 1438 for, 1738. in the Note.
- P. 134. l. 11. *Eyes* for, *Eye*.
- P. 150. l. 9. *Rays that point* for, *Ray that points*.
- P. 153. l. 10. *Panacea* for, *Panacea*.
- P. 205. l. 20. *Zanthus* for, *Xanthus*.
- P. 207. l. 3. *me wish* for, *but wish*.
- P. 213. *Orisin* for, *Ostrin* in the Notes.
- P. 217. l. 4. *cloudes* for, *cloudless*.
- P. 220. l. 18. *ruffling* for, *rusing*.
- P. 225. l. 18. *strike* for, *strikes*.
- P. 229. l. 13. *escape;* for, *escape?*
- P. 247. l. 12. *fooly* for, *sofly*.
- P. 267. l. 5. *HE* for, *HIM*.
- P. 268. l. 7. *vain,* for, *vain*. 28 MR 59
- P. 277. l. 16. *precipitans* for, *precipitant*.
- P. 280. l. 12. *Forbid by* for, *forbid my*.
- P. 293. l. 9. *is* for, *His*.
- In the Title Page to the Tragedy 1751 for, 1757.
- P. 322. *Thula confident of Rhod;* for, *of Birha*.
Laura confid. of Birha, for, *of Rhod*.
- P. 323. *Ulsinore* for, *Ulsinore*.
- In the Title Page to Tome 2d 1751 for, 1757.

If the Reader shou'd meet with any other Mistakes either Literal or in the Pointing, it is to be hoped his own Good-nature will both excuse and correct Them.



P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPITHALAMIUM.

On the Royal Nuptials, in May 1737.

I.

ON *Thamis'* Banks, where many a flow'ry Gem
 Blooms wanton-wild, advanc'd a jovial Crew,
 Thick as the *Daisies* which his *Meadows* hem;
 And with sweet Herbs the liquid *Crystal* strew;
 For on the liquid *Crystal* gayly flew
 A painted *Gondelay*, bedecked fair
 With Gold and Purple, gorgeous to the View!
 While loud approving Shouts divide the Air,
 "Hail, happy future Bride of *Albion's* worthy Heir."

A Boat.

A

Eftsoons

II.

1 Eftsoons the Father of the silver Flood,
 The noble *Thames*, his azure Head uprais'd,
 And shook his dewy Locks, worthy a God!
 A lambent Glory round his Temples blaz'd,
 On which the *Naiads* all with wonder gaz'd.
 So sparkle *Thetis* purple-trembling Streams,
 When *Phœbus*, for his golden Car yprais'd,
 Strikes the calm Surface with his Morning Beams,
 And sprinkles Spangles round and the wide Blue inflames.

III.

The wanton *Naiads*, *Doris'* Daughters all,
 Range in a Ring: *Pberusa*, blooming-fair,
Cymadoce Dove-ey'd, with *Florimal*,
 Sweet-smelling Flowrets deck'd their long green Hair,
 And *Erato*, to Love, to *Venus* dear,
Galene drest in smiles and Lilly-white,
 And *Phœo*, with her snowy Bosom bare,
 All these, and more than these, a dainty Sight!
 In Daunce and Merriment and sweet 2 Belgarde Delight.

1 Presently. 2 Beautiful Looks.

Around

IV.

Around the Bark They daunce, wherein there sat
A Lady fresh and fair, ah! such a One,
So fresh and fair, so amiably great,
So goodly-gracious seem'd as never none,
And like thy sweet-beam'd Planet, *Venus*, shone.
They much admire, O very much her Face,
Her Shape, her Breast, for Love a downy Throne!
Her Beauty's glorious Shine, her every Grace;
An Angel She appear'd, at least of Angel-Race.

V.

Her *Thamis* (on his golden Urn he lean'd)
Saluted with this Hymeneal Song,
And hail'd her safe. Full silent was the Wind,
The River glided gently-soft along,
Ne whisper'd the Breeze the Leaves among,
Ne love-learn'd *Philomel* out-trill'd her Lay;
A Stillness on the Waves attentive hung,
A brighter Gladness blest the Face of Day,
All Nature gan to smile, her Smiles diffus'd the May.

1. Nor,

VI.

“Ah sacred Ship, to *Albion* wafting Good,
 Our Wish, our Hope, our Joy! who safe convey'd
 Through perilous Sea, from *Ila*'s little Flood,
 This Beauty's Paragon, this Royal Maid,
 Isprung, I swift, of high empyreal Seed;
 The Child of Heaven, the Daughter of Delight,
 Nurst by a *Grace*, with Milk and Honey fed!
 Oh *Frederick*! oh, ¹ certes, blessed Wight,
 To Whom the Gods consign the Nymph *Augusta* ² hight.

VII.

Ah sacred Ship! may favourable Gales,
 The kindest Breath of Heav'n attend thy Way,
 And swell the winged Canvass of thy Sails:
 May Calmness be thy Path, and Pleasaunce lay
 On the soft Bosom of the yielding Sea,
 Where-e're thou Wind; or to the spicy Shore
 Of *Araby* the blest, or *Indias* Bay,
 Where Diamonds kindle, and the golden Ore
 Flames into Purity, to deck *Augusta* more!

¹ Certainly. ² Named.

VIII.

Augusta, fairest Princess under Sky,
Welcome to *Albion's* renowned Land,
Albion well known to thy great Ancestry,
Made dearer far to Thee by *Hymen's* Band,
The Band of Love, of Honour and Command!
Deign to receive the Nations publick Voice,
Of Heartiness unfeign'd, who gleeful stand
In meet Array, and thus express their Joys
In Peals of loud Acclaim, and Mirths confused Noise.

IX.

With warmer Raptures, and more passionate,
Tho' hard to be! the *Royal Youth*, I trow,
Shall Thee embrace: Him tenfold Fires elate,
And sacred Passions in his Bosom glow,
Which from thy Picture erst began to flow.
For Thee He burns, for Thee He sighs and prays,
Pours out his Soul to Thee, nor Rest can know;
But dreams of Thee long, livelong Nights and Days,
By Beauty led thro' all Love's Rosy-Thorny-Ways.

X.

To heal his Pains soft Musick does divide
 Most heavenly Melody in soothing Strains;
 Nor heavenly Melody, nor aught beside,
 Save Thee, ah *Dearest Dread!* can heal his Pains.
 Thy Form too deeply in his Breast Remains.
 So ever and anon He chides the Gales,
 That slowly seem to brush the liquid Plains;
 Oh! fly on all the Wings of Heav'n, ye Sails,
 Oh fly! He crys; and lo! a Lover's Pray'r prevails.

XI.

Now cease thy Sighs. She comes, (oh blessed Day!)
 She comes, by all the Loves and Graces drest,
 In proud Humility. See, *Hymen* play,
 With Saffron Robe and Flame-embroider'd Vest,
 (Such Colours, ¹ fikerly, suit *Hymen* best.)
 And *Cupid* Catches rosy wafts of Air
 To stretch the Sails and fan the Royal Guest!
 Nor *Chastity*, meek-ey'd, is wanting there,
 For She, and *Modesty*, sweet-blushing, guide the Steer.

¹ Surely.

Not

XII.

Not *Venus*, Queen of Beauty and of Bliss
 So goodly shone, when first the Goddess sprung
 From Ocean's sparkling Foam; sweet Nakedness!
 A thousand Smiles and Loves upon her hung,
 And all the Gods for Joy and wonder sung.
 The Waves so proud the beamy Burthen bore
 Exulting; She, around her, Odours flung,
 And bade the Billows laugh and cease to roar;
 They gladly Her obey, and gently kiss the Shore.

XIII.

So fair She looks, nay fairer, cou'd it be;
 Did never mortal Man such Charms behold
 In Bow'r or Hall. *Spring* waits upon her Eye;
 Lo! *Flora* has her richest Stores out-roll'd
 Of variable Flow'rs and blooming Gold.
 The Meadows smile, the Birds renew their Love
 And throw Themselves in Pairs the Young and Old;
 All Nature glows where're her Glances move,
 And Beauty paints each Field, and Musick fills each Grove.

Formerly.

But

XIV.

But Who is yon, each other Youth excelling
 As much as orient Gold surmounteth Brass?
 Sure *Honour* in his Visage chose her Dwelling,
 And sacred *Truth*, ¹ Perdie, adorns his Face;
 Such Goodlihead and Humblefs never was.
 Blest be the Sight! full well those looks I kenn,
 Where Joyaunce sits and ever-smiling Grace;
Frederick! 'tis He! the first and best of Men,
 Our dearling Prince to meet *Augusta* ² well-beseen.

XV.

And lo! what medled Passions in Him move,
 He gazes --- wonders --- (great is Beauty's Pow'r!)
 And, sweetly lost in Ecstasy and Love,
 His Eyes her Whole, his Lips her Lips devour,
 Which *Venus* had besprent with Nectar-Show'r.
 Her slippery Charms allow his Eyes no Rest,
 But thousand Arrows, nay ten thousand pour
 Into his wounded and transported Breast;
 Sure none like her is fair, sure none like him is blest!

¹ An Affirmation. ² Handsom.

XVI.

O blessed Youth! receive thy ¹ *Bonnibel*,
 Eternal Fount of Virtue, Love and Grace!
 O kneel to all the Gods and pray to all,
 Who sparkle so divinely in her Face,
 And with celestial Fires her Bosom bless.
 So shines *Aurora* in her rich Attire,
 When She *Hyperion* wou'd fain carefs:
 Gaze all the Host of Stars, and all admire,
 Then twinkle in their Urns, and into Night retire.

XVII.

O blessed Maid! receive thy ² *Belamour*,
 With glee receive Him and o'erflowing Heart:
 Ne in high Monarch's Court, ne Lady's Bow'r,
 A Youth so form'd by Nature and by Art,
 Conspiring Both, e're cherish'd Cupid's Dart.
 So *Phæbus*, lusty Bridegroom of the Sky,
 With native Splendours shines on every Part;
 From East to West his pointed Glories fly,
 He warmeth every Heart, He dazleth every Eye."

¹ Beautiful Virgin. ² Charming Lover,

XVIII.

Here *Thamis* ended. Now the goodly Train
 Of all the *Naiads*, in most comely wife,
 A Present make of Myrtle-Girland green,
 Entrail'd with Flowrets and with rare device.
 The Graces eke, with Laughter-swelling Eyes,
 A Rosy-Chaplet, steep'd in Nectar bring,
 (The Roses gather'd in the Morning Skies)
 Then, joining with the *Naiads*, form a Ring,
 And round Them deftly daunce, and round Them blithly

XIX.

"As Roses and as Myrtles kindly weave
 Their Sweets in One, much sweeter as they blend;
 Emblem of Marriage-Love! So You, receive
 Sweets interchang'd, and to each other lend;
 Then, in a blest Perfume, to Heav'n ascend,
 And mingle with the Gods! While Here below,
 New Myrtles, Roses new, withouten end,
 From your luxurious Stock, full plenteous, grow,
 And with their Parent-Sweets, and Parent-Beauty glow."

XX.

Next *Albion's Genius* came, bedite in Gold,
 An Oaken Chaplet nodded on his Head;
 The Crown He held was glorious to behold,
 And royally He taught his Feet to tread.
 Soon as he spy'd the Prince's Goodlyhead,
 He pointed to the Crown, and rais'd his Voice
 To hail the Royal Pair and bless their Bed:
 The jolly Chorus catch the grateful Noise,
 Echo the Woods and Vales, and Heav'n and Earth rejoice.

XXI.

Next *Liberty*, the fairest Nymph on Ground;
 The flowing Plenty of her golden Hair
 Diffusing lavishly Ambrosia round;
 Her Hands a flow'ry Cornucopia bear,
 Which scatter's Joy and Pleasaunce through the Air.
 Earth smil'd, and Gladness danc'd along the Sky;
 Before Her vanish'd Grief and pale-ey'd Care,
 And left, in courteous Guise, she cast her Eye
 On that same gentle Twain, her Glory and her Joy.

1 Often

B 2

And

XXII.

And These beside, a *Sacred Per'snage* came,
 Immaculate and sweet as Sharon-Rose:
 Upon her Breast a Bloody Cross did flame,
 Aumail'd with Gold and Gems in goodly Rows:
 A Pall of Lawn adown her Shoulders flows:
 Yclep'd *Eusebia*. She pray'd aloud,
 Then, blessing Both, for her Defenders chose,
 And spheard her Glories in a purple Cloud:
 Softly *Augusta* smil'd, full lowly *Frederick* bow'd.

XXIII.

Fair *Fame* behind a silver Trumpet blew,
 Sweet to the Earth, and fragrant to the Sky!
 Her Mantle of a many-colour'd Hue,
 Her Rain-bow-Wings-pouder'd with many an Eye,
 And near her *Honour*, *Pow'r*, and *Courtesy*:
Honour of open Front, and steady Grace;
Pow'r, clad in Steel, a Faulchion brandish'd high;
Courtesy drest in Smiles her bounteous Face:
 When These attend a Prince, thrice happy Subject's Case!

1 Called.

The

XXIV.

The *Muses* clos'd this intellectual Scene
 From *Helicon*; who knows not *Helicon*?
 Gold were their Lyres, their Laurels ever-green.
 Soon *Clio* to the Prince a starry Crown
 Presents, another to his ¹ Bellibone.
 Then all in lofty Chorus swell the Song,
 Big with their happy Loves and great Renown.
 Prophetick Numbers float the Woods emong,
 For Shepherd-Lad too high, for Memory too long.

XXV.

² Nathless thy tuneful Sons, O *Oxford* dear!
 By *Muses* visited, may catch the Lays,
 Sweet-pouring Streams of Nectar on the Ear,
 And from Their Lips, in Vision, learn to raise
 Their Loves and Fame, to brighten future Days.
 Thee fits not, *Thomalin*, a simple Swain,
 High Deeds to sing, but gentle Roundelays:
 Go feed thy Flock, renew the rural Strain
 On oaten Pipe, content to please the humble Plain.

¹ Fair Damsel. ² Nevertheless.

BEAUTY *and* MUSICK.*An* ODE.

AIR I.

O Softly Sigh into the Flute,
While dear *Iantbe* breaths the lovesick Lay:

Now teach the melancholy Lute
In tender trills to melt the Notes away,

Melodious in Decay! —

But hark, She louder, louder sings,

Sink, boldly sink into the Strings:

Shake, O shake the numerous Wire,

Fire the Blood, the Spirits fire

With musical Thunder and burning Desire!

AIR II.

Our Souls divided with a fond Surprise

Diffolve in Woe;

With Rapture glow;

Fall with her Notes; or with her Bosom rise;

Rais'd with Hopes; with Fears deprest;

Sweetly

Sweetly tortur'd, sweetly blest;
Sav'd by Her Voice, and Vanquish'd by her Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The *God of Love*, to hear her Strains
Leaves his Acidalian Plains,
And, as th' harmonious Charmer sings,
In triumph points his Darts and waves his Wings.
Th' harmonious Charmer paus'd to see
A list'ning, wond'ring Deity;
While Silence softly chain'd her Tongue,
The God responsive rais'd the Song,
In Strains like these, if Strains can be
Rais'd to the Raptures of a Deity,
The Raptures of a wond'ring Deity!

AIR III.

Beauty, sacred Beauty sing,
Flowing from the wond'rous Spring
Of uncreated and primeval Light!
Beauty the first-best Work of God,
Spoke into Being in his high Abode,
And next his own Eternal Essence bright!

AIR

AIR IV.

With Beauty Musick join,
 The Breath of Heav'n
 To Mortals given
 To swell their Bliss to Bliss divine!
 With Beauty Musick join.

CHORUS.

Beauty, silent Harmony!
 Softly stealing through the Eye
 Smiles into the the Breast a Dart.
 Musick, fine-proportion'd sounds!
 Pours Balm upon the Lover's Wounds
 Through the Ear into the Heart.

RECITATIVE.

Thus once *Cecilia*, (tuneful *Dryden* sings.)
 To fire with sacred Rage her Soul,
 Touch'd into Voice the sprightly Strings,
 And bade the silver Tides of Musick roll.
 An *Angel*, list'ning to her Lyre,
 To lift the Modulations higher,
 Apply'd

Apply'd the aiding Graces of his Tongue;
And while the Virgin play'd, the Seraph sung.

AIR V.

Sweetest Mortal, to befriend Thee,
Angels from their Quires attend Thee,
Angels leave their Thrones to hear
Musick with Devotion glowing,
Musick heavenly Joys bestowing,
Worthy a Seraphick Ear!

RECITATIVE.

Again she trembles o'er the silver Strings,
The silver Strings, exulting to her Hand,

Obeys the sweet Command,

And thus again the Angel sings:

(While Silence wav'd her downy Wings around,
And Gladness smil'd along the purple Skies;
All Nature soft'ned at their Flows of Sound,
And bright'ned at the Radiance of their Eyes.)

AIR VI.

Harmony, the Soul refining!
Beauty, Sense, and Virtue joining

In a Form and Mind like Thine,
Nobly raise a mortal Creature
To a more exalted Nature;
We alone are more Divine!

RECITATIVE.

Rapt'rous thus the *Angel* sung,
Manna melting from his Tongue,
Attemper'd to *Cecilia's* golden Lyre:
The blended Powr's of Harmony
Trembled up the willing Sky,
And mingled with the Seraph's flaming Quire.

CHORUS.

How sweet the Musick, how divine,
When Heaven and Earth in Confort join!
O sweet the Musick! O divine!

A I R. VII.

Skill'd the softest Notes to sing,
Skill'd to wake the sweetest String,

Dear *Iantbe* Both supplies:

Thee, *Cecilia*, Thee we find

In Her Form and in her Mind,
The Angel in her Voice and Eyes!

CHORUS.

Happy, O beyond expressing!
He who tastes th' immortal Blessing

Dear *Iantbe* may bestow!

Beauty, in its pride, possessing,

Ever loving and caressing,

Musick moving,

Bliss improving! ---

He'll enjoy a Heav'n-Below!

Happy He, beyond expressing!



THE
DESPAIRING MAIDEN.

I.
WITHIN an unfrequented Grove
As late I laid alone,
A tender Maid in deep Distress,
At Distance, made her Moan.

II.
She cropt the blue-ey'd Violet,
Bedew'd with many a Tear;
And ever and anon her Sighs
Stole sadly on my Ear.

III.
"Ah faithless Man! how cou'd he leave
So fond and true a Maid?
Can so much Innocence and Truth
Deserve to be betray'd?"

Alas,

IV.

Alas, my Mother (if the Dead
Can hear their Children groan.)
What ills your helpless Orphan feels,
To Sorrow left alone!

V.

To Sorrow left by Him I lov'd;
Ah perjur'd and ingrate! —
Ye Virgins, learn the Wiles of Men,
And learn to shun my Fate.

VI.

For whom do I these Flourets crop,
For whom this Chaplet twine?
Say, shall they glow on *Damon's* Brow,
Or fade away on mine?

VII.

But He the blooming Wreath will scorn,
Who scorn'd my Virgin-bloom:
And me — alas! they suit not me,
Unless to deck my Tomb.

How

VIII.

How oft the dear perfidious Youth
 Invok'd each Pow'r above!
 How oft He languish'd at my Feet,
 And vow'd eternal Love!

IX.

How sweet the Minutes danc'd away,
 All melted in Delight!
 With Him each Summer-Day was short,
 And short each Winter-Night.

X.

'Twas more than Bliss I felt : --- and now
 Alas! 'tis more than pain. ---
 Ye soft, ye rosy Hours of Love,
 Return --- return again.

XI.

Ah no. --- Let Blackness shade the Night,
 When first He breath'd his Vows:
 The Scene of Pleasure then --- but, ah!
 The Source of all my Woes.

XII.

How cou'd I think so sweet a Tongue
Cou'd e'er consent to lye? —
'Twas easy to deceive a Maid
So soft and young as I.

XIII.

And yet He lays the Fault on me,
(Where none cou'd e're be laid,
Unless my loving Him too well.)
And calls me perjur'd Maid.

XIV.

The Nymphs, who envious saw my Charms,
Rejoice to see my Woe,
And taunting cry, "why did you leave
The Youth that lov'd you so?"

XV.

But oh believe me, lovely Youth,
Far dearer than my Eye,
I love you still, and still will love,
Till oh, for you, I dye!

XVI.

Ev'n tho' you hate, I doat to Death;
 My Death my Truth shall prove.
 My latest Pray'rs are Pray'rs for You,
 And Sighs are Sighs of Love."

XVII.

She ceas'd: --- (while *Pity* from the Clouds
 Dissolv'd in silent Show'rs: ---)
 Then faintly "Damon!" cry'd: --- and breath'd
 Her Soul amid the Flow'rs.



THE

THE
DESPAIRING LOVER.

I.

WHEN gloomy *November*, to Nature unkind,
Both saddens the *Skies*, and oppresses the Mind,
By Beauty undone, a disconsolate Swain
Thus sigh'd his *Despair* to the Winds and the Rain.

II.

"In vain the Wind blows, and in vain the Rains beat,
They fan but my Flame, without quenching the Heat;
For so fierce is the Passion which *Stella* inspires,
Not the Ocean itself cou'd extinguish its fires.

III.

Why gaz'd ye, My Eyes, with such aking Delight,
Till *Paradise* open'd and swam in my Sight:
Yes, *Paradise* open'd, and oh! to my Cost,
The *Serpent* I found, but the *Paradise* lost.

D

Heav'n

IV.

Heav'n knows with what Fondness her Heart I Address,
 What passionate Tenderness bled in my Breast :
 Yet so far was my *Truth* from engaging Belief,
 That She frown'd at my Vows, tho' She smil'd at my
 Grief.

V.

Sure never was Love so ill-fated as mine ;
 If a Friend shall demand Her, what, must I resign ? ---
 Yes, yes, O resign Her, be bravely distressed ;
 And tho' I die unhappy, yet --- may He be blest !

VI.

And how blest must He be ? -- O to live on her Charms !
 At her Wit while He wonders to sink in her Arms ! ---
 But yet, O my Soul, to his Friendship be just :
 Let Him live on her Charms ; -- I'll go down to the Dust.

VII.

To the Chambers of *Darkness* I gladly will go,
 For the *Light* without Her is the *Colour of Woe* :
 Come, Death, then relieve me, my Life I resign,
 Since the *Arrows of Love* are less friendly than Thine.

VIII.

Ye *Virgins of Isis*, the Fair and the Young,
Whose Praises so often have sweet'ned my Tongue,
In Pity, when of my sad Fate you shall hear,
Oh, honour my Grave with a *Rose* and a *Tear*!

IX.

Perhaps the dear, beautiful Cause of my Doom
May steal, by the Star-light, and visit my Tomb:
My Ghost, if one Sigh shall but heave in her Breast,
Tho' restless without it, contented will rest.



TO THE
AUTHOR of *LEONIDAS*: A POEM.

An EPISTLE.

WARM'D with thy Verse, which Liberty inspires,
Which Nature forms and sacred Reason fires,
I pour a tributary Lay. Receive
The honest Praise a Friend may dare to give.

Most of our Poets chuse their early Theme
A flow'ry Meadow, or a purling Stream.
Thy Genius took a flight above the Groves,
The Pipe neglected and the Rural Loves;
To God-like *Newton's* Praises swell'd thy Lyre,
Play'd with the Light and grasp'd æthereal Fire.
So the Young Lyrick-Lark, on trembling Wings
O'er Meadows warbles, and to Shepherds sings,
The youthful Eagle, born to nobler Sway,
Enjoys the Sun, and boldly faces Day.

Next brave *Leonidas*, with Virtue warm'd,
The Child of Heav'n and Thee! our Wonder charm'd:

Our

Our Wonder and our Silence best can tell
How much He lov'd his Greece, how great He fell.
His Arm how dreadful, how compos'd his Mien !
Fierce as a God, and as a God serene.
Horrid with Gold, and formidably bright
He lightens and He thunders through the Fight ;
With bleeding Hills He heaps the groaning Plain,
And crimson Torrents mingle with the Main.
At last, collecting all his Patriot-Fires,
In the full Blaze of Liberty expires.

If blest Immortals bend their Thoughts below,
(And Verse like thine may lift'ning Angels draw.)
What new-felt Raptures through the Hero roul,
To find his Deeds immortal as his Soul !
To shine above each Patriot's honour'd Name,
Thron'd in Thy Verse, the Temple of his Fame !
Rich as the Pillars which support the Skies,
And bright with Wit as Heav'n with Starry Dies :
As Virtue, firm ; as Liberty, sublime ;
A Monument to mock the Rage of Time.

Did *Homer*, say, thy glowing Breast inspire
To sing the *Spartan* with *Athenian* Fire?
Or *Homer's* Self revives again in Thee:
For *Grecian* Chiefs and *Grecian* Wit I see. ---
His mighty Spirit all thy Genius guides,
And o'er thy Bosom roll his golden Tides.

Blest is thy Fancy which durst first despise
Gods in Machines and Bullies from the Skies.
Nor *Ariosto's* Fables fill thy Page
Nor *Tasso's* Points, but *Virgil's* sober Rage.
Pure-temper'd Fires an equal Light maintain,
To warm the Reason, not to scorch the Brain.
How soft, how strong thy varied Numbers move,
Or swell'd to Glory, or dissolv'd to Love.
Correct with Ease, where all the Graces meet,
Nervously plain, majestically sweet.
The Muses well thy Sacrifice repay
Attendant warbling in each heavenly Lay!

When *Ariana* grasps th' abhorred Dart,
Each Lover bleeds and feels it in his Heart.

Ah faithful Pair! by Misery improv'd:
 Who wou'd not die to love as you have lov'd?
 Like *Teribazus* gladly I cou'd die
 To draw one tear from dear *Iantbe's* Eye.
 One Sigh of Hers wou'd recompence my Breath,
 Wou'd sweeten Pain, and sanctify my Death.
 O might I, while her Eyes inflict the Wound,
 Or her soft Lute dissolves a plaintive Sound,
 Might I, while She inhales my latest Breath,
 Sink from her Arms into the Arms of Death!
 Then rise, (so pure a Wish may be forgiven.)
 O sweet Transition, from her Breast to Heav'n!

Forgive this fond Excursion of my Woe;
 Forgive these Tears, that will, rebellious, flow;
 Forgive these Sighs, that will, unbidden, rise,
 Till Death for ever close her from my Eyes.
 But thou, blest Youth, may thou for ever know
 The chaste Endearment, and parental Glow:
 The still, the sacred, the melodious Hour,
 The Morning-Closet, and the Ev'ning-Bow'r.

There,

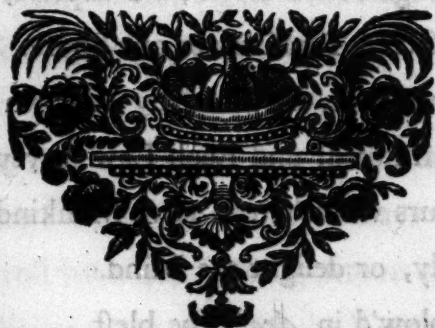
There, when thy Muse shall let her Eagle fly,
 And nobly lift a Mortal to the Sky,
 When all th' inspiring God dilates thy Soul,
 And quick Ideas kindle as they roll,
 Let *British* Valour thy brave Care engage,
 With *British* Valour fire the glorious Page.
 Bid *Henry's* Honours in thy Poem glow,
 On *Edward* Immortality bestow.
 Let *Agin-Court*, let *Cressy's* well-fought Plain
 Run purple in thy Lines and bleed again;
Britannia then, no more Her Sons shall mourn,
 Extinct, forgotten in the silent Urn:
 Born on the Wings of Verse their Names shall rise,
 Dear to the Earth and grateful to the Skies.
 Hail, Poetry! whose Life-infusing Lays
 Bid Time roll back and sleeping Atoms raise;
 Dust into Being wake, expand the Tomb,
 Dead Glory quicken, and restore lost Bloom:
 As GOD, from Mortals heighten to Divine,
 And give Us through Eternity to shine!

Glover!

Glover ! thy Mind, in various Virtue wife,
 Each Science claims, and makes each Art thy Prize.
 With *Newton* soars, familiar to the Sky,
 Looks Nature through, so keen thy mental Eye,
 Or down descending on the Globe below,
 Through humbler Realms of Knowledge loves to flow.
 Promiscuous Beauties dignify thy Breast,
 By Nature happy, as by Study blest,
 Thou, Wit's *Columbus* ! from the Epick-Throne
 New Worlds descry'd, and made Them all our own :
 Thou first through real Nature dar'd explore,
 And waft her sacred Treasures to our Shore.

The Merchant thus, by Heav'nly Wisdom led,
 (Each Kingdom noted, and Each Law survey'd.)
 On *Britain* pours whate're can serve Mankind,
 Adorn the Body, or delight the Mind.
 Spices which blow'd in *Araby* the blest,
 And breath'd a *Paradise* around the East.
 Unclouded Sapphires show their azure Sky,
 Em'ralds with smiling Green refresh the Eye :

Here bleeds the Ruby, Diamonds sparkle there,
 To tremble on the Bosoms of our Fair.
 Yet shou'd the Sun with ten-fold Lustre shine,
 Exalt with deeper Dyes the flaming Mine,
 Shou'd softer Breezes and more genial Skies
 Bid sweeter Spice, in blooming Order, rise,
 Nor Gems, nor Spice cou'd Nature know to name,
 Bright as thy Wit, or fragrant as thy Fame.



O D E

ODE BRUMALIS:

A D

AMICUM Oxoniensem.

EHEU! sereni mollia tempora
Conducuntur anni. Fila, puer, lyræ
Lascivientis frange: *Bruma*
Flebilis officium Camcenæ

Pullata poscit; non falis Attici
Hæc flore gaudet. Præterit ocyor
Equo Maronis, nec scit uno
Stare loco faliens voluptas.

Quò cessit Umræ gloria frondæ?
Quò Serta, mixtis viva coloribus,
Ornare non indigna *Popi*
Marmora, five comas *Lanthæ*.

Heu *Veris* ætas occidit aurea,
Æstatis atque argentea, & ærea

Recessit *Autumni*, severæ

Ferrea sola *Hyemis* remansit.

Sic vita transit nostra ! volantibus

Urgetur horis. Quid Sapiens aget,

Quid ergo Prudens ? Ille, certè,

Dona rapit fugientis horæ,

Gratus Deorum cultor. *Hyems* Virum,

Quem lavit *Isis*, Flumen *Apollinis*,

Quem *Suada* puro melle fovit,

Intrepidum feriet procellis.

Nigrescat æther, pectore candido

Pax alba ridet : mugiat *Africus*,

Eurusque ; tu, tranquilla *Virtus*,

Vere tumens, Zephyros reduces.

Tranquilla

Tranquilla *Virtus*, nescia criminis,
Te, *Amice*, munit, tectum adamantino
Thorace; te non atra bilis
Mente quatit placidâ *Novembris*.

Nec Me *November* mente hilari quatit,
Tristesque Menses: fallitur improba
Vel Cura Musis, vel Choreis,
Dulcè vices subeunte *Baccho*.

Horatiani pocula nunc *Meri*
Grato ore libo, dignâ labris Jovis!
Nunc intimas & suave Nectar
Ovidii fluit in medullas.

Si grandis inflet *Calliope* Tubam,
Mentem Illa semper cantu *Heliconio*
Accendit: Io! me jam aperto
Virgilius dedit ire cœlo.

Pompam Theatri visere sæpiùs

Garrickus urget, *Dramatis Arbiter* !

Decore, gestu, voce, vultu

Ille oculos capit, ille mentes.

Odi profanos, pace tuâ, jocos,

Vanburge, --- odi : me gravis attrahit

Shakespear, *Cothurnati* per ævum

Omne Pater, Columenque *Regni*.

Heus ! --- deme Soccus : --- alta *Tragædia*

Jubet : --- *Cothurnos* induit aureos : ---

Orchestra, majestate adaucta,

Sub pedibus Gradientis horret.

Quod fulmen aures non imitabile

Et corda sternit : Terror amabilis

Pervadit intùs nos : --- *Othello* ! ---

En rabido tonat ore *Othello* !

Proh !

Proh! quantus iræ gurgēs inæstuat

Spumatque venis! ut tumet in minas!

Quam splendide bacchatur excors!

Ah! gemit --- ah! trepidat --- ruensque,

Procumbit heros! --- Gaudia sunt nimis

Hæc sæva, *Shakespear*! Turbinibus finis

Perflas voluptatis micantes: ---

Ferre animus timet hos tumultus.

Mutare Scenam jam lubet. --- Ibimus,

Quo suavis *Otway* nos vocat, ibimus,

Iantha! quamvis, pulchra fletu,

Turgidulis redeas ocellis.

Planctus gementum planctibus addere

Est dulce semper. *Monimia* dolor,

Me teste, guttâ molliore

Sæpè genas, tacitè, fefellit.

O quæ

O quæ paventum murmura Virginum
 Questusque mulcent aera Odoribus! —

Tu vincis, *Otway*! corda vincis;

Euripidis renovans triumphos.

Plausus ovantum sint aliis *Virum*

Quæsitæ merces: sat tibi gloriæ,

Te urgente, Vates invidende,

Virgineos maduiffe vultus.



W I N T E R;

A

Translation of *ODE BRUMALIS.*

By the Reverend

Mr. TATTERSAL, late Fellow of *Trinity Coll.*
Cambridge.

ALAs! no longer now appear
The softer Seasons of the Year.
Of Sports and Loves what Muse *now* sings?
Away, my Lyre; — Boy, break the Strings.

Old joyless *Winter*, who disdains
Your sprightly, flow'ry, Attic Strains,
Wrapt into Sable calls for Airs
Rough, gloomy, as the Rug he wears,

Pleasure, for ever on the Wing,
Wild, wanton, restless, fluttering Thing,

F

Airy

Airy springs by with sudden Speed,
Swifter than *Maro's* flying Steed.

Ah! where is hid the fylvan Scene,
The leafy Shade, the vernal Green?
In *Flora's* Meads the Sweets that grew,
Colours which Nature's Pencil drew,
Chaplets, the Bust of *Pope* might wear,
Worthy to bloom around *Ianthe's* Hair?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,
The silver-tressed Summer's gone,
And golden Autumn; nought remains
But Winter with his iron Chains,

The feather-footed Hours that fly
Say, "Human Life thus passes by."
What shall the Wife, the Prudent? they
Will seize the Bounty of To-day,
And prostrate to the Gods their grateful Homage pay.

The Man, whom *Isis*' Stream inspires,
Whom *Pallas* owns, and *Phæbus* fires,
Whom *Suada*, smiling Goddess, deigns
To guide in sweet Hyblæan Plains,
He Winter's Storms, undaunted still, sustains.

Black lowring Skies ne'er hurt the Breast
By white-rob'd Innocence possess'd.
Roar as ye Lift, ye Winds, — begin, —
Virtue proclaims fair Peace within:
Ethereal Pow'r! 'tis you that bring
The balmy Zephyrs, and restore the Spring.

Should Dangers e'er my Friend assail,
Virtue flings round her Coat of Mail;
Kindly protects Thee from all Harms,
Drest in her native spotless Charms.
Thy Mind at ease no Tumult knows,
With all his Rage tho' black *November* blows.

Dark stormy Months I too defy,
November blows, and what care I:
 Tun'd to new Joys my Hours are on the Wing,
 I blend the Dance or with the Muses sing:
 While *Bacchus'* Bleffings varied Pleasures bring.

With *Horace* now dispos'd to laugh,
 Worthy the Lips of *Jove* I quaff
 Rich *Venusine*: now lose my Soul
 In *Ovid's* sweet nectareal Bowl.

If you, *Calliope*, should deign
 Aloud to sound a martial Strain,
 Your Vot'ry streight in Rapture hears
 The noble Mufic of the Spheres:
 Mounted on Wings, fee! fee! I fly
 With *Mantua's* Swan, and range the boundless Sky.

With eager Joy I oft repair
 To the gay crouded Theatre,

Where

Where shines the Man who treads our Stage,
Garrick! the *Roscius* of the Age!
His Voice, Mien, Manner, Look, a Life imparts;
'Tis He who captivates our Eyes, --- our Hearts.

Vanbrugh, --- your leave, --- what's lewdly writ
I hate, --- I hate th' Immoral Wit.
Immortal *Shakespeare* I admire,
And kindle at his sacred Fire:
O! what a Glory breathes his Page,
He lives? --- He lives thro' ev'ry Age
Father of Tragedy, He reigns
Sole Monarch o'er Theatric Plains.

Hence with the Sock: --- the Queen commands: ---
Grac'd with the golden Buskin stands:
The Stage in Majesty improves,
Trembling beneath her, awful as she moves.

What Thunder bursts! --- it shakes the Heart ---
Thunder beyond the Reach of Art!

The claps! --- I heard 'em, --- how they roll!
 The lovely Terror fills my Soul:
 Who talks of Fiends! --- of gaping Graves! ---
Othello! --- 'tis *Othello* raves!

What Tendernefs! --- what fierce Disdain
 Whirls, boils, and foams thro' ev'ry Vein!
 He fwears! --- invokes Hell, Earth, Air, Skies!
 See where the glorious Madman flies!
 He groans, --- he trembles, --- falls, --- the Hero dies!

Shakespear, exceffive Joys like thefe
 (I almost faid) are Cruelties:
 Whirlwinds of Pleafure tear the panting Breaft,
 And the Mind akes, too exquisitely bleft.

Chang'd is the Scene: --- methinks I rove
 In fome enchanted Cyprefs-Grove,
 Soft *Otway* calls! --- who can refufe
 The plaintive Voice of *Otway's* Mufe?

We'll go, my fair *Iantbe*, we will go,
Tho' your fond love-inspiring Eyes o'erflow
Like bubbling Springs, more beautiful in Woe.

Sweet is the Sympathy of Woe;
Have I not seen (nay felt 'em too)
Down-stealing Tears, big, silent, flow,
Speak a soft Language as they flow,
Daughters of tender Grief, express
Charming *Monimia's* deep Distress!

What murmurs of the anxious Fair!
What Sighs around perfume the Air!
Otway, you paint what Nature is,
Beyond the *Bard* of *Salamis*;
Your Muse can with our Passions play,
And steal us from ourselves away.

Let others prize, what *Men* bestow,
The lofty Name, the laurel'd Brow:

More

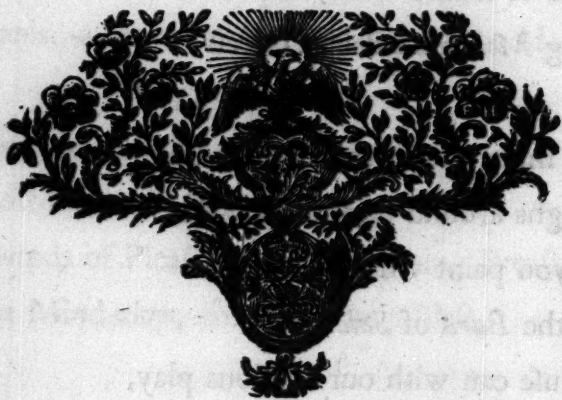
More charming, sure, thy Triumphs are
(Who would not wish to win the Fair!)

To raise at Pleasure Hopes, or Fears,

To soften *Virgins* into Tears.

Poet, I envy thee, who thus

Canst conquer Them, who conquer Us.



ODE VERNALIS:

AD

AMICUM Oxoniensem.

CURAS *Lyæus* jam Mihi discutit
Raptim; nec *Aurum* (suaviter insolens)
Vocale de Myrto recuso
Vellere liberiore Dextrâ.

Et Quis vetabit quò minùs audeam
Lusus Amico mittere cum Joco!
Ridere mens est; Terra ridet;
Ipse *Venus* negat esse tristes,

Jucunda *Veris Diva*. Quid amplius
Rugæ juvabunt? Versicoloribus
En *Maius* Alis raptus afflat.
Latitiam genialis *Auræ*.

G

Amice?

Amice! (blando hoc Nomine Te vocem,
O *Woode*?) cum Quo sæpè per *Ifidis*

Errare Sylvas, nuncque Cantu

Nuncque Mero licuit morantes

Duxisse Soles in *Thetidis* Toros,

Amice! quæ Te *Gaudia* floreis

Cingunt Coronis? Quæquæ molles

Nympha *Caput lepidum* remulcet

Inter Lacertos? Nùm *Charitum* Chorus,

Chorûsve *Pindi* tempora dividit?

Sunt Ambo grati; Mense *Mai*

Quin *Charites* melius colantur.

Nunc dulce pictis desipere in Toro

Herbis tumentis, vivus ubi tremor

Splendescit Undæ; si Poëta,

Siquè aderint, Tua Cura, Musa.

Adsit Jocorum grata protervitas,
Thalia pleno Quos Tibi depluit

Cornu: nec absit Bacchus, Uvae,

Evohe! purpureus Magister.

Handalus omnes tendere Barbiti
Nervos laboret; nec fileat placens

Iantha cantu, dum jocosos

Tangit Ebur geniale Plectro.

Audite, Caeli! num Modulaminis
Tales Triumphos Aula refert

Stellata? Sphaerarumve tales

Lucidus & numerosus Ordo

O lene Murmur! cum Venus aurea

Inire somnos, strata Rosis, parat,

Melosque poscit; talis Aura

Idalias tremit inter Umbras.

Quæ Flamma Venis pasta ! potentibus

Succumbo victus blanditiis Lyrae :

Succumbo victus Voce, Vultu,

Crine nigro, niveoque Collo,

Sic Prata sævis florea Solibus

Oppressa languent. Ferte, citò, precor,

Lenimen Ægro ; ferte Rores

Metcafi medicos, Sodales !

Frustrà : nec unquàm *Metcafi* Manus

Extinguet Ignes, docta licèt, meos ;

Nec Flumen, ah ! *vestri* benignis

Ingeniū recreabit undis.



SPRING;

S P R I N G;

Translation of *ODE VERNALIS*.

By the Reverend

Mr. TATTERSAL, late Fellow of *Trinity Coll.*
Cambridge.

CARE flies the Raptures of the Bowl,
'Tis jolly *Bacchus* fills my Soul;
I feel within the genial Fire,
And from yon Myrtle snatch my golden Lyre.

To Thee the jocund Muse I send,
With sprightly Lay to greet my Friend:
For all Things now around look gay,
Why mayn't I laugh, as well as They?
The Fair, the Young, my Hours beguile,
And *Cytherea* ever wears a Smile,

Creative Goddess of the Spring!
 No more of Winter's Storms I sing,
 See *May* in wanton Joy appear
 Spread his gay Wings, and fan the buxom Year,

My Friend (indulge the tender Name)
 My Friend, near *Isis* sacred Stream
 With whom so oft I us'd to rove
 Careless, in Garden, Mead, or Grove;
 A Glass, a Song:—thus You and I
 Have bid the golden Minutes fly,
 Seen many a Sun, with sloping Ray,
 Ling'ring retire, and blest the falling Day.

O tell me what soft Triumphs now
 Wreath blooming Garlands round thy Brow;
 What Nymph, for winning Beauty known,
 Giving you Joys, compleats her own;
 Whether the *Graces*, or the *Nine*
 Divide thy Hours, for *both* are thine?
 'Tis merry *May*, Swains, greet the *Graces* Shrine.

To frolic on the tufted Grass,
To view clear Waters as they pass,
To mark the shining, shivering Gleam
That darts, and dances on the Stream,
To court the Muse, toy with the Fair,
(Pleasures like these O! may I ever share)

The Season bids: A Friend or two,
Ingenious, affable, like you;
Happy at sudden Reparties,
Whose Answers bite, yet biting please,
To kindle Mirth: and let me join
Bacchus, the purple Sovereign of the Vine.

May god-like *Handel* now inspire
The tuneful Pow'rs, and fill the Choir:
Iambe, charming as the fings,
Wake with a nimble Touch th' harmonious Strings.

Listen, ye Heavens, to Strains, above
Whate're the starry Court of *Jove*,

Loft in melodious Raptures, hears
 Amid the filver-sounding Spheres ;
 Where Orbs on Orbs in Concert rowl,
 And Musick trembles round from Pole to Pole.

O melting Sound ! when Sleep unseen
 Just steals upon the *Cyprian Queen*,
 Indulging in th' *Idalian Shade*,
 Stretcht on a Couch, of Roses made,
 The Lute soft-warbling, such the Air
 That undulating Plays, and lulls th' immortal Fair.

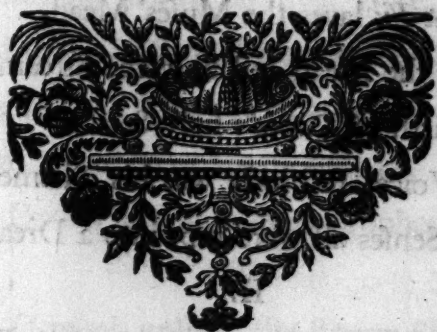
The Flames that feed within my Breast !
 I faint, I dye, with Charms oppress'd ;
 Her Voice, her Face, her sweet Spinnet,
 The Neck of Iv'ry, and the Hair of Jet.

So languishes, and fades away
 The Flow'r beneath the Blaze of Day ;
 Quick, my Companions, quick apply
 Some cooling, soveraign Remedy :

Metcalf,

Metcalf, to sooth a burning Pain,
By *Pæan* taught, may try, but try in vain.

Not *Metcalf*'s Skill, tho' known to Fame,
Can flake the Fury of my Flame,
Not all his Juices quench; nor yet
Dear Friend, the Flow of your engaging Wit.



H

THE

THE NATIVITY.

A COLLEGE-EXERCISE. 1736.

I.

T WAS Morn! the Fields were sprinkled o'er with ^{[Light,}
 The Folds unpent sent out their Flocks to feed:
 A Shepherd-Boy, (young *Thomalin* he ¹ hight,)
 With flying Fingers deftly tun'd his Reed;
 Where auncient *Ifis* laves the Muses' Mead,
 (Forever Smile the Mead and flow the Stream!)
 He sung the Birth of *David's* holy Seed:
 Tho' low his Voice, full lofty was his Theme;
² Wightly his Senfes all were rapt into a Dream.

II.

³ Eftfoons he spy'd a Grove, the Season's Pride,
 All in the Centre of a pleasant Glade,
 Where Nature flowrish'd like a Virgin-Bride;
 Mantled with Green, with Hyacinths inlay'd,
 And Crystal-Rills o'er Beds of Lillies stray'd;

¹ Named or called. ² Quickly. ³ Immediately.

The blue-ey'd Violet and King-Cup gay,
And newblown-Roses, smiling sweetly-red,
Outglow'd the blushing Infancy of Day,
While amorous West-Winds kist their fragrant Souls [away.

III.

A rich Pavilion rear'd within its Height,
The Capitals and Freezes Gold entire,
Glitt'ning with Carbuncles; a various Light
Wav'd tremulous, and set the Eye on Fire.
A filken Curtain, drawn on silver Wire,
And ting'd with Colours of the summer Sky,
Flow'd round, and bade the ruder Gales retire.
Four Forms attendant at the Portals lie,
The same *Ezekiel* saw with keen-prophetic Eye.

IV.

Unlike, O much unlike, the strawy Shed,
Where *Mary*, Queen of Heaven, in humblest ¹ Lay,
Where ² erst the Infant-God repos'd his Head,
And deign'd to dwell in Tenement of Clay;
The clouded Tabernacle of the Day!

¹ Huimility. ² Formerly, sometime since.

The Shepperd's Dream was mystical, ¹ I ween,
Isaiah on his Bosom pour'd a Ray,
 And painted to his Eyes the gentle Scene,
 Where Lions dandled Lambs; O Peace, thy golden Reign!

V.

High-smiling in Delight a Lady fate.
 Young as the dawning Morn, on Iv'ry Throne;
 Upon her Looks the Virgin-Virtues wait,
 The Virgin-Virtues wait on Her alone!
 Her Sapphire-Eyes with gentle Spirit shone:
 Fair Bountyhead was open'd in her Face,
 Of Honour and of Love the ² Paragon!
 A sweet Regard and most auspicious Grace
 Bespoke her Lineage high: She was of *David's* Race.

VI.

Upon her Lap a lovely Infant lay,
 And ken'd the Mother by her smiling Grace.
 His Looks were radiant as the Bloom of Day,
 And Angel-Sweetness purpled in his Face.
 Oh! how the Mother did the Babe embrace

¹ I think. ² The Pattern or Model.

With tender Blandishment and fondling Care !
She gaz'd, and gaz'd, ' ne cou'd enough carefs
His Cheeks, as Roses red, as Lillies fair,
The holy *Day-Spring* hight, Heav'ns everlasting Heir !

VII.

Near Him a goodly Pers'nage mildly shone,
With Looks of Love, and shedding Peace and Joy :
Her Looks were Love, soft-streaming from the Throne
Of Grace, and sweetly melted on the Boy :
Her Tongue drop'd Honey, which wou'd never cloy.
Mercy ²yclep'd. All Nature on her hung,
To drink her Manna and her Smiles enjoy ;
Young laughing Angels "*Mercy, Mercy,*" sung ; [rung.
Heav'n echo'd "*Mercy*" back, the Spheres with "*Mercy*"

VIII.

Thus if the Clouds, enroll'd with deadly Food,
Forget to thunder in the æthereal Tow'rs,
But silently dissolve in kindly Mood,
In fostering Dews, and Balm, and Honey-Show'rs ;
Laugh all the Fields for Joy, and all the Bow'rs.

1 Nor. 2 Called or named.

The Shrubs and Herbs fresh Odours round them fling,
 Pop up their smiling Heads the little Flow'rs,
 Warble the Birds, exulting on the Wing,
 And all the wild-wood Notes the genial Blessings sing.

IX.

High o'er his Head was held a starry Crown,
 Emblem of Royalty and princely Might :
 His Priesthood was by golden Mitre shewn ;
 An Eagle Young, with E'yn most piercing-bright,
 To prove the Prophet drank the distant Light.
 But strangest was to see a bloody Hand
 Uprear a Cross, the Cross with Blood ¹ bedight :
 Ten thousand Angels, flutt'ring in a Band,
 Admir'd the mystic Sign but cou'd not understand.

X.

Now dulcet Symphonies, and Voices meet,
 Mellifluous stole upon the Shepherd's Ear,
 Which swell'd so high and dy'd away so sweet,
 As might have charm'd a Seraph from his Sphere.
 Happy the Swain that ² mote such Music hear !

¹ Stained or adorned. ² Might or must.

Eftsoons a joyous Fellowship was seen
Of Ladies ¹ gent, and Beauties without ² peer,
As they a Train of Goddesfles had been,
In manner of a Mask, radiant along the Green.

XI.

Faith led the Van, her Mantle dipt in Blue,
Steady her Ken, and gaining on the Skies;
Obedient Miracles around her flew:
She pray'd, and Heav'n burft open on her Eyes,
And golden Valves roll'd back in wond'rous Wife:
And now some Hill, with all its fhaggy Load
Of Trees and Flocks, unto the Ocean ³ hies:
Now Wings of Cherubs, flaming all abroad,
Careering on the Winds *in Sight* upbear their God.

XII.

Next *Hope*, the gayeft Daughter of the Sky!
Her nectar-dewed Locks with Roses bound;
An *Eden* flourish'd where she caft her Eye,
And Flocks of Sports and Joys, their Temples crown'd,
Plum'd their bright Wings, and thump'd the hollow
[Ground.

¹ Gentle or handsome. ² Without Equal. ³ Hastens.

Grief gladden'd, and forgot to drop a Tear
 At her Approach; ne Sorrow ¹ mote be found,
 Ne rueful-looking ² Drad, ne pale-ey'd Care; [spair.
 And 'neath her Chariot Wheels she crush'd hell-black De-

XIII.

Then *Charity* full-zon'd, as her befeems,
 Her Breasts were softer Ivory, her Hair
 Play'd with the funny Rays in amber Streams,
 And floated wanton on the buxom Air;
 As *Mercy* kind, as *Hope* divinely fair.
 Her Soul was Flame, and with prolific Rays
 The Nations warm'd, all-bright withouten Glare.
 Both ^{*}Men and Angels, as she passes, gaze,
 But chief the Poor, the Lame, the Blind, the Naked, praise.

XIV.

The Train of *Virtues* next, a dainty Train!
 Advance their Steps, sweet Daughters of Delight,
 Awfully sweet, majestically plain!
 Celestial *Love*, as E'yn of Seraphs bright,
 And spotless as their Robes of new-spun Light.

¹ Might. ² Fear or Terror.

Truth, fimple as the love-sick Village-Maid ;
Health-blooming Temperance, a comely Wight :
Humility, in homely Weeds array'd,
And by her, in a Line, an Asses-Colt she led.

XV.

But heark, the jolly Pipe, and rural Lay !
And see, the Shepherd clad in Mantle blue,
And Shepherdess in ruffet Kirtle gay,
Come dauncing on the Shepherd-Lord to view,
And pay, in decent Wife, Obeysance due.
Sweet-smelling Flow'rs the gentle Votaries bring,
Primroses, Violets, wet with Morning-Dew,
The sweetest Incense of the early Spring ;
A humble, yet, I weet, a grateful Offering.

XVI.

Jocund to lead the Way, with sparkling Rays,
Danc'd a Star-errant up the orient Sky ;
The new-born Splendor streaming o'er the Place,
Where *Jesus* lay in bright Humility,
Seem'd a fixt Star unto the wond'ring Eye :

1 Person.

I

Three

Three Seers ¹ unwist the Captain-Glory led,
 Of awful ² Semblance, but of ³ fable Die.
 Full royally along the Lawn They tread,
 And each with circling Gold ⁴ embraved had his Head.

XVII.

Low, very low on bended Knee they greet
 The Virgin-Mother, and the Son adore,
 The Son of Love! and kiss his blessed Feet;
 Then ope the Vases and present their Store,
 Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh; what cou'd they more!
 For Gold and Myrrh a dying King; divine;
 The Frankincense, from *Arab's* spicy Shoar,
 Confess'd the God; for God did in him Shine: [Thine.
 Myrrh, Frankincense and Gold, God-Man, were meetly

XVIII.

And last, triumphant on a purple Cloud,
 Fleecy with Gold, a Band of Angels ride:
 They boldly sweep their Lyres, and, hymning loud,
 The richest Notes of Harmony divide;
 Scarce *Thomalin* the Rapture cou'd abide:

¹ Unknown, unlook'd for. ² Appearance. ³ Commonly painted *Black*;
 but a *Vulgar Error*. ⁴ Adorned or made brave. ⁵ Foretell.

And ever and anon the Babe they eye,
 And through the fleshly Veil the God descry'd,
 Shrill Hallelujahs tremble up the Sky:
 "Good-Will and Peace to Man," the Choirs in Heav'n [reply.

XIX.

They ended: and all Nature soon was chang'd!
 O'er Diamond-Pebbles ran the liquid Gold:
 And side by side the Lamb and Lion rang'd
 The flow'ry Lawn. The Serpent gently roll'd
 His glistering Spires, and playfull Tongue outloll'd
 To lick the Infant-Hand. Together fed
 The Wolf and Kid, together sought a Fold.
 The Roses blush'd with more celestial Red;
 Hell groan'd through all her Dens; and grim Death drop'd
 [down dead.

XX.

Whilom these Scenes the tuneful *Twick'nham Swain*,
 With Esay's heav'nly Pencil taught to glow:
 Then cease, O cease, the antiquated Strain;
 Nor ^z marr His Song: but reverently go,
 And in the Temple of his Muses bow. ---

I H T

¹ Formerly, sometime ago. ² Spoil.

Delight and Wonder broke the Shepherd's Dream ;
 Faded the Scenes : and, in a goodly Row,
 Rush'd on his Eyes the Muses well-lov'd Theme,
 Fair *Rhedicyna's* Tow'rs, and *Ifis'* sacred Stream !



THE

B O W E R.

I.

BLow, blow, thou Summer-Breeze,
O gently fan the Trees,

That form yon fragrant *Bow'r*;
Where *Sylvia*, loveliest Maid!
On Nature's Carpet laid,
Enjoys the Ev'ning Hour.

II.

Hence, hence, ye Objects foul,
The Beetle, Bat, and Owl,

The Hagworm, Neute, and Toad;
But Fairy-Elves, unseen,
May gambol o'er the Green,
And circle her Abode.

Breathe,

III.

Breathe, breathe thy Incence, *May*;

Ye Flow'rs, your homage pay,

To One more fair and sweet:

Ye op'ning Rose-Buds, shade,

With fragrant Twine, her Head,

Ye Lillies, kifs her Feet.

IV.

Shed, shed thy sweetest Beams,

In particolour'd Streams,

Thou Fount of Heat and Light!

No, no, withdraw thy Ray,

Her Eyes effuse a Day,

As mild, as warm, as bright.

V.

Flow, flow, thou Crystal-Rill,

With tinkling gurgles fill

The Mazes of the Grove:

And if thy murmuring Stream

Invite my Love to dream,

O may She dream of Love!

Sing,

VI.

Sing, sing ye feather'd Quires,
And melt to soft Desires

Her too obdurate Breast:

Then, in that tender Hour,

I'll steal into her *Bow'r*,

And teach Her --- to be blest.



THE

L O V E R.

I.

SINCE *Stella's* Charms, divinely fair,
 First pour'd their Lustre on my Heart,
 Ten thousand Pangs my Bosom tear,
 And ev'ry Fibre feels the Smart.
 If such the mournful Moments prove,
 O who wou'd give his Heart to Love!

II.

I meet my Bosom-Friends with pain,
 Tho' Friendship us'd to warm my Soul;
 Wine's generous Spirit flames in vain,
 I find no Cordial in the Bowl.
 If such the mournful Moments prove,
 O who wou'd give his Heart to Love!

III.

Tho' Nature's Volume open lies,
Which once with Wonder I have read,
No Glories tremble from the Skies,
No Beauties o'er the Earth are spread.
If such the mournful Moments prove,
O who wou'd give his Heart to Love!

IV.

Ev'n Poetry's ambrosial Dews
With Joy no longer feed my Mind,
To Beauty, Musick and the Muse,
My Soul is dumb and deaf and blind.
Tho' such the mournful Moments prove,
Alas! I give my Heart to Love.

V.

But shou'd the yielding Virgin smile,
Drest in the spotless Marriage-Robe,
I'd look upon this World as vile,
The Master of a richer Globe.
If such the rap'trous Moments prove,
O let me give my Heart to Love!

VI.

The Business of my future Days,
My every Thought, my every Pray'r,
Shall be employ'd to sing her Praise,
Or sent to bounteous Heav'n for Her.
If such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
O let me give my Heart to Love!

VII.

Poets shall wonder at my Love,
Painters shall crowd her Face to see,
And when they wou'd the Passions move,
Shall copy Her, and think of me.
If such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
O let me give my Heart to Love.

VIII.

Old Age shall burn as bright as Youth,
No respite to our Bliss be given:
Then mingled in one Flame of Truth,
We'll spurn at Earth and soar to Heav'n.
Since such the rapt'rous Moments prove,
We Both will give our Hearts to Love.

THE
LOVER'S NIGHT.

I.

LULL'D in the Arms of Him She lov'd

Ianthe sigh'd the kindest Things:

Her fond Surrender He approv'd

With Smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

II.

"How sweet are Lover's Vows by Night,

Lap'd in a Honey-suckle Grove!

When *Venus* sheds her gentle Light,

And sooths the yielding Soul to Love.

III.

Soft as the silent-footed Dews

That steal upon the Starlight-Hours;

Warm as a love-sick Poet's Muse;

And fragrant as the Breath of Flow'rs.

IV.

To hear our Vows the *Moon* grows pale,
And pants *Endymion's* Warmth to prove :
While, emulous, the Nightingale,
Thick-warbling trills her Lay of Love.

V.

The silver-sounding-shining Spheres,
That animate the glowing Skies,
Nor charm so much, as Thou, my Ears,
Nor blefs so much, as Thou, my Eyes.

VI.

Thus let me clasp Thee to my Heart,
Thus sink in Softness on thy Breast !
No Cares, shall haunt Us ; Danger, part,
For ever loving, ever blest.

VII.

Censorious Envy dares not blame
The Passion which thy Truth inspires :
Ye Stars, bear witness that my Flame
Is chaste as your eternal Fires."

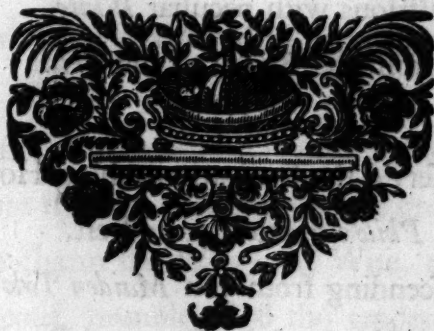
VIII.

Love saw Them (hid among the Boughs)

And heard Him sing their mutual Bliss :

“Enjoy, cry’d He, *Iantbe’s Vows* ;

But, oh ! — I envy Thee her *Kiss*.”



T O A
FRIEND on his MARRIAGE.

An O D E.

I.

A USPICIOUS sprung the Morning into Light,
By *Love* selected from the golden Tide
Of Time, illustrious with peculiar *White*,
And mended from the *Blushes* of the *Bride*.

II.

The *Muse* observ'd the fond-approaching Hour,
And thus her *Philo's* gentle Ear address'd.
"Behold, descending from yon *Maiden Tow'r*
The beauteous Object of thy Eyes and Breast.

III.

Fair issuing, down the Hill I see her move,
Like the sweet Morn, in Dews and Blushes gay:
You, like the Bridegroom Sun, her Charms approve;
And warm her dawning Glories into Day.

IV.

I own the radiant Magic of her Eyes,
But more the Graces of her Soul admire;
Those may lay Traps for Lovers, Fops and Flies,
But These the Husband and the Muse inspire.

V.

A Husband is a venerable Name!
O happy State, when Heart is link'd to Heart!
Nor less the Honour of the Wedded-Dame:
Sweet Interchange! which only Death can part.

VI.

O blest with gentle Manners, graceful Ease;
Gay, yet not trifling; serious, yet not grave;
Skillful, to charm the Wits; the Wise, to please;
Tho' beauteous, humble; and tho' tender, brave.

VII.

Riches and Honours wait on either Name:
But They in Life are but the *last* Desert:
Your richer Happiness and fairer Fame,
Shall be the *good Behaviour of the Heart*.

When

VIII.

When such the Wonders both of Form and Mind,
 What Rapture fancy'd, Reason will approve;
 By Time your Inclinations be refin'd;
 And Youth, be spent in Passion; Age in Love?"

IX.

Thus far the Muse. When *Hymen*, from the Sky,
 The Lovers in the *Band of Concord* ty'd;
 The *Virtues* and the *Graces* too were by,
 And *Venus* left her *Cestus* with the *Bride*..



On the DEATH of Mr. WEARING,
the Famous Musician at Oxford.

I.

P O O R *Wearing* to the *Shades* is gone,
Like *Orpheus*, by mishap:
Not gone to seek his *Wife*, but gone,
To leave her in --- a *Scrape*.

II.

We find the *Sisters three* are deaf,
Since *Wearing* now is dead;
For had the *Fates* but heard his *Strings*,
They wou'd have spar'd his *Thread*.

III.

Death heard his *Notes*, and heard well-pleas'd,
So drew his fatal *Lance*;
Death will keep *Holyday*; and *He*
Must play to *Holben's Dance*.



TO DR. LINDEN,

ON HIS

TREATISE ON CHALYBEAT WATERS.

WITH healing Wings, intent on *doing Good*,
 An Angel visited *Bethesda's* Flood ;
 Quick as the Morning Ray, or Ev'ning Beam,
 Himself diffusing through the Vital Stream :
 The Sick who drink, the Impotent who lave,
 Dive from Diseases, and deceive the Grave.

Tho' *Miracles are ceas'd*, yet all confess,
 Your *Work*, and *You*, are --- *only something less*.
 So much is to your Worth and Learning due,
Bath is Bethesda ; the *Good Angel*, You.



PARA-

PARADISE REGAIN'D:

To a FRIEND.

I.

LORD of Himself, and Sole of Humankind,
In Rectitude of Reason *Adam* shone:

Till the *Still-Voice* infus'd into his Mind,

"It is not good for Man to be alone."

II.

By God's own Hand his *Virgin-Eve* was led.

Now *Paradise* with fresher Beauties glows:

The conscious *Roses* form a blushing bed:

Consenting Nature soothes Them to repose.

III.

A *Single* is an *inconsistent-Life*:

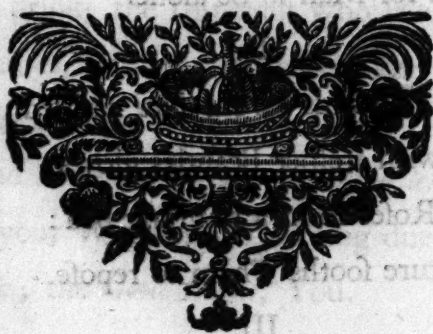
Compleatly-blest, O Friend! to Thee is given,

A sweet, a fair, a wife, a modest Wife,

The Bloom of *Innocence*, and Blush of *Heav'n*!

IV.

May *Eden-Life* in bright Succession flow,
When All was Happiness, for Love was All:
Her Beauties will a *Paradise* bestow,
And *both your Virtues* guard you from a *Fall*.





CORESUS and CALLIRHOE.
A T A L E.

Veteres RENOVAMUS *Amores.*

Catullus.





Advertisement.

THE following Tale is related by *Pausanias*, in *Achaicis, Græciæ Lib. 7.* but instead of giving the Original, or the Latin Version by *Romulus Amasæus* (both which the Learned Reader may find in the Edition published by *Joach. Kubnius* in *Fol. Lipsiæ*, 1696, pag. 575.) I shall content myself with the Translation of the Story into English, as it is done from the Greek in the learned and ingenious Travels of Sir *G. Wheler*: which Book, upon many Accounts, deserves to be reprinted and made more Common.

“*Corefus*, the Priest of *Bacchus*, fell in Love with a fair Virgin of *Calydon*, called *Callirhoe*; who the more She was courted, the more She despised the Priest; so that neither his rich Presents, Vows, nor Tears cou’d move her to the least Compassion. This, at last, made the Priest run in Despair to the Image of *Bacchus* for succour, imploring Vengeance from Him. *Bacchus* made it appear that He heard his Prayers, by a Disease he sent on the Town; which seemed a Kind of Drunken Madness, of which mad Fit People died in Abundance. Whereupon They
sent

sent Deputies from *Calydon* to the Oracle of *Jupiter* of *Dodona*, to know what They shou'd do to be freed from that woeful Malady. Answer was given, That *Corefus* must sacrifice *Callirhoe*, or some other Person, that wou'd dedicate Himself in her Stead, to appease the Anger of *Bacchus*. The Virgin, when She cou'd no Way obtain her Life of her Relations, was brought to the Altar, adorn'd as Victims us'd to be, to be sacrificed by her Lover *Corefus*: Whose wonderful Love, even at that present, so conquer'd all past Thoughts of Revenge, that instead of Her He slew Himself: The Virgin also, relenting of her Cruelty to Him, went and slew herself at a Fountain near the Town, from thence called by her Name, *Callirhoe*."

Thus far Sir *George Wheler*. See his Journey into *Greece*, Fol. Book 4th. pag. 292.

I shall only add that the antient Customs, particularly of the *Orgia* or Rites of *Bacchus*, and of the *Sacrifice*, are alluded to, and carefully observed, in the several Parts of this little Poem.

28 MR 59

CORE-

CORESUS and CALLIRHOE.

A T A L E.

HIGH in *Achaia*, splendid from afar,
 A City flourish'd; *Calydon* its Name,
 Wash'd by *Evenus*' chalky Flood; the Seat
 Of *Meleager*, from the slaughter'd Boar
 Glorious. A Virgin here, amazing, shone,
Callirhoe the fair: her Father's Boast!
 For, ah! she never knew a Mother's Smile;
 Nor learn'd what Happiness from Marriage springs.
 In Flow'r of Youth, and purer than the Snow,
 Which, with a silver Circle, crown'd the Head
 Of the steep neighbour Mountain; but averse
 To *Hymen*'s Rites, the lovely Foe of Man.
 O why will Beauty, cruel to itself,
 No less than others, violate the Laws
 Which Nature dictates, and Itself inspires!

A thousand Lovers from th' *Olenian* Hill,
 From rough *Pylene*, and from *Pleuron's* Tower's,
 Their Passion pleaded. But *Corefus*, chief,
 The *Calydonian* Priest of *Bacchus*, form'd
 By *Venus*' self for Love; in Beauty's Pride;
 Young, bounteous, affable. What tender Arts,
 What winning Carriage, and respectful Suit,
 Almost to zealous Adoration swell'd,
 Did he not practise? But in vain, And now
 Drew near the *Orgial* Festival, and Rites
Lyæan. Poor *Corefus*, to approve
 The Wonders of his Love and dear Regard,
 By Scorn unquench'd, and growing by Neglect,
 (In Hopes to soften her, at least adorn)
 Presented to this Murdres of his Peace
 The ritual Ornaments, by Virgins worn
 Upon the solemn Feast. The Ivy-Spear,
 With winding Green, and viny Foliage gay,
 Curl'd by his Hand: a Mitre for his Head,
 Curious aumail'd with imitated Grapes,
 Of blushing Rubies form'd: the Pall of Lawn,
Flow'r'd

Flow'r'd with the Conquests of the purple God :
The Cista, Silver ; and the Cymbals, Gold :
And Piny Torch (O were it *Hymen's* !) ting'd
With spicy Gums, to feed the ready Flame.

Open'd the Festival --- Loose to the Winds,
Dishevel'd, bare, the Virgins give their Necks
And wanton Hair. Evæ ! they mad'ning cry,
And shake their Torches. Evæ ! Io ! rends
The Air, and beats the echoing Vault of Heav'n.
The Hills, the Vales with Io ! Evæ ! ring.

The Temple opens to the sacred Throng ;
When foremost enters, as in Dress and Charms,
Callirhoe, so in Speed. Their Lovers wait,
With burning Expectation, to enfold
His beauteous Mistress each. High on a Throne
Corefus blaz'd in Jewels and in Gold,
More charming in Himself. Quick with his Eye
He catch'd *Callirhoe*, and, descending, clasp'd
With eager Transport her reluctant Waist.

A thousand Vows he breath'd, and melting Things
 He spok'd and look'd; but to the Rocks and Wind.
 What cou'd he more? Yes more he did: for what,
 What can't a Lover, like *Corefus*, do?
 Neglectful of his Dignity he sunk
 (Still Love disdains what Dignity demands,
 O'er *Jupiter* himself supreme) he sunk,
 And trembled at her Feet, with prostrate Zeal,
 As to his God. He dy'd upon her Hand
 With sighing Languishment: He gaz'd his Soul
 At every ardent Glance into her Eyes;
 Most eloquently silent! O'er his Cheek
 The gushing Tears, in big, round drops, diffus'd
 The Dews of Passion, and the Brain's soft Show'r,
 Potent to warm the most obdurate Breast,
 Tho' cold as Marble. Idle were his Tears,
 His Glances, Languishment and prostrate Zeal.

Disdainful—frowning: “Hence, (she cry'd) nor dare
 To interrupt my Progress in the Rites
 With thy capricious Rudeness. Shall the Priest

The Myſteries of *Bacchus* thus profane,
In his own Temple too? And rather pay
To *Venus* his Devotion, than his God?"
Then, haughty as away ſhe turn'd, he graſp'd
Her Knees; upon her Garments flowing train
Shivering he hung: and with beſeeching Eyes,
Thus, from th' Abundance of his Heart, complain'd:

"If Pity be no Stranger to thy Breſt,
(As ſure it ſhould not to a Breſt like thine,
Soft as the Swanny Down!) relenting, hear;
In Feelingneſs of Spirit, mildly lend
Attention to the Language of my Heart,
Sick with o'er-flowing Tenderneſs and Love.
I love thee with that Innocence of Truth,
That Purity of Paſſion, and Deſire
Unutterable, of bequeathing up
My Heart, my Life, my All into thy Hands,
Into thy gentle Cuſtody; --- that All,
My Heart, my Life, are Bitterneſs and Weight
Of Agony without thee. Since I fiſt,

(By

(By *Bacchus*' self I swear,) beheld that Face,
And nameless Magick of those radiant Eyes,
All the Foundation of my Peace gave way :
While Hopes and Fears rose up in bosom-War
To desolate the Quiet of my Days.
Thy dear Idea was my fancy's Dream ;
It mingled with my Blood ; and in my Veins
Throb'd, undulating, as my Life were stung.
I live but on the Thought of Thee ; my Breast
Bleeds in me, with Distress to see Thee frown.
O smile ! by thy dead Mother's reverend Dust,
By all thy Bowels are most fond of, smile,
And chase these heavy Clouds of Grief away.
I beg by *Bacchus* ; for His Sake be kind."

Here, interrupted by the swelling Storm
Of Passion labouring in his Breast, his Words
Gave way for Sighs and Tears to speak the Rest.
She, in contempt'ous Derision, smil'd,
To which her Frowns were innocent : and thus :
"Thy staggering Pow'r, and Thee I scorn alike ;

Him

Him I despise, for chusing Thee his Priest ;
Thee, for thy Arrogance, and Courtship vile."

Indignant he, in wrathful Mood (alarm'd
More at his God revil'd, than scorn for him)
First casting on the Ground his Mitred-Crown,
With Hands and Eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd.

" Offspring of *Jove*, Ev' *Lyæus*, hear !
If e'er these Hands with Ivy Wreaths thy Brow
Circled, and twining Tendrils of the Vine :
If e're my grateful Tongue, big with thy Praise,
Ev' *Lyæus* ! Io *Bacchus* ! sung :
If e'er thy Servant on thy Altars pour'd,
Copious, the purple Wave of offer'd Wine,
And, busy, fed the consecrated Fire
With Fat of As, or Hog, or mountain-Goat ;
Devoutly lavish in the Sacrifice :
Avenge thy Priest ; this curst Race destroy :
Thy Honours violated thus, avow ;
Till they confess this staggering Pow'r a God."

He

He pray'd. --- Loud Peals of Thunder shook the Fane:
 The *Image*, nodding, his Petition seal'd;
 And *Bacchus* gave the *Calydonian* Race
 To Madness, and unutterable Woes.

The frantick Crowd, as if with Wine posselt,
 And the strong Spirit of the flaming Grape,
 To and fro' reel, and stagger to and fro',
 In Dithyrambic Measures, wild, convolv'd.
 They tofs their Cymbals, and their Torches shake,
 Shrieking, and tear their Hair, and gash their Flesh,
 And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid Dance
 In giddy Maze: with Fury then o'erborn,
 Euthusiastick, whirling in Despair,
 Flat, drop down dead; and Heaps on Heaps expire.

Amaz'd, confounded at the raging Pest,
 The venerable Fathers, in debate,
 To speed enquiring Deputies, resolv'd,
 To high *Dodona's* Grove; with vocal Oaks

Umbrageous,

Umbrageous, aged, vast, the struggling Day
Excluding: the prime Oracle of Greece!

Obsequious, they haste: enquire: return:
And thus the Counsels of the God disclose.

“The Rage of *Bacchus* for his injur'd Priest,
Corefus, by *Callirboe*'s Scorn repuls'd,
Your City wastes: and with funereal Fires
Your Streets shall redden, formidably bright,
Till by *Corefus*' Hand the cruel Maid
A Sacrifice be offer'd up: or One,
Free, uncompell'd, embrace the destin'd Steel,
Devoted in her Stead; and bleed for Her.
So you'll appease the God; the Plague be stay'd.”

They said. Staring Affright, and dumb Amaze
The Fathers seize: but chief, *Aeneas*, thee,
Callirboe's old miserable Sire!
Tenfold Affliction to the Grave weighs down
Thy silver'd Hairs. But Fate and Heav'n require.

Soon through the City spread the News, and soon
 Wounded *Callirhoe's* Ear. Her Spindle drops
 Neglected from her Hand. Prone on the Floor,
 She falls, she faints; her Breath, her Colour fled:
 Pale, cold and pale. Till, by assisting Care,
 The fragrant Spirit hovers o'er her Lips,
 And Life returning streams in rosy Gales;
 Rekindled only to Despair. She knew
 The Virgins envy'd; and the injur'd Youth
 Stung with her Scorn, wou'd wanton in her Wounds,
 Nor one, one offer up the willing Breast
 A Victim for her Life. And now the Crowd,
 Impatient of their Miseries, besiege
 The marble Portal; burst the bolted Gates;
 Demand *Callirhoe*; furious to obey
 The Oracle, and pacify the God.

What Pangs, unhappy Maid, thy bosom tear,
 Sleepless, and sad? relenting now too late,
 Thy stubborn Cruelty. *Corefus'* charms
 Blaze on thy Mind; his unexampled Love,

His

His every Virtue rising to thy Thought.
Just in his Fury, see the pointed Steel
Waves, circling, o'er thy throbbing Breast: He strikes;
He riots in thy Blood with dire Delight;
Infatiate! He gluts his Heart of Rage
With thy warm gushing Life; and Death enjoys,
Redoubling Wound on Wound, and Blow on Blow.

Thus pass'd her Hours. And now the dewy Morn
The Mountains tip'd with Gold, and threatned Day.
Without the City Gates, a Fountain wells
Its living Waters, clear as shining Glafs:
Haunt of the Nymphs! A Cypress' aged Arms
Threw round a venerable Gloom, and seem'd
Itself a Grove. An Altar on the Brink
Convenient rose: for holy Custom wills
Each Victim to be sprinkled with its Streams,
New from Pollution, worthier of the God.
Fierce for the Sacrifice, *Corefus* here
Waited; and, stimulated with Revenge,

He curs'd and chid the lazy-circling Hours
Too slow, as if injurious to his Hate.

But soon the gath'ring Crowd and Shouts proclaim
Callirhoe near. Her weeping Damsels lead
The destin'd Offering, lovely in Distress,
And sparkling through her Tears. A Myrtle Crown
With Roses glowing, and selected Green,
Th' ambrosial Plenty of her golden Hair
Entwine: in looks, a *Venus*; and a *Grace*
In Motion. Scarce the Flow'rs of sixteen Springs
The Fields had painted, since *Æneus* first
Fondled his Babe, and blest her on his Knee.
Ev'n Mountain-Clowns, who never Pity knew,
Relented, and the hardest Heart wept blood,
Subdu'd by Beauty, tho' the fatal Source
Of all their Misery. What Tumults then
Roll in thy Breast, *Corefus*! while thy Hands
The purifying Waters on her Head
Pour'd trembling; and the sacred Knife unsheath'd!

Wiping the silver-streaming Tears away,
She with a Look nor chearful, nor dismay'd,
But languishingly sweet, her ruby Lips
Soft-op'ning, thus began: "Father and Friends,
Wound me not doubly with your tender Grief:
I was not born alone for you. My Life
I gladly offer for my Country's Weal:
'Tis Glory thus to die. Receive my Blood,
Dear native Soil! O may it Health restore
And Peace; and *Bacchus*' Wrath be now appeas'd.
And thou, *Corefus*, whom I most have wrong'd,
Look no so fiercely on me, while the Steel
My once-lov'd Bosom launces; drop a Tear;
One Sigh in Mercy heave, and drop one Tear,
And I will thank Thee for thy Blow. For, oh
I never hated Thee: but Female-Pride,
Our Sex's Curse! forbade me to comply,
Too easy won! — Then pity me, *Corefus*;
O pity; and, if possible, forgive."

He

He answer'd not: but, ardent, snatch'd the Knife,
 And, running o'er her Beauties, strangely wild,
 With Eyes which witness'd huge Dismay and Love,
 "Thus, thus I satisfy the Gods!" He cry'd,
 And bury'd in his Heart, in *his own* Heart,
 The guilty Blade. Then, reeling to her Arms,
 He sunk, and groaning, "O *Callirhoe*!" --- dy'd.

Heav'n rings with Shouts, "Was ever Love like this?"
Callirhoe shriek'd; and from the gaping Wound,
 Quick as the Light'nings Wing, the reeking Knife
 Wrench'd: in an Agony of Grief and Love,
 Her Bosom piercing, on his Bosom fell,
 And sigh'd upon his Lips her Life away.
 Their Blood uniting in a friendly Stream,
 With bubbling Purple stain'd the Silver-Flood,
 Which to the *Fountain* gave *Callirhoe's Name*.



TO MISS ADDISON.

On seeing Mr. ROWE'S MONUMENT
in *Westminster Abbey*.

Erected at the Expence of his WIDOW.

L ATE an *Applauding* People rear'd the Stone
To *Shakespear's* Honour, and, alike, their *Own*.
A perfect Whole, where Part consents to part;
The Wonder *He* of *Nature*, *This* of *Art*.
And now a Wife (ye Wits, no more despise
The Name of *Wife*) bids *Rowe* in Marble rise.
Smiling He views her conjugal Regard;
A Nation's Cost had been a *less* Reward:
A Nation's Praise may vulgar Spirits move,
Rowe more deserv'd and gain'd, --- a *Sponsal* Love.

O *Italy*! thy injur'd Marble keep
Deep in thy Bowels, providently deep,
When *Fools* wou'd force it over *Knaves* to weep.
But when true Wit and Merit claim a Shrine,
Pour forth thy Stores and beggar every Mine.

}

They

They claim Them *now*: for Virtue, Sense and Wit
 Have long been fled, and want *thy* Succours --- Yet:
 They claim Them *now* for One, --- yes, One I see: ---
Marble wou'd weep --- if *Addison* be He.

O crown'd with all the Glories of thy Race,
 The *Father's* Candour, and the *Mother's* Grace!
 With *Rowe*, CHARLOTTA! vie, in generous Strife,
 And let the *Daughter* emulate the *Wife*.
 Be *justly* pious; raise the *Honour'd* Stone,
 And so --- deserve a *Rowe*, or --- *Addison*!



THE
MILKMAID.

I.

TWAS at the cool and fragrant Hour,
When Ev'ning steals upon the Sky,
That *Lucy* sought a Wood-bine-Grove,
And *Colin* taught the Grove to sigh;
The sweetest Damsel She, on all the Plains;
The softest Lover He, of all the Swains.

II.

He took her by the Lilly-Hand,
Which oft had made the Milk look pale;
Her Cheeks with modest Roses glow'd,
As thus He breath'd his tender Tale:
The list'ning Streams awhile forgot to flow,
The Doves to murmur, and the Breeze to blow.

O

“O smile

III.

"O smile my Love! thy dimply Smiles
 Shall lengthen on the setting Ray:
 Thus let us melt the Hours in Blifs,
 Thus sweetly languish Life away:
 Thus figh our Souls into each other's Breast,
 As true as Turtles, and as Turtles blest!

IV.

So may thy Cows for ever Crown
 With Floods of Milk thy brimming Pail;
 So may thy Cheefe all Cheefe surpass,
 So may thy Butter never fail:
 So may each Village round this Truth declare,
 That *Lucy* is the fairest of the Fair.

V.

Thy Lips with Streams of Honey flow,
 And pouting swell with healing Dews;
 More Sweets are blended in thy Breath,
 Than all thy *Father's* Fields diffuse:
 Tho' thousand Flow'rs adorn each blowing Field,
 Thy lovely Cheeks more blooming Beauties yield.

VI.

Too long my erring Eyes had rov'd
On City-Dames in Scarlet drest;
And scorn'd the charmfull Village-Maid,
With Innocence and Grogam blest:
Since *Lucy's* native Graces fill'd my Sight,
The painted City-Dames no more delight.

VII.

The speaking Purple, when you blush,
Out-glowes the Scarlet's deepest Die;
No Diamonds tremble on thy Hair,
But brighter sparkle in thy Eye.
Trust me, the smiling *Apples* of thy Eyes,
Are *tempting* as were *Those* in Paradise.

VIII.

The tunefull Linnet's warbling Notes,
Are gratefull to the Shepherd-Swain;
To drooping Plants, and thirsty Fields
The silver Drops of kindly Rain;
To Blossoms, Dews, as Blossoms to the Bee;
And thou, my *Lucy!* only art to Me.

IX.

But mark, my Love! yon Western-Clouds:
With liquid Gold they seem to burn:
The Ev'ning Star will soon appear,
And overflow his Silver Urn.
Soft Stillness now, and falling Dews invite
To taste the balmy Blessings of the Night.

X.

Yet e're we part, one Boon I crave,
One tender Boon! nor this deny:
O promise that You still will love,
O promise this! or else I dye:
Death else my only Remedy must prove;
I'll cease to live, whene're you cease to love."

XI.

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet Consent;
Joyous He thank'd Her on his Knee,
And warmly press'd her Virgin-Lip. ---
Was ever Youth so blest as He! ---
The Moon, to light the Lovers homeward, rose,
And *Philomela* lull'd Them to Repose.

THE CONQUEST.

I.

WHEN *Phebus* heard *Ianthe* sing
And sweetly bid the Groves rejoice,
Jealous He smote the trembling String,
Despairing, quite, to match her *Voice*.

II.

Smiling, her *Harpicord* She strung:
As soon as *She* began to play,
Away his Harp poor *Phebus* flung;
It was no Time for Him to stay.

III.

Yet hold; before your Godship go
The Fair shall gain another Prize:
Your *Voice* and *Lyre's* outdone, you know;
Nor less thy *Sunshine* by her *Eyes*.



THE

T H E

B E E .

I.

LEAVE, wanton Bee, those Blossoms leave,
 Thou buzzing Harbinger of Spring,
 To *Stella* fly, and sweeter Spoils
 Shall load thy Thigh, and gild thy Wing.

II.

Her Cheeks, her Lips with Roses swell,
 Not Paphian Roses deeper glow;
 And Lillies o'er her Bosom spread
 Their spotless Sweets, and balmy Snow.

III.

Then, grateful for the Sacred Dews,
 Invite her, humming round, to Rest;
 Soft Dreams may tune her Soul to Love,
 Tho' Coldness arm her waking Breast.

But

IV.

But if She still obdurate prove,
O shoot thy Sting. — The little Smart
May teach her then to pity me
Transfix'd with Love's and Beauty's Dart.

V.

Ah no, forbear, to sting forbear;
Go, fly unto thy Hive again.
Much rather let me dye for Her,
Than She endure the least of Pain.

VI.

Go, fly unto thy Hive again,
With more than Hybla-Honey blest:
For *Pope's* sweet Lips prepare the Dew,
Or else for Love a Nectar-Feast.



THE
MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTICK.

I.

FEATHER'D Lyrick! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the Sky,
Op'ning with thy Matin-Lay
(Nature's Hymn!) the Eye of Day,
Teach my Soul, on early Wing,
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

II.

While the Bloom of orient Light
Gilds Thee in thy tuneful Flight,
May the Day-Spring-from-on-High,
Seen by Faith's religious Eye,
Cheer Me with his Vital Ray,
Promise of Eternal Day!



ANNA

ANNA MARIA W**DF**RD!

“G O, *Anna*! (NATURE said) to *Oxford* go:
 (*Anna*! the fairest Form and Mind below,
 Blest with each Gift of Nature and of Art
 To charm the Reason, or to fix the Heart.)
 Go with a sprightly Wit and easy Mien,
 To prove the *Graces* four, the *Muses* Ten.
 I see the Wits adore, the Wise approve,
 Ev’n Fops themselves have almost Sense to love.
 When Poets wou’d describe a Lip or Eye,
 They’ll look on *Thee* and lay their *Ovids* by.
 I see a love-sick *Youth*, with *Passion* fir’d,
 Hang on thy charms, and gaze to be inspir’d.
 With asking Eyes explain his silent Woes,
 Glow as he looks, yet tremble as he glows:
 Then drunk with Beauty, with a warmer Rage,
 Pour thy soft *Graces* through the *Tragic-Page*.

1 Written in a Window at the Three-Tuns Tavern, *Oxford*; May 19th.
 14

He fights ; --- He bleeds ; --- to twilight Shades He flies :
Shakespeare He drops, and with *his Otway* dies.

This Pomp of Charms you owe to *Me* alone,
 The Charms which scarce *six thousand* Years have
 That Face, illumin'd softly by the Mind ; [known.

That Body, almost to a Soul refine ;

That Sweetness, only to an Angel giv'n ;

That Blush of Innocence, and Smile of Heav'n !

I bade thy Cheeks with Morning-Purple glow ;

I bade thy Lips with Nectar-Spirit flow ;

I bade the Diamond point thy azure Eyes,

Turn'd the fine Waist, and taught the Breast to rise.

Whether thy Silver Tides of Musick roul,

Or Pencil on the Canvass strikes a Soul,

Or curious Needle pricks a *Band* or Heart,

At once a Needle, and at once a Dart !

All own that Nature is alone thy Art.

Why *thus* I form'd thy Body and thy Mind

With sumless Graces, prodigally kind,

The Reason was, --- but you in Time will know it ; ---

One is, but that's the least --- to make a *Poet*.

MINER-

MINERVA MISTAKEN.

MINERVA last Week (pray let no Body doubt it)
Went an Airing from *Oxford*, fix Miles, or
about it :

When She spy'd a young Virgin so blooming and fair,
That, "O *Venus*, (She cry'd) is your Ladyship there?
Pray is not that *Oxford*? and lately you swore
Neither *You*, nor *one like you*, shou'd trouble Us more.
Do you thus keep your promise? and am I defy'd?"
The Virgin came nearer and smiling reply'd,
"My Goddess! what, have you your Pupil forgot?"
--- "Your pardon, my Dear, is it you, *Molly S*----



T H E M A G I.

A S A C R E D E C L O G U E.

N O more in Beauty's Praise my Numbers move,
Nor melt away in dying falls of Love:
A Child on Earth, yet Heaven's eternal King,
The *manger'd God*, the *Virgin's Son* I sing.
Thou Fountain-Good, with Light my Soul o'erflow,
With hallow'd Ardour bid my Bosom glow!
Fir'd at the promise of thy *dawning Ray*,
The *Eastern Sages* found *Celestial Day*.

Drawn by a leading Flame, with sweet surprize,
The Infant Deity salutes their Eyes.
The *Heir-elect of Love* his Mother preſt,
Smil'd in her Arms, and wanton'd on her Breast.
No Jewels sparkle here, nor *India's Stores*
The Portals brighten or emblaze the Doors.
But young-ey'd *Seraphims* around Him glow,
And *Mercy* spreads her many-colour'd Bow!

Her

Her Bow, compos'd of new-created Light,
How sweetly lambent and how softly bright !
The sacred Circle of embodied Rays
The Cradle crowns, and round his Temples plays
So shines the *Rainbow* round th' *eternal Throne*
To shade the *Holy, Holy, Holy ONE*.

By turns the Ruby bleeds a Beam, by turns,
Smiles the green Em'rald, and the Topaz burns :
The various Opal mingles every Ray,
Fades into Faintness, deepens into Day :
Promiscuous Lustre kindles half the Skies,
Too slippery-bright for keen-*Seraphick* Eyes.
The venerable *Three*, low-bending down,
Extend their *Offerings* and the *Godhead* own.

M A G. I.

From *Eastern* Realms, where first the infant Sight
Springs into Day and streaks the fading Night,
To *Thee* we bend, before the *Morning* Rise ;
A purer *Morning* trembles from *thy* Eyes.

In

M A G. II.

In vain the Sun with Light his Orb arrays,
 Our Sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze;
 Through his *transparent Fallacy* we See,
 And own the Sun is but a *Star* to Thee.

M A G. III.

Thou spotless Effence of primeval Light,
 Thy Vassals own, and *wash thy Ethiops White*.
 Thy *Cloud of sable Witnesses* adorn
 With the first Roses of thy smiling Morn.

M A G. I.

By Bards foretold the ripen'd Years are come,
 Gods fall to Dust and Oracles are dumb.
 Old Ocean murmurs from his Ouzy Bed,
 "A *Maid* has born a *Son*, and *Pan* is dead.

M A G. II.

The *Nymphs*, their Flow'r-inwoven Tresses torn,
 O'er Fountains weep, in twilight Thickets mourn.
 Long, hollow Groans, deep Sobs, thick Schreeches fill
 Each dreary Vally and each shaded Hill.

M A G. III.

No more shall *Memphian* Timbrels wake the Morn,
No more shall *Hammon* lift his gilded Horn.
From hence in vain shall *Belzebub* rebell,
Anubis howls, and *Moloch* sinks to Hell.

M A G. I.

Here lows a *Bull*; a golden Gleam adorns
The circling Honours of his beamy Horns.
He safely lows, nor fears the Holy Knife,
No *Sacrifice* from hence shall drink his Life.

M A G. II.

Ye Gardens, blush with never-fading Flow'r's,
For ever smile, ye Meads, and blow, ye Bow'r's:
Bleat, all ye Hills, be whiten'd, all ye Plains;
O Earth, rejoice! th' *Eternal Shepherd* reigns.

M A G. III.

Ye Lillies, dip your Leaves in falling Snow,
Ye Roses, with the Eastern-Scarlet glow,
To crown the God: ye Angels, haste to pour
Your Rain of Nectar, and your Starry Show'r.

M A G. I. *Offers Gold.*

The Ore of *India* ripens into *Gold*,
 To gild thy Courts, thy Temple to infold.
 Accept the Emblematick Gift; again
Saturnian Years revolve a *Golden Reign*!

M A G. II. *Offers Frankincense.*

For *Thee Arabia's happy* Forests rise,
 And Clouds of Odours sweetly stain the Skies.
 While fragrant Wreaths of smoaking Incense roll,
 Receive our *Pray'rs*, the Incense of the Soul!

M A G. III. *Offers Myrrh.*

The weeping Myrrh with balmy Sorrow flows,
 Thy Cup to sweeten and to sooth thy Woes:
 So Prophets sing; for (*Human and Divine*)
 The *Man* was born to grieve, the *God* to shine.

M A G. I.

Smile, sacred Infant, smile: thy rosy *Breast*
 Excels the *Odours* of the spicy East;
 The burnish'd *Gold* is Drofs before thy *Eye*,
 Thou God of Sweetness, God of Purity!

M A G. II.

Ye Planets, unregarded walk the Skies,
Your Glories lessen as his Glories rise :
His *radiant Word* with Gold the Sun attires,
The Moon illumes, and lights the Starry Fires.

M A G. III.

Hail, Lord of Nature, hail ! To Thee belong
My Song, my Life, — I give my Life, my Song :
Walk in thy Light, adore *thy Day* alone,
Confess thy Love, and pour out all my own.



On Mr. POPE'S WORKS.

Written soon after his Death.

MAN not alone hath End: In measur'd Time,
 (So *Heav'n* has will'd) together with their
 The everlasting *Hills* shall melt away: [Snows
 This solid Globe dissolve, as ductile Wax
 Before the Breath of *Vulcan*; like a Scroll
 Shriveled th' unfolded Curtains of the Sky;
 Thy *Planets*, *Newton*, tumble from their Spheres,
 That lead harmonious on their mystic Rounds:
 The *Moon* be perisht from her bloody Orb;
 The *Sun* himself, in liquid Ruin, rush
 And deluge with destroying Flames the Globe ---
 Peace then, my Soul, nor grieve that *Pope* is dead.

If 'ere the tuneful Spirit, sweetly strong,
 Spontaneous Numbers, teeming in my Breast,
 Enkindle; O, at that exalting Name,
 Be favourable, be propitious now,

While,

While, in the gratitude of Praise, I sing
The *Works* and Wonders of this *Man* divine.

I tremble while I write. — His lipping Muse
Surmounts the loftiest Efforts of my Age.

What wonder? when an Infant, He apply'd
The loud *Papinian* Trumpet to his Lips,
Fir'd by a sacred Fury, and inspir'd
With all the God, in sounding Numbers sung
"Fraternal Rage, and guilty *Thebes'* Alarms."

Sure at his Birth (Things not unknown of old)
The *Graces* round his Cradle wove the Dance,
And led the Maze of Harmony: the *Nine*,
Prophetick of his future Honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his Lips *Castalian* Dews;
And *Attic* Bees their golden store distill'd.
The *Soul* of *Homer*, sliding from its Star,
Where, radiant, over the poetic *World*
It rules and sheds its Influence, for Joy

I Translation of the First Book of STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

Shouted, and blest'd the Birth: the sacred Choir
 Of *Poets*, born in elder, better Times,
 Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating Sound,
 And roll'd the glad'ning News from Sphere to Sphere.

O listen to ¹ *Alexis'* tender Plaint!
 How gently rural! without Coarseness, plain;
 How simple in his elegance of Grief!
 A Shepherd, but no Clown. His every Lay
 Sweet as the early Pipe along the Dale,
 When Hawthorns bud, or 'on the thymy Brow
 When all the Mountains bleat, and Vallies sing.
 Soft as the Nightingale's harmonious Woe,
 In dewy Even-Tide, when Cowslips drop
 Their sleepy Heads, and languish in the Breeze.

² Imperial *Windfor*! on thy Brow august,
 Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry Head;
 (Much prouder of *his Verse* than of *thy Stars*)
 And bid thy Forests dance, and nodding, wave

¹ Pastorals. ² *Windfor*-Forest. Mr. *Pope* born there.

A verdant Testimony of thy Joy :

A native *Orpheus* warbling in thy Shades.

¹ Next, in the Critic-Chair survey him thron'd,
Imperial in his Art, prescribing Laws
Clear from the knitted Brow, and squinted Sneer ;
Learn'd, without Pedantry ; correctly bold,
And regularly Easy. Gentle, now,
As rising Incense, or descending Dews,
The variegated Echo of his Theme :
Now, animated Flame commands the Soul
To glow with sacred Wonder. Pointed Wit
And keen Discernment form the certain Page.
Just, as the *Stagyrite* ; as *Horace*, free ;
As *Fabian*, clear ; and as *Petronius* gay.

² But whence those peals of Laughter shake the Sides
Of decent Mirth ? Am I in Fairy-Land ?
Young, evanescent Forms, before my Eyes,
Or skim, or seem to skim ; thin Effences

¹ Essay on Criticism. ² Rape of the Lock.

Of fluid Light ; *Zilphs*, *Zilpbids*, *Elves* and *Gnomes* ;
 Genij of *Roscruce*, and *Ladies' Gods* ! ---
 And, lo, in shining trails, *Belinda's* Hair,
 Bespangling with dishevel'd Beams the Skies,
 Flames o'er the Night. Behind, a *Satyr* grins
 And, jocund, holds a Glass, reflecting, fair,
 Hoops, Crosses, *Mattadores* ; *Beaux*, *Shocks*, and *Belles*,
 Promiscuously whimsical and gay.
Taffoni, hiding his diminish'd Head,
 Droops o'er the laughing Page : while *Boileau* skulks,
 With Blushes cover'd, low beneath the *Desk*.

1 More mournful Scenes invite. The milky Vein
 Of amorous Grief devolves its placid Wave
 Soft-streaming o'er the Soul, in weeping Woe
 And Tenderneſs of Anguish. While we read
 Th' infectious Page, we sicken into Love,
 And languish with involuntary Fires.
 The Zephyr, panting on the filken Buds
 Of breathing Violets ; the Virgin's Sigh,

1 *Ovid's Sappho to Phaon*. And *Eloise to Abelard*.

Rosy with Youth, are turbulent and rude,
To *Sappho's* Plaint, and *Eloisa's* Moan.

Heav'ns! what a Flood of empyréal Day
My aking Eyes involves! A *Temple* soars,
Rising like Exhalations, on a Mount,
And, wide, its Adamantine Valves expands.
Three monumental Columns, bright in Air,
Of figur'd Gold, the Center of the Quire
With Lustre fill. *Pope* on the Midmost shines
Betwixt *his Homer* and *his Horace* plac'd,
Superior by the Hand of *Justice*. *Fame*,
With all her Mouths th' eternal Trumpet swells,
Exulting at his Name; and, grateful, pours
The lofty Notes of never-dying Praise,
Triumphant, floating on the Wings of Wind,
Sweet o'er the World: th' Ambrosial Spirit flies
Diffusive, in its Progress wid'ning still,
"Dear to the Earth, and grateful to the Sky."
Fame owes Him more than e'er she can repay:

1 Temple of Fame.

She

She owes *her* very *Temple* to *his Hands* ;
 Like *Ilium* built ; by *Hands* no *less* *divine* !

Attention, rouse thyself ! the Master's Hand,
 (The Master of our Souls !) has chang'd the Key,
 And bids the Thunder of the Battle roar
 Tumultuous ¹. *Homer, Homer* is our own !
 And *Grecian* Heroes flame in *British* Lines.
 What Pomp of Words ! what nameless Energy
 Kindles the Verse ; invigours every Line ;
 Astonishes, and overwhelms the Soul
 In Transport tost ! When fierce *Achilles* raves,
 And flashes, like a Comet, o'er the Field,
 To wither Armies with his Martial Frown ;
 I see the Battle rage ; I hear the Wheels
 Careering with their brazen Orbs ! The Shout
 Of Nations rolls (the Labour of the Winds) —
 Full on my Ear, and shakes my inmost Soul.
 Description never cou'd so well *deceive* :
 'Tis *real* ! *Troy* is here, or I at *Troy*

¹ Translation of *Homer*.

Enjoy the War. My Spirits, all on Fire,
 With unextinguish'd Violence are born
 Above the World, and mingle with the Gods.
Olympus rings with Arms! the Firmament,
 Beneath the Light'ning of *Minerva's* Shield,
 Burns to the Center: rock the Tow'rs of Heav'n.
 All Nature trembles! save the Throne of *Jove*! —
 Have Mercy, *Pope*, and kill me not with Joy:
 'Tis tenfold Rage, an Agony of Bliss!
 Be *less* a God, nor force me to adore.

1 To root Excesses from the human-Breast,
 Behold a beauteous Pile of *Ethicks* rise;
 Sense, the Foundation; Harmony, the Walls;
 (The *Doric* grave, and gay *Corinthian* join'd)
 Where *Socrates* and *Horace* jointly reign.
 Best of *Philosophers*! of *Poets* too
 The best! He teaches thee thyself to know:
 That VIRTUE is the noblest gift of Heav'n:
 "And vindicates the Ways of GOD to Man."

1 *Ethic Epistles.*

R

O hearken

O hearken to the *Moralist* polite!
 Enter his *School of Truth*; where *Plato's* self
 Might preach; and *Tully* deign to lend an Ear.

1 Last see him waging with the *Fools of Rhyme*
 A wanton, harmless *War*. Dunce after Dunce
 Beaux, Doctors, Templars, Courtiers, Sophs and Cits,
 Condemn'd to *suffer Life*. The motley Crew,
 Emerging from Oblivion's muddy Pool,
 Give the round Face to view, and shameless Front
 Proudly expose; till Laughter have her Fill.

Born to improve the Age, and cheat Mankind
 Into the Road of *Honour*! --- Vice again
 The gilded Chariot drives: --- for *He is dead*!

I saw the fable Barge, along *his Thames*,
 In slow Solemnity beating the Tide,
 Convey his sacred Dust! --- Its Swans expir'd,
 Wither'd in *Twit'nam* Bow'rs the Laurel-Bough;

Silent the *Muses* broke their idle Lyres:
Th' attendant *Graces* check'd the sprightly Dance,
Their Arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting Tear,
And VIRTUE for her lost Defender mourn'd!



A French Translation of the Poem, by the Rev. Mr. John Smith, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, was published in 1735. It is dedicated to the Rev. Mr. John Smith, and is a very elegant and useful work. The River is a very fine and useful work.

EPITAPH on my 'FATHER.

In the Parish Church of *Brough*,*Westmoreland.*

DEAR to the Wife and Good by All approv'd,
 The Joy of Virtue, and Heaven's well-belov'd!
 His Life inspir'd with every better Art,
 A learned Head, clear Soul, and honest Heart.
 Each Science chose his Breast her favourite Seat,
 Each Language, but the Language of Deceit.
 Severe his Virtues, yet his Manners kind,
 A manly Form, and a Seraphic Mind.
 So long he walk'd in Virtues even road,
 In him at length, 'twas natural to do good.
 Like ² *Eden*, his old Age (a Sabbath Rest!)
 Flow'd without Noise, yet all around him blest!
 His Patron, JESUS! with no Titles grac'd,
 But that best Title, a *good Parish Priest*.

¹ *Francis Thompson* B. D. Senr. Fellow of *Queen's Coll. Oxford*, and Vicar of *Brough* 32 Years. He departed this Life *Aug. 31. 1735*. Aged 70.

² The River *Eden* runs near *Brough*.

Peace with his Ashes dwell. And, Mortals, know,
The Saint's above; the Dust alone below.
The Wife and Good shall pay their Tribute here,
The modest Tribute of one Thought and Tear,
Then penfive Sigh, and say, "To me be given
By living thus on Earth, to reign in Heaven."



EPITAPH on my 'MOTHER.

In the Parish Church of *Brough*,
Westmoreland.

HERE rests a Pattern of the Female Life,
The Woman, Friend, the Mother, and the
Wife.

A Woman form'd by Nature, more than Art,
With smiling Ease to gain upon the Heart.
A Friend as true as Guardian-Angels are,
Kindness her Law, Humanity her Care.
A Mother sweetly tender, justly dear,
Oh! never to be nam'd without a Tear.
A Wife of every social Charm possess'd,
Blessing her ² Husbands --- In her Husbands blest.
Love in her Heart, Compassion in her Eyes,
Her Thoughts as humble, as her Virtues high.

¹ She departed this Life *October 25. 1737.* Aged 65. ² Her former Husband was *Jos. Fisher* M. A. Fellow of *Queen's Coll. Oxford*, Vicar of *Brough* and Arch-Deacon of *Carlisle*; by whom She had no Children.

Her Knowledge useful, nor too high, nor low,
To serve her Maker, and Her-self to know.
Born to relieve the Poor, the Rich to please,
To live with Honour, and to die in Peace.
So full her Hope, her Wishes so resign'd,
Her Life so blameless, so unstain'd her Mind,
Heav'n smil'd to see, and gave the gracious Nod,
Nor longer wou'd detain her from her GOD.



Writ-

Written in the
H O L Y B I B L E.

YE *Sacred Tomes*, be my *unerring Guide*,
Dove-hearted Saints, and *Prophets Eagle-ey'd*!
 I scorn the *Moral-Fop*, and *Ethic-Sage*,
 But drink in *Truth* from *your* *illumin'd Page*:
 Like *Moses-Bush* each *Leaf* *divinely* bright,
 Where *G O D* invests Himself in milder Light!
 Taught by *your* *Doctrines* We devoutly rise,
Faith points the *Way*, and *Hope* unbars the *Skies*.
 You tune our *Paffions*, teach Them *how* to roll,
 And sink the *Body* but to raise the *Soul*;
 To raise It, bear It to *Myfterious Day*,
 Nor *Want* an *Angel* to direct the *Way*!



On a PRESENT of THREE ROSES,
from IANTHE.

THREE Roses to her humble Slave
The *Mistress of the Graces* gave:
Three Roses of an Eastern Hue,
Sweet-swelling with ambrosial Dew.
How each, with glowing Pride, displays
The Riches of its circling Rays!
How all, in sweet Abundance, shed
Perfumes, that might revive the Dead!
Now tell me, *Fair One*, if you know,
Whence these balmy Spirits flow?
Whence Springs this modest Blush of Light,
Which charms at once and pains the Sight?

The *Fair-One* knew, but wou'd not say,
So blush'd and smiling went her Way.
Impatient, next the *Muse* I call;
She comes, and thus wou'd answer all.

“Fool, (and I sure deserv'd the Name)
Mark well the Beauties of the Dame,

And can you wonder why so fair,
 And why so sweet the Roses are?
 Her Cheek with living purple glows
 Which blush'd its Rays on every Rose;
 Her Breath exhal'd a sweeter Smell
 Than fragrant Fields of *Asphodel*;
 The sparkling Spirit in her Eyes
 A kindlier influence supplies
 Than genial Suns and Summer Skies.
 Now can you wonder why so fair,
 And why so sweet the Roses are?"
 "Hold, tuneful Trifler, I reply'd,
 The beauteous Cause I now descri'd,
 Hold, talk no more of Summer Skies,
 Of genial Suns and --- *splendid Lyes*;
 Of fragrant Fields of *Asphodel*,
 And brightest Rays and sweetest Smell;
 Whatever *Poetry* can *paint*,
 Or *Muse* can utter --- all is faint:
 Two Words had better all exprest; ---
 "She took the Roses from --- *her Breast*.

CUPID

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

VENUS whipt *Cupid* 'tother Day,
For having lost his Bow and Quiver:

For he had giv'n Them both away
To *Stella*, Queen of *Jfs-River*.

II.

"Mamma! You wrong Me while You strike,
(Cry's weeping *Cupid*) for I vow,
Stella and *You* are so alike,
I thought that I had lent Them *You*.



C U P I D in L O V E.

Or S T E L L A and the W A S P.

ANACREONTICK.

CUPID by a Bee was stung,
 Lately; *since Anacreon sung*;
Venus, with a *smiling Eye*,
 Laugh'd to hear him sob and sigh.
 Angry *Cupid* in Revenge,
 (Gods their Shapes at pleasure Change)
 In the Form of Wasp or Bee,
Stella! fix'd his Sting in Thee:
Stella! fairest of the Fair:
Stella, *Venus*' dearest Care!
 In Revenge He dealt the Blow
 On her Favourite Below;
 In Revenge of *smiling Eyes*,
 Sweetest Emblems of the Skies!
 O my Finger! *Stella* cry'd:
 Wou'd for *Stella* I had dy'd!

O my

O my Finger! thrice She cry'd,

Thrice for *Stella* I'd have dy'd!

Stella! fairest of the Fair,

Stella, *Venus*' dearest Care!

Venus, red'ning, drop'd a Tear:

--- "Here, You Sirrah, *Cupid*, here!

Dare You torture, like a Foe,

Stella, my Belov'd below?

Curst Revenge on *smiling Eyes*,

Sweetest Emblems of the Skies!"

Cupid, smit with *Stella's Eye*,

Answer'd *Venus* with a Sigh,

"Rather, Mamma, pity *Me*;

--- I am wounded more than *She*.



O N

Writing LAURA'S *Name* in the *Snow*.

THIR SIS and DAMON.

THIR SIS.

WHY, *Damon*, write you *Laura's Name*
In *snowy* Letters? *prithée*, say:

Was it her *Coldness* to express,
Or shew thy Love wou'd *melt away*?
Or, rather, was it This? Because
When She is *nam'd* you *burn* and *glow*,
Therefore in Hopes to *cool* your Breast
You writ the Charmer's Name in *Snow*?

DAMON,

Thirsis, since *Ink* wou'd *blot* her Charms,
In *Snow* I chose her Name to write;
Since only *Snow* like her is *pure*,
Is *soft* alone, alone is *white*.
Perhaps the Air her Name may *freeze*,
And every *Letter* grow a *Gem*;

Fit Characters to blaze her Charms,
And owe their Rays to *Stella's* Name.
A Monarch for the precious Name
Might then with half his Kingdom part,
Despise the Jewels on his Crown,
To wear my *Laura* near his Heart.

THIRDS.

In vain. Behold the Noontide Sun
Dissolves it with his amorous Flame: ---
The liquid Syllables are lost:
Now, *Damon*, where is *Laura's* Name?

DAMON.

Too true: yet tho' her Name dissolves;
The shining Drops shall not be lost:
I'll drink *Them* as They weep away,
And still her Name shall be my Toast.



EPILOGUE to CATO.

Spoken by a young GENTLEMAN in the
Character of *Marcia*.

Before a private Audience.

C RITICS affirm, a bookish, clownish *Race*,
(I wish they durst affirm it to *my Face*)
That *Love* in *Tragedies* has nought to do:
Ladies, if so, what wou'd They *make of You*?
Why, make You useless, nameless, harmless Things:
How false their Doctrine, I appeal to --- Kings;
Appeal to *Afric*, *Asia*, *Greece* and *Rome*;
And, faith, we need not go --- so far *from Home*.
For Us the Lover burns and bleeds and dies,
I fancy We have *Comets* in our Eyes;
And They, you know, are --- *Signs of Tragedies*.
Thanks to my *Stars*, or, rather, to my *Face*,
Sempronius perish'd for that very Cause.
The boist'rous Wretch bawl'd out for ' Peals of Thunder,
Because He cou'd not force Me --- to come under.

Lard ! how I tremble at the narrow Scape ;
 Which of you wou'd not --- tremble --- at a Rape ?
 Howe're that be, this Play will plainly prove,
 That *Liberty* is not so *sweet* as *Love*.
 Think, *Ladies*, think what Fancies fill'd my Head,
 To find the *living fuba* for the *dead* !
 Tho' much He suffer'd on my Father's side,
 I'll make him cry, e're long, "*I'm satisfied* !" }
 For I shall prove a mighty --- loving Bride.
 But now, to make an End of *Female Speeches*,
 I'll quit my *Petticoats* to --- wear the *Breeches*.

Runs out and comes in his Night Gown.

We' have chang'd the Scene : For Gravity becomes
 A *Tragedy*, as *Hearses sable Plumes*.
 His *Country's Father* you have seen, to Night,
 Unfortunately great, and sternly right.
 Fair *Liberty*, by impious Power oppress'd,
 Found no Asylum but Her *Cato's Breast* :
 Thither, as to a Temple, She retir'd,
 And when *He* plung'd the Dagger *She* expir'd.

If *Liberty* revive at *Cato's* Name,
And *British* Bosoms catch the *Roman* Flame :
If hoary Villains rouse your honest Ire,
And Patriot-Youths with Love of Freedom fire,
If *Lucia's* Grief your graceful Pity move,
And *Marcia* teach the Virgins virtuous Love,
You'll own, ev'n in this *methodizing* Age,
The mildest *School* --- of *Morals* is the *Stage*.
To you, the polish'd Judges of our Cause,
Whose Smiles are Honour, and whose Nods applause,
Humble we bend : encourage Arts like these ;
For tho' the *Aëtors* fail'd --- they strove to please.
Perhaps, in Time, your Favours of *this* Night
May warm Us like young *Marcus* self to fight,
Like *Cato* to defend, like *Addison* to write.



THE

THE
HAPPY LIFE.

I.

A Book, a Friend, a Song, a Glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving Lass,
To Mortals various Joys impart,
Inform the Sense, and warm the Heart.

II.

Thrice happy they, who, careless, laid
Beneath a kind-embow'ring Shade,
With Rosy Wreaths their Temples crown,
In Rosy Wine their Sorrows drown.

III.

Mean while the *Muses* wake the Lyre,
The *Graces* modest Mirth inspire,
Good-natur'd Humour, harmless Wit;
Well-temper'd Joys, nor grave, nor light.

IV.

Let Sacred *Venus* with *her Heir*,
 And dear *Iantbe* too be there.
 Musick and Wine in Concert move
 With Beauty, and *refining* Love.

V.

There *Peace* shall spread her Dove-like Wing,
 And bid her *Olives* round us spring.
 There *Truth* shall reign, a Sacred Guest!
 And *Innocence*, to crown the Rest.

VI.

Begone, Ambition, Riches, Toys,
 And splendid Cares, and guilty Joys. ---
 Give me a Book, a Friend, a Glass,
 And a chaste, laughter-loving Lass.



THE
WEDDING MORN.
A DREAM.

'T WAS Morn: But *Theron* still his Pillow prest:
(His *Annabella's* Charms improv'd his Rest.)

An Angel Form, the Daughter of the Skies,
Descending blest; or seem'd to bless his Eyes;

White from her Breast a dazzling Vestment roll'd,
With Stars bespangled and celestial Gold.

She mov'd, and Odours, wide, the Circuit fill'd;
She spake, and Honey from her Lips distill'd.

"Behold, illustrious comes, to bless thy Arms,
Thy *Annabella*, breathing Love and Charms!

O melting Mildness, undissembled Truth!
Fair Flow'r of Age, yet blushing Bloom of Youth!

Fair without Art, without design admir'd,
Prais'd by the Good, and by the Wise desir'd.

By Art and Nature taught and form'd to please,
With all the sweet Simplicity of Ease.

In

In publick courteous --- for no private End ;
At Home --- a Servant ; and Abroad --- a Friend.
Her gentle Manners, unaffected Grace,
And animated Sweetness of her Face,
Her faultless Form, by Decency refine,
And bright, unsullied Sanctity of Mind,
The Christian Graces breathing in her Breast,
Her --- WHOLE shall teach Thee to be more than Blest.

'Tis Virtues Rays that point her sparkling Eyes,
Her Face is beauteous for her Soul is wise.
As from the Sun refulgent Glories roll,
Which feed the Starry Host and fire the Pole,
So stream upon her Face the Beauties of her Soul.
Tho' the Dove's languish melts upon her Eye,
And her Cheeks mantle with the Eastern Sky,
When Seventy on her Temples sheds its Snow,
Dim grow her Eyes and Cheeks forget to glow,
Good-Nature shall the purple Lofs supply,
Good-Sense shine brighter than the sparkling Eye :
In beauteous Order round and round shall move,
Love cool'd by Reason, Reason warm'd by Love.

Receive

Receive Heav'n's kindest Blessing! And regard
This Blessing as thy Virtue's best reward.
When Beauty wakes her fairest Forms to charm,
When Musick all her Pow'r's of Sound to warm,
Her golden Floods when wanton Freedom rolls,
And Plenty pours Herself into our Bowls;
When with tumultuous Throbs our Pulses beat,
And dubious Reason totters on her Seat,
The Youth how steady, how resolv'd the Guide
Which stems the full luxuriant, pleasing Tide!
For These, and Virtues such as These is given
Thy *Annabella*! O belov'd of Heav'n! ---
Hail Marriage! everlasting be thy Reign!
The Chain of Being is thy golden Chain.
From hence Mankind, a growing Race depend,
Began with Nature, shall with Nature end.
The Mists, which stain'd thy Lustre, break away,
In Glory lessen, and refine to Day:
No more the Jest of Wits, of Fools the Scorn,
Which God made Sacred, and which Priests adorn.

Ascend the Bed, while genial Nature pours
Her balmy Blessings round and nectar-Show'rs.
And lo! the Future opens on my Eyes,
I see soft Budds, and smiling Flow'r's arise:
The Human Blossoms every charm display,
Unfold their Sweets, and beautify the Day.
The Father's Virtues in the Sons combine;
The Mother's Graces in the Daughters shine.
So where an Angel spreads his Dovelike Wing
Young Lawrels sprout, and tender Myrtles spring;
Sweet Dews descending consecrate the Ground,
And opens a new Paradise around!
I see!" --- But here the Scenes which blaz'd behind
Her Fancy dazzled, and dissolv'd His Mind.
He woke: yet still He thinks He sees and Hears;
Till real Sounds salute his ravish'd Ears:
"--- Arise! the Bride invites Thee to be blest?"
He rose. --- But *Silence* only *speaks* the Rest.



P R E F A C E.

As I have been in the most delightful and profitable manner, I have been very happy to see the original Works, which are now before me.

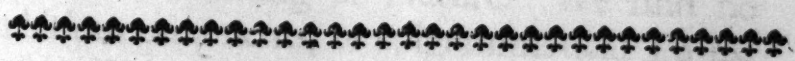


A N H Y M N

T O

M A Y.

— *Nunc formosissimus Annus.* Virgil.



THE HISTORY OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM



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P R E F A C E.

AS SPENSER is the most descriptive and florid of all our English Writers, I attempted to imitate his Manner, in the following *vernal* POEM. I have been very sparing of the Antiquated Words, which are too frequent in most of the Imitations of this *Author*; however, I have introduc'd a few here and there, which are explain'd at the bottom of each Page where they occur. *Shakespear* is the POET OF NATURE, in adapting the Affections and Passions to his Characters; and *Spenser* in describing her delightful Scenes and rural Beauties. His Lines are most musically sweet; and his descriptions most delicately abundant, even to a Wantonness of Painting: but still it is the Music and Painting of Nature. We find no ambitious ornaments, or epigrammatical Turns, in his Writings, but a beautiful Simplicity; which pleases far above the glitter of pointed Wit. I endeavour'd to avoid the Affectation of the one, without any Hopes of attaining the Graces of the other Kind of Writing.

Te sequor, O nostræ Gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod Te imitari augeo: Quid enim contendat Hirundo
Cycnis? ---

LUCRETIVS.

A modern Writer has, I know, objected against running the Verse into Alternate and Stanza: But Mr. *Prior*'s Authority is sufficient for me, who observes that It allows a greater Variety, and still preserves the dignity of the Verse. As I profess'd my self in this *Canto* to take *Spenser* for my Model, I chose the Stanza; which I think adds both a Sweetness and Solemnity at the same Time to Subjects of this rural and flowry Nature. The most descriptive of our old Poets have always used It from *Chaucer* down to *Fairfax*, and even long after him. I follow'd *Fletcher*'s Measure in his *Purple Island*; a Poem printed at *Cambridge* in 12 *Cantos* in Quarto, scarce heard of in this Age, yet the best in the Allegorical Way, (next to the *Fairy Queen*) in the *English* Language. The *Alexandrine* Line, I think, is peculiarly graceful at the End, and is an Improvement on *Shakespear*'s *Venus* and *Adonis*. After all, *Spenser*'s Hymns will excuse me for using this
Mea-

Measure; and *Scaliger* in the third Book of his *Poetics*, tells us, (from *Dydimus*) that the *Hymns* of the *Athenians* were sung to the Lyre, the Pipe, or some musical Instrument: And This, of all other Kinds of Verse is, certainly, *Lyrical*. But enough of the Stanza: For (as Sir *William Davenant* observes in his admirable Preface to *Gondibert*) Numbers in Verse, like distinct Kinds of Music, are composed to the uncertain and different Taste of several Ears. I hope, I have no Apology to make for describing the Beauties, the Pleasures, and the Loves of the Season in too tender or too florid a Manner. The Nature of the Subject requir'd a Luxurioufness of Versification, and a Softness of Sentiment; but they are pure and chaste at the same Time: Otherwise this *Canto* had neither been ever written, or offer'd to the public. If the Sentiments and Verse be florid and tender, I shall excuse myself in the Words of *Virgil* (tho' not in his Sense)

--- Nunc *mollissima fandi*
Tempora!

ARGU-

Menture; and Scilicet in the third Book of
his Poetics, tells us (from Diodorus) that the
Lyra of the Athenians were hung to the Lyre,
the Lyre, or some musical Instrument: And
This of all other Kinds of Verse is certainly
the most proper for the Lyre, or (as

ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT propos'd. *Invocation of MAY.*
Description of Her: Her Operations on
Nature. Bounty recommended; in particular
at this Season. Vernal Apostrophe. Love the
ruling Passion in MAY. The Celebration of Ve-
nus her Birth-Day in this Month. Rural Re-
tirement in Spring. Conclusion.

A N

H Y M N T O M A Y.

I.

ETHEREAL Daughter of the lusty *Spring*,

And sweet *Favonius*, ever-gentle *MAY*!

Shall I, unblam'd, presume of Thee to sing,

And with thy living Colours gild my Lay?

Thy genial Spirit mantles in my Brain;

My Numbers languish in a softer Vein:

I pant, too emulous, to flow in *Spenser's* Strain.

II.

Say, mild *Aurora* of the blooming Year,

With Storms when Winter blackens Nature's Face;

When whirling Winds the howling Forest tear,

And shake the solid Mountains from their Base:

Say, what refulgent Chambers of the Sky

Veil thy beloved Glories from the Eye,

For which the Nations pine, and Earth's fair Children
die?

Where

III.

Where ¹ *Leda's Twins*, forth from their Diamond-
Tow'r,

Alternate, o'er the Night their Beams divide;

In Light embosom'd, happy, and secure

From Winter-Rage, thou chusest to abide.

Blest Residence! For, *there*, as Poets tell,

² The Power's of Poetry and Wisdom dwell;

Apollo wakes the Arts; the *Muses* strike the Shell.

IV.

³ Certes o'er *Rhedicyna's* laurel'd Mead,

(For ever spread, ye Laurels, green and new!)

The *Brother-Stars* their gracious Nurture shed,

And secret Blessings of Poetic-Dew.

They bathe their Horses in the learned Flood,

With Flame recruited for th' æthereal Road;

And deem fair *Isis'* Swans ⁴ fair as their *Father-God*.

¹ *Castor* and *Pollux*.

² The *Gemini* are supposed to preside over learned men. See *Pontanus* in his beautiful Poem call'd *Urania*. *Lib. 2. De Geminis*.

³ Surely, certainly. *Ibid.* — *Rhedicyna*, &c. *Oxford*.

⁴ *Jupiter* deceiv'd *Leda* in the Shape of a *Swan* as She was bathing herself in the River *Euras*.

V.

No sooner *April*, trim'd with ¹ Girlands gay,
 Rains Fragrance o'er the World, and kindly Showrs;
 But, in the Eastern-Pride of Beauty, *May*,
 To gladden Earth, forsakes her heav'nly Bow'rs,
 Restoring Nature from her palsy'd State.
April, retire; ² ne longer, Nature, wait:
 Soon may she issue from the Morning's golden Gate.

VI.

Come, bounteous *May*! in Fulness of thy Might,
 Lead, briskly, on the mirth-infusing Hours,
 All-recent from the Bosom of Delight,
 With Nectar, nurtur'd; and involv'd in Flow'rs:
 By *Spring*'s sweet Blush, by Nature's teeming Womb;
 By *Hebe*'s dimply Smile, by *Flora*'s Bloom;
 By *Venus*'-self (for *Venus*'-self demands thee) come!

VII.

By the warm Sighs, in dewy Even-Tide,
 Of melting Maidens, in the Wood-bind-groves,
 To Pity loosen'd, soften'd down from Pride;
 By billing *Turtles*, and by cooing *Doves*;

¹ Garlands. ² Nor.

By the Youth's Plainings stealing on the Air,
 (For Youths will plain, tho' yielding be the Fair)
 Hither, to bless the Maidens and the Youths, repair.

VIII.

With Dew bespangled, by the Hawthorn-buds,
 With Freshness breathing, by the daisy'd Plains,
 By the mix'd Music of the warbling Woods,
 And jovial ¹ Roundelays of Nymphs and Swains;
 In thy full Energy, and rich Array,
 Delight of Earth and Heav'n! O blessed May!
 From Heav'n descend to Earth: on Earth vouchsafe to
 stay.

IX.

She comes! --- A filken ² Camus, emral'd-green,
 Gracefully loose, adown her Shoulder's flows,
 (Fit to enfold the Limbs of *Paphos' Queen*)
 And with the Labours of the Needle glows,
³ Purpled by Nature's Hand! The amorous Air
 And musky-western Breezes, fast, repair,
 Her Mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her Hair.

¹ Songs. ² A light Gown. ³ Flowrish'd with a Needle.

X.

Her Hair (but rather Threads of Light it seems)
 With the gay Honours of the Spring intwin'd,
 Copious, unbound, in nectar'd Ringlets streams,
 Floats glitt'ring on the Sun, and scents the Wind,
 Love-sick with Odours! --- Now to order roll'd,
 It melts upon her Bosom's dainty Mould,
 Or, curling round her Waste, disparts its wavy Gold.

XI.

Young-circling Roses, blushing, round them throw
 The sweet Abundance of their purple Rays,
 And Lillies, dip'd in Fragrance, freshly blow,
 With blended Beauties, in her Angel-Face.
 The humid Radiance beaming from her Eyes
 The Air and Seas illumines, the Earth and Skies;
 And open, where she smiles, the Sweets of *Paradise*.

XII.

On *Zephyr's* Wing the laughing Goddess view,
 Distilling Balm. She cleaves the buxom Air,
 Attended by the silver-footed Dew,
 The Ravages of Winter to repair.

She gives her naked Bosom to the Gales,
 Her naked Bosom down the Æther Sails;
 Her Bosom breaths Delight; her Breath the Spring ex- [hales.

XIII.

All as the *Phenix*, in *Arabian* Skies,
 New-burnish'd from his spicy Funeral Pyres,
 At large, in ' roseal Undulation, flies;
 His Plumage dazzles and the Gazer tires:
 Around their King the plummy Nations wait,
 Attend his Triumph, and augment his State:
 He tow'ring, claps his Wings, and wins th' Æthereal
 Height.

XIV.

So round this *Phenix* of the gawdy Year
 A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,
 Fluttering in Gold, along the Hemisphere,
 Her Praises chaunt; her Praises Glad the Isles.

¹ *Pliny* tells us. *Lib. 11.* That the *Phenix* is about the Bigness of an Eagle: The Feathers round the Neck shining like Gold, the Body of a purple Colour, the Tail blue with Feathers resembling Roses. See *Claudian's* fine Poem on that Subject and *Marcellus Donatus*, who has a short Dissertation on the *Phenix* in his Observations on *Tacitus*. *Annal. Lib. 6.* *Wesley* on *Job*, and *Sr. Tho. Brown's* *Vulgar Errors*.

Conscious of her approach (to deck her Bow'rs)

Earth from her fruitful Lap and Bosom pours

A waste of springing Sweets, and voluntary Flow'rs.

XV.

¹ *Narcissus* fair, in snowy Velvet gown'd;

Ah foolish! still to love the Fountain-brim:

² Sweet *Hyacinth*, by *Phebus* ³ erst bemoan'd;

And Tulip, flaring in her powder'd Trim.

Whate're, ⁴ *Armida*, in thy Gardens blew;

Whate're the Sun inhales, or sips the Dew;

Whate're compose the Chaplet on *Ianthes*' Brow.

¹ A beautiful Youth who, beholding his Face in a Fountain, fell in Love with himself, and pining away was chang'd into a Flow'r which bears his Name. See *Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. 3.*

² Belov'd and turned into a Flow'r by *Apollo*. See the Story in *Ovid. Met. Lib. 10.* There is likewise a curious Dialogue in *Lucian* betwixt *Mercury* and *Apollo* on this Subject. *Servius* in his Notes on *Virgil's* second *Bucolick* takes the *Hyacinth* to be the *Vaccinium* of the *Latines*, bearing some Similitude with the Name.

³ Formerly: long ago.

⁴ See *Tasso's Il Goffredo, Canto 16.*

He

XVI.

He who ¹ undaz'd can wander o'er her Face,
 May gain upon the Solar-blaze at Noon! ---
 What more than female Sweetness, and a Grace
 Peculiar! save, *Ianthe*, thine alone,
 Ineffable Effusion of the Day!
 So very much the same, that Lovers say,
May is *Ianthe*; or the dear *Ianthe*, *May*.

XVII.

So far as doth the Harbinger of Day
 The lesser Lamps of Night in ² Sheen excell;
 So far in Sweetness and in Beauty *May*
 Above all other Months doth bear the Bell.
 So far as *May* doth other Months exceed,
 So far in Virtue and in ³ Goodlihead,
 Above all other Nymphs *Ianthe* bears the ⁴ Meed.

XVIII.

Welcome! as to a youthful Poet, Wine,
 To fire his Fancy, and enlarge his Soul:
 He weaves the Laurel-Chaplet with the Vine,
 And grows Immortal as he drains the Bowl.

¹ Undazzled. ² Brightness. Shining. ³ Beauty. ⁴ Prize.

Welcome! as Beauty to the lovesick Swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in Vain;
He darts into her Arms; quick-vanishes his Pain,

XIX.

The drowzy Elements, arouz'd by thee,
Roll to harmonious Measures, active all!
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, with feeling Glee,
Exult to celebrate thy Festival.
Fire Glows intenser; softer, blows the Air;
More smooth the Waters flow; Earth smiles more fair:
Earth, Water, Air and Fire, thy gladdning impulse
Share.

XX.

What boundless Tides of Splendor o'er the Skies,
O'erflowing Brightness! stream their golden Rays!
Heav'n's Azure kindles with the varying Dies,
Reflects the Glory, and returns the Blaze.
Air whitens; wide the Tracts of Æther been
With Colours damask'd rich, and goodly Sheen,
And all above, is blue; and all below is green.

XXI.

At thy approach, the wild Waves' loud uproar,
 And foamy Surges of the mad'ning Main,
 Forget to heave their Mountains to the Shore;
 Diffus'd into the level of the Plain.
 For thee, the *Halcyon* builds her Summer's-nest;
 For thee, the *Ocean* smoothes her troubled Breast,
 Gay from thy placid Smiles, in thy own purple Drest.

XXII.

Have ye not seen, in gentle Even-tide,
 When *Jupiter* the Earth hath richly showr'd,
 Striding the Clouds, a Bow¹ dispredden-wide
 As if with Light inwove, and gayly flowr'd
 With bright Variety of blending Dies?
 White, purple, yellow melt along the Skies,
 Alternate Colours sink, alternate Colours rise.

XXIII.

The Earths embroidery then have ye ey'd,
 And smile of Blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
 Their vernal-tinctur'd Leaves, luxurious, died
 In *Flora's* Liv'ry, painted by the Light.

¹ Spread.

Lights'

Lights' painted Children in the Breezes play,
Lay out their dewy Bosoms to the Ray,
Their soft Enamel spread, and beautify the Day.

XXIV.

From the wide Altar of the foodful Earth
The Flow'rs, the Herbs, the Plants, their Incense roll;
The Orchards swell the Ruby-tinctur'd Birth;
The Vermil-gardens breath the spicy Soul.
Grateful to *May*, the Nectar-spirit flies,
The wafted Clouds of lavish'd Odours rise,
The Zephyr's balmy Burthen, worthy of the Skies.

XXV.

The *Bee*, the golden Daughter of the *Spring*,
From Mead to Mead, in wanton Labour, roves,
And loads its little Thigh, or gilds its Wing
With all the Effence of the flushing Groves:
Extracts the aromatick Soul of Flow'rs,
And, humming in Delight, its waxen Bow'rs
Fills with the luscious Spoils, and lives Ambrosial-Hours.

Y

Touch'd

XXVI.

Touch'd by Thee, *May*, the Flocks and lusty Drovers
 That low in Pastures, or on Mountains bleat,
 Revive their Frolicks and renew their Loves,
 Stung to the Marrow with a generous Heat.
 The stately Courser, bounding o'er the Plain,
 Shakes to the Winds the Honours of his Mane,
 (High-arch'd his Neck) and, snuffing, hopes the dappled
 [Train.

XXVII.

The aëreal Songsters sooth the list'ning Groves :
 The mellow Thrush, the Ouzle sweetly shrill,
 And little Linnet celebrate their Loves
 In Hawthorn Valley, or on tufted Hill ;
 The soaring Lark, the lowly Nightingale,
 A Thorn her Pillow, trills her doleful Tale,
 And melancholy Mufick dies along the Dale.

XXVIII.

This gay Exuberance of gorgeous Spring,
 The gilded Mountain, and the herbag'd Vale,
 The Woods that blossom, and the Birds that sing,
 The murmuring Fountain and the breathing Dale :

1 *Blackbird.*

The

The Dale, the Fountains, Birds and Woods delight,
The Vales, the Mountains and the Spring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by *May*, no longer charm the Sight.

XXIX.

When Nature laughs around, shall Man alone,
Thy Image, hang (ah me!) the sickly Head?
When Nature sings, shall Nature's Glory groan,
And languish for the Pittance poor of Bread!
O may the Man that shall his Image scorn,
Alive, be ground with Hunger, most forlorn,
Die ¹ unanell'd, and dead, by Dogs and Kites be torn.

XXX.

Curs'd may He be (as if he were not so.)
Nay doubly curs'd be such a Breast of Steel,
Which never melted at Another's Woe,
Nor Tendernefs of Bowels knew to feel.
His Heart is black as Hell, in flowing Store
Who hears the Needy crying at his Door,
Who hears Them cry, ² ne recks; but suffers them be
Poor.

¹ Without a funeral Knell. ² Nor is concern'd.

XXXI.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be *He*!
 Let Honour crown him and eternal Rest,
 Whose Bosom, the sweet Fount of Charity,
 Flows out to ¹ nourish Innocence distressed.
 His Ear is open to the Widows cries,
 His Hand the Orphan's Cheek of Sorrow dries;
 Like Mercy's self he looks on Want with Pity's Eyes.

XXXII.

In this blest Season, pregnant with Delight,
² Ne may the boading Owl with Screeches wound
 The solemn Silence of the quiet Night,
 Ne croaking Raven, with unhallow'd Sound,
 Ne damned Ghost ³ affray with deadly Yell
 The *waking* Lover, rais'd by mighty Spell,
 To pale the Stars, till *Hesper* shine it back to Hell.

XXXIII.

Ne Witches rifle Gibbets, by the Moon,
 (With Horror winking, trembling all with with Fear)
 Of many a clinking Chain, and canker'd Bone:
 Nor Imp in visionary Shape appear,

¹ To nurse. ² Nor. ³ Affright.

To blast the thriving Verdure of the Plain;
Ne let *Hobgoblin*, ne the *Ponk*, profane
With shadowy Glare the Light, and mad the bursting
Brain.

XXXIV.

Yet Fairy-Elves (so ¹ ancient Custom's will)
The green-gown'd *Fairy Elves*, by starry ² Sheen,
May gambol or in Valley or on Hill,
And leave their Footsteps on the circled Green.
Full lightly trip it, dapper *Mab*, around;
Full ³ featly, *Ob'ron*, Thou, o'er Grass-turf bound:
Mab brushes off no Dew-drops, *Ob'ron* prints no ground.

XXXV.

⁴ Ne bloody Rumours violate the Ear,
Of City's sack'd, and Kingdoms desolate,
With Plague or Sword, with pestilence or War;
Ne rueful Murder stain thy æra-date;

¹ The *Lemuria*, or Rites sacred to the *Lemures*, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See *Ovid. Fast. l. 5. &c.* They imagined the *Lemures* (in English, *Fairies*) to be like Ghosts of deceased Persons: but our traditional Accounts are very different in Respect to the Nature of *Fairies*. *Shakespeare's* *Midsummers Night's Dream*, *Drayton's* *Fairy Tale*, and a celebrated *Old Ballad*, are Master-pieces in their Kind.

¹ Brightness. ² Nimble. ³ Nor.

Ne shameless Calumny, for fell Despight,
 The foulest Fiend that e'er blasphem'd the Light,
 At lovely Lady rail, nor grin at courteous Knight.

XXXVI.

Ne Wailing in our Streets nor Fields be heard,
 Ne Voice of Misery assault the Heart;
 Ne Fatherless from Table be debar'd;
 Ne piteous Tear from Eye of Sorrow start;
 But Plenty, pour thy self into the Bowl
 Of Bounty-head; may never Want controul
 That Good, Good-Honest Man, who feeds the famish'd
 Soul.

XXXVIII.

Now let the Trumpet's martial Thunders sleep;
 The Viol wake alone, and tender Flute:
 The *Phrygian* Lyre with sprightly Fingers sweep,
 And, *Erato*, dissolve the *Lydian*-lute.
 Yet *Clio* frets, and burns, with honest Pain,
 To rouze and animate the martial Strain,
 While *British* Banners flame o'er many a purpled Plain.

XXXVIII.

The Trumpet sleeps, but soon for Thee shall wake,
Illustrious CHIEF! to sound thy mighty Name,
(Snatch'd from the Malice of Lethean-lake)
Triumphant-swelling from the Mouth of Fame.
Mean while, disdain not (so the Virgins pray)
This Rosy-Crown, with Myrtle wove and Bay;
(Too humble Crown I ween :) the Offering of *May*.

XXXIX.

And while the Virgins hail *Thee* with their Voice,
Heaping thy crowded Way with Greens and Flow'rs,
And in the Fondness of their Heart rejoice
To sooth, with Dance and Song, thy gentler Hours;
Indulge the Season, and with sweet Repair
Embay thy Limbs, the vernal Beauties share:
Then blaze in Arms again, renew'd for future War.

XL.

Britannia's happy Isle derives from *May*
The choicest Blessings *Liberty* bestows:
When Royal *Charles* (for ever hail the Day!)
In *Mercy* triumph'd o'er ignoble Foes.

Re-

Restor'd with him, the *Arts* the drooping Head
 Gayly again uprear'd; the *Muses* Shade
 With fresher Honours bloom'd, in greener Trim ar-
 ray'd.

XLI.

And THOU, the goodliest Blossom of our Isles!
 Great *Frederick's* and His *Augusta's* Joy,
 Thy *native* Month approv'd with Infant-smiles,
 Sweet as the smiling *May*, *Imperial Boy*!
Britannia hopes Thee for her *future* Lord,
 Lov'd as thy Parents, only not ador'd!
 Whene're a *George* is born, *Charles* is again *Restor'd*.

XLII.

O may his *Father's* Pant for finer Fame,
 And boundless Bountyhead to Humankind;
 His *Grandfires* Glory, and his *Uncles* Name,
 Renown'd in War! inflame his ardent Mind:
 So *Arts* shall flourish 'neath His equal Sway,
 So *Arms* the Hostile Nations wide affray;
 The Laurel, *Victory*; *Apollo*, wear the Bay.

Through

XLIII.

Through kind Infusion of celestial Pow'r,
The dullard-Earth *May* quick'neth with Delight:
Full suddenly the Seeds of Joy ¹ recure
Elastick Spring, and Force within ² empight.
If senseless Elements invigorate prove
By genial *May*, and heavy Matter move,
Shall Shepherdesses cease, shall Shepherds fail to love?

XLIV.

Ye Shepherdesses, in a goodly Round,
Purpled with Health, as in the Greenwood-Shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing Ground
And ³ deffly lead the Dance along the Glade;
(O may no Show'rs your Merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the op'ning, at the closing Day,
All hail, ye ⁴ Bonnibels, to your own Season, *May*.

¹ Recover. ² Placed, fixed.

³ Finely. ⁴ Pretty Women.

Z

Nor

XLIV.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye Shepherd-Swains,
 But lend to Dance and Song the liberal *May*,
 And while in jocund Ranks you beat the Plains,
 Your Flocks shall nibble and your Lambkins play,
 Frisking in Glee. To *May* your Girlands bring,
 And ever and anon her Praises sing :
 The Woods shall echo *May*, with *May* the Vallies ring.

XLV.

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry Coronal ;
 Sprinkle the flow'ry Coronal with Wine ;
 And in the nimble-footed Galliard, all,
 Shepherds and Shepherdesses, lively, join.
 Hither from Village sweet and Hamlet fair,
 From bordering Cot and distant ¹ Glenne repair :
 Let Youth indulge its Sport, to ² Eld bequeath its Care.

XLVI.

Ye wanton *Dryads* and light-tripping *Fawns*,
 Ye jolly *Satyrs*, full of ³ Luftyhead,
 And ye that haunt the Hills, the Brooks, the Lawns ;
 O come with rural Chaplets gay dispread :

¹ A Country Hamlet. ² Old Age. ³ Vigour.

With Heel so nimble wear the springing Grass,
To shrilling Bagpipe, or to tinkling Brass;
Or foot it to the Reed: *Pan* pipes himself apace.

XLVII.

In this soft Season, when Creation smil'd,
A quivering Splendor on the Ocean hung,
And from the fruitful Froth, his fairest Child,
The Queen of Bliss and Beauty, *Venus* sprung.
The Dolphins gambol o'er the wat'ry Way,
Carrol the *Naiads*, while the *Triton's* play,
And all the sea-green Sisters bless the Holy-day.

XLVIII.

In Honour of her natal-Month the Queen
Of Bliss and Beauty, consecrates her Hours,
Fresh as her Cheek, and as her Brow serene,
To buxom Ladies, and their Paramours.
Love tips with golden Alchimy his Dart;
With rapt'rous Anguish, with an honey'd Smart
Eye languishes on Eye, and Heart dissolves on Heart.

XLIX.

A softly-swelling Hill, with Myrtles crown'd,

(Myrtles to *Venus* ¹ *Algates* sacred been)

Hight *Acidale*, the fairest Spot on Ground,

For ever fragrant and for ever green,

O'erlooks the Windings of a shady Vale,

By Beauty form'd for amorous Regale.

Was ever Hill so sweet, as sweetest *Acidale*?

L.

All down the Sides, the Sides profuse of Flow'rs,

An hundred Rills, in shining Mazes, flow

Through mossy Grotto's Amaranthine Bow'rs,

And form a laughing Flood in Vale below:

Where oft their Limbs the *Loves* and *Graces* ² bay

(When Summer sheds insufferable Day)

And sport, and dive, and flounce in Wantonness of Play.

LI.

No Noise o'ercomes the Silence of the Shades,

Save short-breath'd Vows, the dear Excess of Joy;

Or harmless Giggle of the Youths and Maids,

Who yield Obeysance to the *Cyprian Boy*:

¹ Ever. ² Bathe,

Or

Or Lute, soft-sighing in the passing Gale;
Or Fountain, gurgling down the sacred Vale,
Or Hymn to Beauty's Queen, or Lover's tender Tale.

LH.

Here *Venus* reveals, here maintains her Court
In light Festivity and gladsome Game:
The Young and Gay, in frolick Troops resort,
Withouten Censure and withouten Blame.
In Pleasure steep'd, and dancing in Delight,
Night steals upon the Day, the Day, on Night:
Each Knight, his Lady loves; each Lady loves her
Knight.

LIII.

Where lives the Man (if such a Man there be)
In idle Wilderness or Desert drear,
To *Beauty's* sacred Pow'r an Enemy?
Let foul Fiends¹ harrow him; I'll drop no Tear.
I deem that² Carl, by *Beauty's* Pow'r unmov'd,
Hated of Heav'n, of none but Hell approv'd.
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

¹ Destroy. ² A Clown.

LIV.

Hard is his Heart, unmelted by Thee, *May!*
 Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling Sting,
 And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's Ray;
 Beauty the Mother and the Child of Spring!
 Beauty and Wit declare the Sexes even;
 Beauty, to Woman, Wit to Man is given;
 Neither the Slime of Earth, but each the Fire of Heav'n.

LV.

Alliance sweet! let Beauty, Wit approve,
 As Flow'rs to Sunshine ope the ready Breast:
 Wit Beauty Loves, and nothing else can love:
 The *best* alone is grateful to the *best*.
 Perfection has no other Parallel!
 Can Light, with Darknefs; Doves with Ravens dwell?
 As soon, 'perdie, shall Heav'n Communion hold with
 [Hell.

LVI

I sing to *you*, who love *alone* for Love:
 For *Gold* the beauteous *Fools* (O Fools before!)
 Can win; tho' brighter Wit shall never move;
 But Folly is to Wit the certain Cure.

[Hail]

1 An old Word for asserting any Thing.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the Men, (or be they young or old)
Curs'd be the Women, who themselves have fold
To the *detested* Bed for Lucre base of Gold.

LVII.

Not *Julia* such: she higher Honour deem'd
To languish in the *Sulmo-Poet's* Arms,
Than, by the Potentates of Earth esteem'd,
To give to Scepters and to Crowns her Charms.
Not *Laura* such: in sweet *Vauchusa's* Vale
She list'n'd to her *Petrarch's* amorous Tale.
But did poor *Colin Clout* o'er *Rosalind* prevail?

LVIII.

Howe'er that be; in *Acidalian* Shade,
Embracing *Julia*, *Ovid* melts the Day:
No Dreams of Banishment his Loves invade;
Encircled in Eternity of *May*.

1 Spenser.

2 These three celebrated Poets and Lovers were all of them unhappy in their Amours. *Ovid* was banish'd on Account of his Passion for *Julia*. Death deprived *Petrarch* of his beloved *Laura* very early; as he himself tells us in his Account of his own Life: These are his Words. *Amore acerrimo, sed unico & honesto, in Adolescentia laboravi, & diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepescerentem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis, extinxisset.* See his Works, *Basil*, Fol. Tom. I. Yet others say, she married another Person; which is scarce probable; since *Petrarch* lamented her Death for ten Years afterwards, as appears from *Sonetto* 313, with a most uncommon Ardour of Passion.

Thoma-

Here *Petrarch* with his *Laura*, soft reclin'd
 On Violets, gives Sorrow to the Wind:
 And *Colin Clout* pipes to the yielding *Rosalind*.

LIX.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of the th' Arcadian-Train,
 That e'er with tuneful Breath inform'd the Quill:
 Pipe on, of Lovers the most loving Swain!
 Of Bliss and Melody O take thy Fill.
 Ne envy I, if dear *Ianthe* smile,
 Tho' low my Numbers, and tho' rude my Stile;
 Ne quit for *Acidale*, fair *Albion's* happy Isle.

LX.

Come then, *Ianthe*! milder than the Spring,
 And grateful as the rosy Mouth of *May*,
 O come; the Birds the Hymn of Nature sing,
 Enchanting-wild, from every Bush and Spray:

Thomasius in his curious Book, called *Petrarcha Redivivus*, has given us two Prints of *Laura*, with an Account of her Family, their Loves, and his sweet Retirement in *Vaucluse*. As for *Spenser*, we may conclude that his Love for *Rosalinda* proved unsuccessful from his pathological Complaints, in several of his Poems, of her Cruelty. The Author, therefore, thought it only a poetical Kind of Justice to reward them in this imaginary *Retreat of Lovers*, for the Misfortunes they really suffer'd here, on Account of their Passion.

Swell the green Gemms and teem along the Vine,
A fragrant Promise of the future Wine,
The Spirits to exalt, the Genius to refine!

LXI.

Let us our Steps direct where *Father-Thames*.
In silver Windings draws his humid Train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his Naval-stream,
Pomp on the City, Plenty o'er the Plain.
Or by the Banks of *Isis* shall we stray,
(Ah why so long from *Isis* Banks away!)
Where thousand Damsels dance, and thousand Shepherds
play.

LXII.

Or chuse you rather *Theron's* calm Retreat,
Embosom'd, *Surry*, in thy verdant Vale,
At once the *Muses* and the *Graces* Seat!
There gently listen to my faithful Tale.
Along the dew-bright Parterres let us rove,
Or taste the Odours of the Mazy-Grove:
Hark how the Turtles coo: I languish too with Love.

LXIII.

Amid the Pleasaunce of *Arcadian* Scenes,
 Love steals his silent Arrows on my Breast;
 Nor Falls of Water, nor enamel'd Greens,
 Can sooth my Anguish, or invite to Rest,
 You, dear *Iantbe*, you alone impart
 Balm to my Wounds, and Cordial to my Smart:
 The Apple of my Eye, the Life-blood of my Heart.

LXIV.

With Line of Silk, with Hook of barbed Steel,
 Beneath this Oaken Umbrage let us lay,
 And from the Water's Crystal-bosom steal
 Upon the grassy Bank the finny Prey:
 The Perch, with Purple speckled manifold;
 The Eel, in silver Labyrinth self-roll'd,
 And Carp, all-burnish'd o'er with Drops of scaly Gold.

LXV.

Or shall the Meads invite, with *Iris*-hues
 And Nature's Pencil gay-diversify'd,
 (For now the Sun has lick'd away the Dews)
 Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like Virgin-bride?

Thither,

Thither, (for they invite us) we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
A Posy for thy Breast, a Garland for thy Hair.

XLVI.

Fair is the Lilly, clad in balmy Snow;
Sweet is the Rose, of Spring the smiling Eye;
Nipt by the Winds, their Heads the Lillies bow;
Cropt by the Hand, the Roses fade and dye.
Tho' now in Pride of Youth and Beauty drest,
O think, *Iantbe*, cruel Time lays waste
The Roses of the Cheek, the Lillies of the Breast.

LXVII.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
The present Freshness of thy springing Prime:
Bestow thy Graces on the *God of Love*,
Too precious for the wither'd Arms of *Time*.
In chaste Endearments, innocently gay,
Iantbe! now, *now* love thy Spring away;
Ere cold *October-blasts* despoil the Bloom of *May*.

LXVIII.

Now up the Chalky Mazes of yon Hill,
 With grateful Diligence, we wind our Way;
 What op'ning Scenes our ravish'd Senses fill,
 And, wide, their rural Luxury display!
 Woods, Dales, and Flocks, and Herds, and Cots and
 Spires,
 Villa's of learned Clerks, and gentle Squires;
 The Villa of a Friend the Eye-sight never tires.

LXIX.

If er'e to Thee and *Venus*, *May*, I strung
 The gladsome Lyre, when ¹ Livelood swell'd my Veins,
 And *Eden's* Nymphs and *Isis* Damsels sung
 In tender ² Elegy, and ³ Pastoral-strains;
 Collect and shed thyself on *Theron's* Bowr's,
 O green his Gardens, O perfume his Flow'rs,
 O blest his Morning-walks and sooth his Ev'ning-hours.

¹ Liveliness.

² *STELLA*; five *AMORES*: *Elegiarum Tres Libri*. Written in the Year 1736.

³ Six Pastorals: written in the Year 1734.

LXX.

Long, *Theron*, with thy *Annabell* enjoy
 The Walks of Nature, still to Virtue kind,
 For sacred solitude can never cloy;
 The Wisdom of an uncorrupted Mind!
 O very long may *Hymen's* golden Chain
 To Earth confine you and the Rural-reign;
 Then soar, at length, to Heaven! nor pray, O Muse, in
 [vain.

LXXI.

Wherer's the *Muses* haunt, or *Poets* muse,
 In solitary Silence sweetly tir'd,
 Unloose thy Bosom, *May!* thy Stores effuse,
 Thy vernal Stores, by *Poets* most desir'd,
 Of living Fountain, of the Wood-bind-shade,
 Of *Philomela*, warbling from the Glade.
 Thy Bounty, in his Verse, shall *certes* be repay'd.

LXXII.

On *Twit'nam-Bow'rs* (*Aonian-Twit'nam-Bow'rs!*)
 Thy softest Plenitude of Beauties shed,
 Thick as the Winter-Stars, or Summer-Flow'rs;
 'Albè the tuneful *Master* (ah!) be dead.

I Altho'.

To

To *Colin* next He taught my Youth to sing,
 My Reed to warble, to resound my String :
 The King of Shepherd's *He*, of Poet's *He* the King.

LXXIII.

Hail, happy Scenes, where *Joy* wou'd chuse to dwell ;
 Hail, *golden* Days, which *Saturn* deems his own ;
 Hail Mufick, which the *Muses* ² scant excell ;
 Hail Flowrets, not unworthy *Venus*'-crown.
 Ye Linnets, Larks, ye Thrushes, Nightingales ;
 Ye Hills, ye Plains, ye Groves, ye Streams, ye Gales,
 Ye ever-happy Scenes ! all you, *your Poet* hails.

LXXIV.

All-hail to thee, O *May* ! the Crown of all !
 The Recompence and Glory of my Song :
 Ne small the Recompence, ne Glory small,
 If gentle Ladies, and the Tuneful-Throng,
 With Lovers-Myrtle, and with Poet's-Bay
 Fairly ² bedight, approve the simple Lay,
 And think on *Thomalin* whene'er they hail Thee, *May* !

¹ Scarcely. ² Adorn'd.

THE
NEW LYRE.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

I Strung my Lyre, when *Love* appear'd,
Demanding a light-wanton Lay:

CHRIST! I began --- the Trifler heard,
And shook his Wings, and *pass'd away*.

II.

The Strings rebellious to my Hand
Refuse to charm: in vain I sue,
The Strings are mute to my Demand ---
I broke the *old*, and form'd a *new*.

III.

CHRIST! I began: the sacred Lyre
Responsive swell'd with Notes divine,
And warm'd Me with Seraphic-fire:
Sweet *Jesus*, I am only *Thine*!

¹ He lent me a MS. Discourse on these Words "*Old Things are passed away and lo! all Things are become New.*"

O Wake

IV.

O wake to Life this springing *Grace*,
 And water with thy heavenly Dew :
 Display the Glories of thy Face,
 My Spirit and my Heart *renew* !

V.

Direct my Soul, direct my Hand : ---
 O blessed *Change* ! Thy Pow'r I feel :
 My Numbers flow at thy Command,
 My Strings with holy Raptures swell.

VI.

And, You, whose pious Pains unfold
 Those Truths, receive *this* Tribute due ;
 You once *endur'd* my *Muse of Old*,
 Nor scorn the *Firstfruits of the New*.

28 ME 59

End of Tome the First.



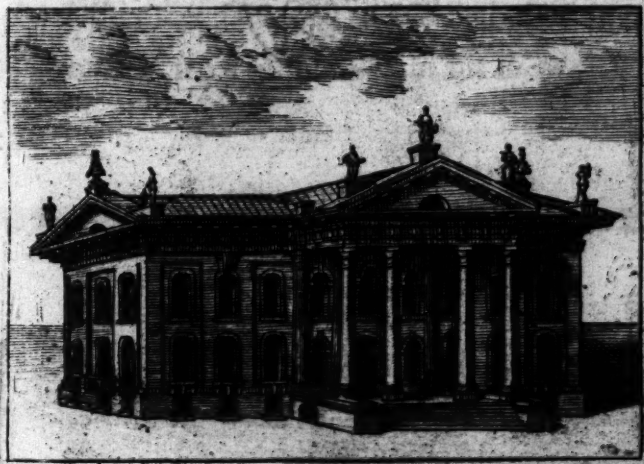
P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By WILLIAM THOMPSON M. A.
Fellow of *Queen's College, Oxford.*

TOME THE SECOND.



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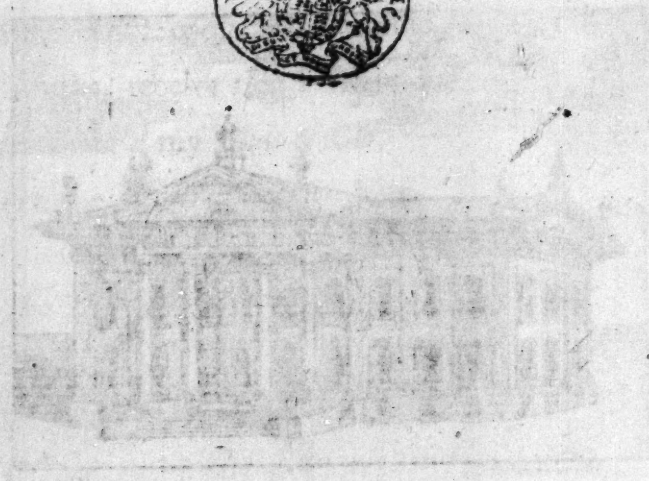
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OXFORD

Printed at the Theatre, MDCCLII

7

SICKNESS A POEM:

IN FIVE BOOKS.



Book I.

The *Lord* Comfort *Him*, when He lieth *Sick* upon his
Bed; make *Thou* all his Bed in his *Sickness*.

Psalms.

Argument of the First Book.

SUBJECT propos'd. *The Folly of employing Poetry on wanton or trifling Subjects. Invocation of Urania. Reflections on the Instability of Life itself: Frailness of Youth, Beauty, and Health. The Suddenness and first Attacks of a Distemper, in particular of the Small Pox. Moral and religious Observations resulting from Sickness.*

SICKNESSES

BOOK I.

OF Days with Pain acquainted, and of Nights
 Unconscious of the healing Balms of Sleep,
 That burn in restless Agonies away;
 Of SICKNESS, and its Family of Woes;
 The fellest Enemies of Life, I sing,
 Horizon'd close in Darkness. While I touch
 The Ebon-instrument, of solemn Tone,
 Pluckt from the Cypress' melancholy Boughs,
 Which, deepning, shade the House of Mourning, Groans
 And hollow Wailings, through the Damps of Night,
 Responsive wound the Ear. The sprightly Pow'rs
 Of Musical Enchantment wave their Wings,
 And seek the fragrant Groves and purple Fields,
 Where Pleasure rolls her honey-trickling Streams,
 Of blooming Health and laughter-dimpled Joy.

Me

Me other Scenes than laughing Joy, and Health
 High-blooming, purple-living Fields and Groves,
 Fragrant with Spring, invite. Too long the Muse,
 Ah! much too long, a Libertine, diffus'd
 On Pleasure's rosy Lap, has, idly, breath'd
 Love-fighting Elegies, and Pastoral-strains,
 The soft Seducers of our youthful Hours,
 Soothing away the Vigour of the Mind,
 And Energy of Virtue. But, farewell,
 Ye Myrtle Walks, ye lilly-mantled Meads
 Of *Paphos*, and the Fount of *Acidale*,
 Where, oft, in Summer, *Grecian* Fables tell,
 The Daughters of *Eurynome* and *Jove*,
Thalia and her Sister-Graces cool
 Their glowing Features, at the noontide Hour,
 Farewel! --- But come, *Urania*, from thy Bow'rs
 Of everlasting Day; O condescend
 To lead thy Votary (with rapt'rous Zeal
 Adoring Nature's God, the great THREE-ONE!)
 To *Salem*; where the Shepherd-Monarch wak'd
 The sacred Breath of Melody, and swell'd

His

His Harp, to Angel's *kindred* Notes attun'd,
With Music worthy Heaven ! O bath my Breast,
With Praises burning, in the Morning-Dews,
Which sparkle, *Sion*, on thy holy Hill.

The Prophets, Eagle-ey'd, celestial Maid,
Those Poets of the Sky ! were taught to chaunt
The Glories of *Messiah's* Reign by thee :
Kindled by thee, the Eastern-pages flame
With Light'ning, and with Thunder shake the Soul ;
While, from the Whirlwind, God's all-glorious Voice
Bursts on the tingling Ears of *Job* : the Writ
Of *Moses*, meek in Spirit, but his Thoughts
Lofty as Heav'n's blue Arch. My humble Hopes
Aspire but to the Alpha of his Song ;
Where, roll'd in Ashes, digging for a Grave,
More earnest than the Covetous for Gold
Or hidden Treasures, crust'd o'er with Boils,
And roaring in the Bitterness of Soul,
And Heart-sick Pain, the Man of *Uz* complains.
Themes correspondent to thy Servant's Theme.

I sing

I sing to you, ye Sons of Men ! of Dust,
 Say rather : What is Man, who proudly lifts
 His Brow audacious, as confronting Heav'n,
 And tramples, with Disdain, his Mother-Earth,
 But moulded Clay ? an animated Heap
 Of Dust, that shortly shall to Dust return ?

We dream of Shadows, when we talk of Life,
 Of *Pelops'* Shoulder, of *Pythagoras'* Thigh,
 Of *Surius's* Saints, and *Ovid's* Gods ;
 Meer Tales to cheat our Children with to Rest ;
 And, when the Tale is told, they sink to sleep,
 Death's Image ! so inane is mortal-Man !
 Man's but a Vapour, tof'd by every Wind,
 The Child of Smoak, which in a Moment flies,
 And, sinking into nothing, disappears.
 Man's a brisk Bubble, floating on the Waves
 Of wide Eternity : He dances now
 Gay-gilded by the Sun (tho' empty, proud ;)
 Phantastically fine ! and now he drops
 In a broad Sheet of Waters deep involv'd

And

And gives His Place to Others. O, ye Sons
 Of Vanity, remember, and be wise!
 Man is a Flow'r, which, in the Morning, fair
 As Day-Spring, swelling from its slender Stem,
 In Virgin-modesty, and sweet Reserve,
 Lays out its blushing Beauties to the Day,
 As Gideon's Fleece, full with the Dews of Heav'n.
 But if some ruder Gale, or nipping Wind,
 Disastrous, blow too hard, It, weeping, mourns
 In Robes of Darkneſs; it reclines its Head
 In languid Softneſs; withers every Grace;
 And, ere the Ev'ning-Star the Weſt inflames,
 It falls into the Portion of thoſe Weeds
 Which, with a careleſs Hand, we caſt away ---
 Ye thoughtleſs Fair-ones, *moralize* my Song!

Thy Pulse beats Muſic; thou art high in Health;
 The rather tremble. When the leaſt we fear,
 When Folly lulls us on her Couch of Down,
 And Wine and Lutes and Odours fill the Senſe
 With their ſoft Affluence of bewitching Joys;

When Years of Rapture in thy Fancy glow
 To entertain thy Youth, a sudden Burst
 Of Thunder from the smallest Cloud of Fate,
 Small as the *Prophet's* Hand, destroys, confounds,
 And lays thy visionary Hopes in Dust.
 By my Example taught, Examples teach
 Much more than Precepts, learn to know thy End.

The Day was *Valentine's*: when Lover's Wounds
 Afresh begin to bleed; and Sighs to warm
 The chilly Rigour of relenting Skies:
 Sacred the Day to Innocence and Mirth,
 The Festival of Youth! in seeming Health
 (As Custom bids) I hail'd the Year's fair Morn,
 And with its earliest Purple braid my Brows,
 The Violet, or Primrose, breathing Sweets
 New to the Sense. *Ianthe* by my Side,
 More lovely than the Season! rais'd her Voice,
 Observant of His Rites, in festal Lays,
 And thus address the *Patron* of the *Spring*.

“Hail,

“Hail, *Valentine*! at thy Approach benign,
 Profuse of Gems, the Bosom of the Earth
 Her fragrant Stores unfolds: the Fields rejoice,
 And, in the Infancy of Plenty, smile:
 The Vallies laugh and sing: the Woods, alive,
 Sprout into floating Verdure, to embow’r
 Those happy Lovers, who record thy Praise.

Hail, *Valentine*! at thy Approach benign,
 Inhaling genial Raptures from the Sun,
 The plummy Nations swell the Song of Joy,
 Thy soaring Choiristers! The Lark, the Thrush,
 And all th’ aerial People, from the Wren
 And Linnet to the Eagle, feel the Stings
 Of amorous Delight; and sing thy Praise.

Hail, *Valentine*! at thy Approach benign,
 Quick o’er the soft’ning Soul the gentle Gales
 Of Spring, awaking Bliss, instinctive, move
 The ardent Youth to breath the sighs of Faith
 Into the Virgin’s Heart; Who, sick of Love,

With equal Fires, and Purity of Truth,
Consenting, blushes while she chaunts thy Praise."

So sung *Iantbe* : to my Heart I prest
Her spotless Sweetness : when, (with wonder, hear !)
Tho' She shone smiling by, the torpid Pow'rs
Of Heaviness weigh'd down my beamless Eyes,
And press'd them into Night. The Dews of Death
Hung, clammy, on my Forehead, like the Damps
Of midnight Sepulchres ; which, silent, op'd
By weeping Widows, or by Friendship's Hand,
Yawn hideous on the Moon, and blast the Stars
With pestilential Reek. My Head is torn
With Pangs insufferable, pulsive Starts,
And pungent Aches, griding thro' the Brain,
To Madness hurrying the tormented Sense,
And hate of Being. — Poor *Iantbe* wept
In Bitterness, and took me by the Hand
Compassionately kind : " Alas ! she cry'd,
What sudden Change is this ? (Again she wept.)
Say, can *Iantbe* prove the Source of Pain

To *Thamalin*? forbid it, gracious Heav'n!"
 No, beauteous Innocence! As soon the Rose
 Shall poison with its Balm; as soon the Dove
 Become a white Dissembler, and the Stream
 With lulling Murmurs, creeping thro' the Grove,
 Offend the Shepherd's Slumber --- Scarce my Tongue
 These fault'ring Accents stammer'd, down I sink,
 And a lethargick Stupor steeps my Sense
 In dull Oblivion: till returning Pain,
 Too faithful Monitor! and dire Disease
 Bid me remember, Pleasure is a Dream,
 That Health has Eagle's Wings, *nor tarries long*:

New Horrors rise. For in my pricking Veins
 I feel the forky Flame: the rapid Flood
 Of throbbing Life, excursive from the Laws
 Of sober Nature, and harmonious Health,
 Boils in tumultuary Eddies round
 Its bursting Channels. Parching Thirst, anon,
 Drinks up the vital Maze, as *Simois* dry,
 Or *Zanthus*, by the *Arm-ignipotent*,

With

With a red Torrent of involving Flames
Exhausted; when *Achilles* with their Floods
Wag'd more than mortal War: the God of Fire
Wide o'er the Waters pour'd th' inundant Blaze,
The shrinking Waters to the bottom boil
And hiss in Ruin. O! ye Rivers, roll
Your cooling Crystal o'er my burning Breast,
For *Ætna* rages here! Ye Snows, descend;
Bind me in icy Chains, ye northern Winds,
And mitigate the Furies of the Fire!

Good Heav'n! what Hoards of unrepented Guilt
Have drawn this Vengeance down, have rais'd this Fiend
To lash me with his Flames? But, O, forgive
My Rashness, that dares blame Thy just Decrees.
It is Thy Rod: I kiss it with my Heart,
As well as Lips: like *Aaron's* may it bloom
With Fruits of Goodness: not, like *Moses'* turn
A Serpent; or, to tempt me to accuse
The kind Oppression of thy righteous Hand,
Or, sting me to despair. --- Affliction, hail!

Thou

Thou School of Virtue! open wide thy Gates,
 Thy Gates of Ebony! Yet, O, correct
 Thy Servant, not with Judgment, not in Wrath,
 But with thy Mercy, Lord! thy Stripes will heal.
 Thus without Heresy, Afflictions prove
 A Purgatory; save us as by Fire:
 And purifying off the Dross of Sin,
 Like old *Elijah's* Chariot, rap the Soul,
 On Wings of Meditation, to the Skies.

In Health we have no Time to visit Truth:
 Health's the Disease of Morals: few in Health
 Turn o'er the Volumes which will make us Wise.
 What are ye, now, ye tuneful Triflers! once
 The eager Solace of my easy Hours,
 Ye dear Deluders or of *Greece* or *Rome*,
Anacreon, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Homer*, what?
 The gay, the bright, the sober, the sublime?
 And ye of softer Strain, ye amorous Fools,
 Correctly indolent, and sweetly Vain,
Tibullus, *Ovid*; and the Female-verse

Of Her, who, plunging from *Leucadia's* Heights,
 Extinguish'd, with her Life, her hopeless Fires,
 Or rose a Swan, as love-struck Fancy deem'd.
 Who wou'd not, in these Hours of Wisdom, give
 A Vatican of Wits for one Saint *Paul*?
 Dare *Tully* with the golden Mouth of *Greece*,
 With *Cbrysoftom* in Rhet'rick-thunder join,
 Advent'rous, now? as soon the feeble Sound,
Salmonesus, of thy brazen Bridge contends
 With *Jove's* æthereal Peal, and bursting Roar
 Fulminous, rending Earth, o'erturning Air,
 And shaking Heav'n. Or shall the pointed Pen
 Of ¹ *Corduba*, with hostile Labour bend
 Its Sentences obscure against the Force
 Of *Hierom's* noble Fire? as soon the Moon,
 With blunted Horn, dares pour her pallid Beam
 Against the boundless Majesty of Day,
 The Sun's refulgent Throne; when, high, in Noon
 He kindles up the Earth to Light and Joy.
 My best Instructor, Sicknefs, shuts the Eye

¹ *Seneca* was born at *Corduba* in *Spain*.

From Vanity; she draws the Curtains round
The Couch, nor gives Admittance to the World:
But to *Harpocrates* consigns the Door,
And, *silent*, whispers me, that "Life is vain."

If Life be vain on what shall Man depend?
Depend on Virtue. Virtue is a Rock
Which stands for ever; braves the frowning Flood,
And rears its awful brow, direct, to Heaven.
Tho' Virtue save not from the Grave, she gives
Her Votaries to the Stars; she plucks the Sting
From the grim King of Terrors; smooths the Bed
Of Anguish, and bids Death, tho' dreadful, smile.
Death smiles on Virtue: And his Visage, *black*,
Yet comely seems. A *Christian* scorns the Bounds
Where limited Creation said to Time,
"*Here I have End*." Rapt'rous, he looks beyond
Or Time or Space; he Triumphs o'er decay;
And *fills Eternity*: the next to GOD!

The End of the First Book.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Pag. 197. **PLUCKT** from the *Cypress*, &c.

Thus *Horace*:

Barbiton hic Paries habebit. Lib. iii. Ode 26.

And, a greater than *Horace* in Lyric Poetry, the Royal Psalmist represents the same Image:

As for our Harps we hanged them up, upon the Trees that are therein. Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

Pag. 198. *Paphos*, a City of *Cyprus*; formerly dedicated to *Venus*.

Acidale, a Fountain in *Orchomenus*, a City of *Boeotia*, where the Graces were supposed to bathe themselves. The Genealogy of the Graces is very diversly related. But *Hesiod* says, they were the Offspring of *Jupiter* and *Eurynome*. *Theog.*

Pag. 199. *Burst on the tingling Ears of Job*, &c.

The Book of *Job* is ascrib'd to various Authors, and amongst the rest to *Moses*. I am proud to observe that Dr. *Young* has strengthened this opinion in his Notes to his admirable Poem on *Job*. Most of the Arguments on each Side of the Question may be found in *Pole's Synopsis Criticæ*. in the Beginning of his Notes on the Book of *Job*; and in Mr. *S. Wesley's* curious Dissertation on the same Subject.

Pag. 200. *We dream of Shadows, when we talk of Life.*

Συαί οράς ἀσπίδας. *Pind. Pith. Ode 8.*

Sophocles has much the same Thought in his *Ajax*; and, to dignify the Sentiment, he puts it into the Mouth of *Ulysses*:

Opw

Οπως γαρ ημεας εδεν οντας αλλοι ωλων
Εισθελ' οσσι πηρ ζωμεν, η κηρυον ομεαν.

The Scholiast observes, that he borrowed the Sentiment from *Pindar*.

Pag. 200. *We dream, &c. Of Pelops' Shoulder* —

The Poets feign that *Tantalus* served up his Son *Pelops* to the Table of the Gods: They re-united the Fragments, and formed his Shoulder, which was lost, of Ivory. *Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.*

— *Humeroque Pelops insignis eburno.* Verg. Georg. iii.

I shall add this beautiful Passage from *Tibullus*:

—— *Carmina ni sint,*
Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur. Lib. i. Eleg. 4.

Pag. 200. *Of Pythagoras' Thigh.*

This is told with so much Humour by Mr. *Addison* in one of his finest Works, that I rather chuse to give an Authority from him, than any of the Ancients. “The next Man astonished the whole Table with his Appearance: He was slow, solemn and silent, in his Behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with Hieroglyphicks. As he came into the middle of the Room, he threw back the Skirt of it, and discover'd a golden Thigh. *Socrates* at the Sight of it declared against keeping Company with any who were not made of Flesh and Blood; and therefore desired *Diogenes* the *Laertian* to lead him to the Apartment allotted the fabulous Heroes, and Worthies of dubious Existence, &c.”

The Table of Fame, Tatler Vol. II. No 81.

Pag. 200. *Of Surius's Saints.*

Surius writ the voluminous Legend of the *Romish* Saints, in six Volumes in Folio. Dr. *Donne* in his Satyrs has given him this Character:

——— outlie either
Jovius, or *Surius*, or both together. *Sat. 4.*

Pag. 202. *Ianthe by my side.*

Sickness being a Subject so disagreeable, in itself, to human Nature, it was thought necessary, as Fable is the Soul of Poetry, to relieve the Imagination with the following, and some other Episodes. For to describe the Anguish of a distemper without a mixture of some more pleasing incidents, would, no doubt, disgust every good-natur'd and tender Reader.

Pag. 208. *Salmones, of thy brazen Bridge, &c.*

Salmones King of *Elis*, a province in the *Peloponnesus*. He was so arrogant as to affect being thought a God: for which End he built a Bridge of Brass, by driving over which in his Chariot, he endeavour'd to make himself be believ'd the Thunderer. But *Jupiter*, enrag'd at his Impiety, struck him dead with a real Thunderbolt.

*Vidi crudeles dantem Salmones penas,
 Dum flammis Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi —
 Demens qui nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen
 Ære & Cornipedum cursu imitatur equorum.*

Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

Par. 209. *And to Harpocrates consigns the Door.*

Harpocrates, the God of Silence amongst the *Egyptians*.

*Si quicquam tacite commissum est fido ab amico,
 Me unum esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,
 Corneli, & factum esse puta Harpocratem.*

Catull.

Hence *Erasmus*, *Lib. Adag.* tells us, that *reddere Harpocratem* is the same as *mutum reddere*. So *Catullus* in another Place:

Patrum reddidi Harpocratem.

Ovid

Ovid describes him in the same Manner, without taking Notice of his Name, amongst the Attendants of *Isis*:

Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet.

Metam. Lib. ix.

This Description intirely agrees with the several Medals and Statues of *Harpocrates*, which the learned Antiquary *Gish. Cuperus* exhibits in his laborious Dissertation on that Subject, printed with *Monumenta Antiqua*.

But upon another Account likewise, *Harpocrates* may justly be appointed to attend upon the Sick; for he is numbered amongst the salutary Gods, who assisted in extream Dangers: as appears from *Artemidorus, Oneir. L. ii. C. 44.* where, after having mentioned *Serapis, Isis, Anubis*, and *Harpocrates*, he goes on thus; *Semper enim servatores crediti sunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati sunt, & ad extremum periculum pervenerunt, &c.* Kircher also, in his *Oedip. Egyp. p. 2. vol. II. p. 315.* amongst others to the same purpose, has these remarkable Words:

Reverebantur Ægypti, præter cætera numina maximè Iſin & O-rifin, ac Horum sive Harpocratem, tanquam Iatricos Genios.



THE
PALACE OF DISEASE.

BOOK II.

temperance. Melancholy. Fever. Consumption.

*Diseases dire, of which a monstrous Crew
Before Thee shall appear.*

Milton.



Argument of the Second Book.

R*eflections. Invocation of the Genius of
Spenser. Apostrophe to the Dutchess of
Somerset. The Palace of Disease. War. In-
temperance. Melancholy. Fever. Consumption.
Small Pox. Complaint on the Death of Lord
Beauchamp.*



THE PALACE OF DISEASE.

BOOK II.

DEATH was not *Man's* Inheritance, but *Life*
 Immortal, but a Paradise of Blifs,
 Unfading Beauty, and eternal Spring,
 (The cloudef's Blaze of Innocence's Reign :)
 The Gifts of GOD's Right-Hand ! till monstrous *Sin*,
 The motly Child of *Satan* and of Hell,
 Invited dire *Disease* into the World,
 And her distorted Brood of ugly Shapes,
Echidna's Brood ! and fix'd their curs'd Abode
 On Earth, invifible to human Sight,
 The Portion and the Scourge of mortal Man.
 Yet tho' to human Sight invifible,
 If *She*, whom I implore, *Urania* deign,

E e

With

With *Euphrasy* to purge away the Mists
 Which, humid, dim the Mirror of the Mind ;
 (As *Venus* gave *Æneas* to behold
 The angry Gods with Flame o'erwhelming *Troy*,
Neptune and *Pallas*,) not in vain, I'll sing
 The mystick Terrors of this gloomy Reign :
 And, led by her, with dangerous Courage press
 Through dreary Paths, and Haunts, by mortal Foot
 Rare visited ; unless by THEE, I ween,
 Father of Fancy, of descriptive Verse,
 And shadowy Beings, gentle *Edmund*, hight
Spenser ! the Sweetest of the tuneful Throng,
 Or recent, or of old. *Creative Bard*,
 Thy Springs unlock, expand thy *fairy* Scenes,
 Thy unexhausted Stores of Fancy spread,
 And with thy Images enrich my Song.

Come ² HERTFORD ! with the *Muse*, awhile, vouch-
 (The softer Virtues melting in thy Breast, [safe
 The tender Graces glowing in thy Form)

1 Old. 2 The present Dutchess of Somerset.

Vouchsafe, in all the Beauty of Distress,
 To take a silent Walk among the *Tombs* :
 There *lend* a Charm to *Sorrow*, smooth her Brow,
 And sparkle through her Tears, in shining Woe.
 As when the *Dove*, (Thy Emblem, matchless DAME !
 For *Beauty*, *Innocence*, and *Truth* are Thine)
 Spread *all its Colours* o'er the boundless Deep,
 (Empyrean Radiance quivering round the Gloom)
 CHAOS *reform'd*, and bade Distraction *smile* !

Deep in a Desert-vale, a Palace frowns
 Sublimely mournful : to the Eye it seems
 The Mansion of Despair, or ancient Night.
 The Graces of the Season's never knew
 To shed their Bounty here, or smiling, bless,
 With hospitable Foot, its bleak Domain,
 Uncultivated. Nor the various Robe
 Of flushing *Spring*, with Purple gay, invests
 Its blighted Plains ; nor *Summer's* radiant Hand

¹ The *Platonists* suppose that *Love*, or the celestial *Venus* (of whom the Dove is likewise an *Emblem*) created the *World* out of CHAOS.

Profusive, scatters o'er its baleful Fields
The rich Abundance of her glorious Days;
And golden *Autumn* here forgets to reign.

Here only Hemlock, and whatever Weeds
Medea gather'd, or *Canidia* brew'd,
Wet with *Avernus* Waves, or *Pontus* yields,
Or *Colchos*, or *Thessalia*, taint the Winds,
And choak the ground unhallow'd. But the Soil
Refuses to embrace the kindly Seeds
Of healing Vegetation, Sage, and Rue,
Dittany, and *Amello*, blooming still
In *Virgil's* rural Page. The bitter Yew,
The Church-yard's Shade! and Cypress' wither'd Arms
In formidable Ranks surround its Courts
With Umbrage dun; administering a Roof
To Birds of ominous portent; the Bat,
The Raven boding Death, the screaming Owl
Of heavy Wing, while Serpents, rustling, hiss,
And croaking Toads the odious Concert aid,

The

The peevish East, the rheumy South, the North
Pregnant with Storms, are all the Winds that blow:
While, distant far, the pure Etesian-Gales,
And Western-breezes fan the spicy Beds
Of *Araby the Blest*, or shake their Balm
O'er fair *Britannia's* Plains, and wake *her* Flow'rs.
Eternal Damps, and deadly Humours, drawn
In pois'nous Exhalations from the Deep,
Conglomerated into solid Night,
And Darknes, almost to be felt, forbid
The Sun, with chearful Beams, to purge the Air,
But roll their suffocating Horrors round
Incessant, banishing the blooming Train
Of Health, and Joy, for ever, from the *Dome*.

In sad Magnificence the Palace rears
Its mouldering Columns; from thy Quarries, *Nile*,
Of *sable* Marble, and *Egyptian* Mines
Embowel'd. Nor *Corinthian* Pillars, gay
With foliag'd Capitals and figur'd Frize,
Nor feminine *Ionique*, nor, tho' grave,

The

The fluted *Dorique*, and the *Tuscan* plain,
 In just Proportions Rise: but *Gothic*, rude,
 Irreconcil'd in ruinous Design:
 Save in the Center, in Relievo high,
 And swelling emblematically bold,
 In Gold the Apple rose †, "*whose mortal Taste*
 "*Brought Death into the World, and all our Woe.*"
 Malignantly delighted, dire *Disease*
 Surveys the glittering Pest, and grimly smiles
 With hellish Glee. Beneath, totters her Throne,
 Of jarring Elements; Earth, Water, Fire;
 Where hot, and cold; and moist, and dry maintain
 Unnatural War. Shapeless her frightful Form,
 (A *Chaos* of distemper'd Limbs in one)
 Huge as *Megara*, cruel as the Grave,
 Her Eyes, two Comets; and her Breath, a Storm.
 High in her wither'd Arms, she weilds her Rod,
 With Adders curl'd, and dropping Gore; and points
 To the *dead Walls*, besmear'd with curst Tales
 Of Plagues red-spotted, of blue Pestilence,
 Walking in Darkness; Havock at their Heels;

Lean Famine, gnawing in Despight her Arm :
 Whatever *Egypt, Athens, or Messine,*
Constantinople, Troynwant, Marseils,
 Or *Cairo* felt, or *Spagnolet* cou'd paint.
 A sickly Taper, glimmering feeble Rays
 Across the Gloom, makes Horror *visible,*
 And punishes, while it informs, the Eye.
 A thousand and ten thousand monstrous Shapes
 Compose the Group ; the execrable Crew
 Which *Michael*, in Vision strange, disclos'd
 To *Adam*, in the *Lazar-house of woe ;*
 A Colony from Hell. The knotted Gout,
 The bloated Dropsy, and the racking Stone
 Rolling her Eyes in Anguish ; Lepra foul,
 Strangling Angina ; Ephialtick starts ;
 Unnerv'd Paralyfis ; with moist Catarrhs ;
 Pleuritis bending o'er its Side, in Pain ;
 Vertigo ; murderous Apoplexy, proud
 With the late Spoils of *Clayton's* honour'd Life :
Clayton, the good, the courteous, the humane ;
 Tenacious of his Purpose, and his Word

Firm

Firm as the fabled Throne of *Grecian Jove*.

Be just, O *Memory*! again recall

Those Looks illumin'd by his honest Heart,

That open Freedom, and that chearful ease,

The bounteous Emanations of his Soul :

His *British* Honour ; *Christian* Charity ;

And mild Benevolence for Human-kind.

From every Quarter, Lamentations loud,

And Sighs refund, and rueful Peals of Groans

Roll echoing round the vaulted Dens, and Screams

Dolorous, wrested from the Heart of Pain,

And brain-sick Agony. Around her Throne

Six favourite *Furies*, next Herself accurst,

Their dismal Mansions keep ; in Order each,

As most destructive. In the foremost Rank,

Of polish'd Steel, with Armour blood-distain'd,

Helmets and Spears, and Shields, and Coats of Mail,

With Iron stiff, or Tin, or Brass, or Gold,

Swells a triumphal Arch ; beneath grim *War*

Shakes her red Arm : for *War* is a *Disease*,

The fellest of the fell ! Why will Mankind,
 Why will they, when so many Plagues involve
 This habitable Globe, (the curse of Sin,)
 Invent new Defolations to cut off
 The Christian Race ? At least in Christian Climes
 Let Olives shade your Mountains, and let Peace
 Stream her white Banner o'er us, blest from War,
 And Laurels only deck your Poet's Brows.
 Or, if the fiery Metal in your Blood,
 And thirst of Human-Life your Bosom sting,
 Too savage ! let the Fury loose of War,
 And bid the Battle rage against the Breasts
 Of *Asian* Infidels : redeem the Tow'rs
 Where DAVID sung, the SON of DAVID bled ;
 And warm new *Tasso's* with the *Epic-flame*.

Right opposite to War a gorgeous Throne
 With Jewels flaming, and emboss'd with Gold,
 And various Sculpture, strike the wond'ring Eye
 With jovial Scenes (amid Destruction gay,)
 Of Instruments of Mirth, the Harp, the Lute,

Of costly Viands, of delicious Wines,
And flow'ry Wreaths to bind the careless Brow
Of Youth, or Age; as Youth or Age demand
The pleasing Ruin from th' Enchantress, vile
Intemperance: than *Circe* subtler far,
Only subdu'd by Wisdom; fairer far,
Than young *Armida*, whose bewitching Charms
Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy Chains;
Till, by *Ubaldo* held, his Diamond Shield
Blaz'd on his Mind the Virtues of his Race,
And, quick, dissolv'd her wanton Mists away.
See, from her Throne, slow-moving, she extends
A poison'd Goblet! fly the beauteous Bane:
The Adder's Tooth, the Tiger's hungry Fang
Are harmless to her Smiles; her Smiles are Death.
Beneath the foamy Lustre of the Bowl,
Which sparkles Men to Madness, lurks a Snake
Of mortal Sting: fly: if you taste the Wine,
Machaon swears that *Moly* cannot cure.
Tho' innocent and fair her Looks, she holds

A lawless Commerce with her Sister Pests,
And doubly whets their Darts : away --- and live.

Next, in a low-brow'd Cave, a little Hell,
A pensive Hag, moping in Darknefs, fits
Dolefully-fad : her Eyes (so deadly-dull !)
Stare from their stonied Sockets, widely wild ;
For ever bent on rusty Knives, and Ropes ;
On Poigna'rds, Bowls of Poison, Daggers red
With clotted Gore. A Raven by her Side
Eternal Croaks ; her only Mate *Despair* ;
Who, scowling in a Night of Clouds, presents
A thousand burning Hells, and damned Souls,
And Lakes of stormy Fire, to mad the Brain
Moon-strucken. *Melancholy* is her Name ;
Britannia's bitter Bane. Thou *gracious Pow'r*,
(Whose Judgments and whose Mercies who can tell !)
With Bars of Steel, with Hills of Adamant
Crush down the footy Fiend ; nor let her blast
The sacred Light of Heav'n's all-cheering Face,
Nor fright, from *Albion's Isle*, the Angel HOPE.

Fever the fourth : adust as *Afric*-Wilds,
Chain'd to a Bed of burning Brafs : her Eyes
Like roving Meteors blaze, nor ever close
Their wakeful Lids : she turns, but turns in vain,
Through Nights of Misery. Attendant Thirst
Grasps hard an empty Bowl, and shrivel'd strives
To drench her parched Throat. Not louder Groans
From *Phalaris's Bull*, as Fame reports,
Tormented with distressful din the Air,
And drew the tender Tear from Pity's Eye.

Consumption near ; a joyless, meagre Wight,
Panting for Breath, and shrinking into Shade
Eludes the Grasp : thin as th' embodied Air
Which, erst, deceiv'd *Ixion's* void embrace,
Ambitious of a Goddess ! scarce her Legs
Feebly she drags, with wheezing Labour, on,
And Motion slow : a *willow Wand* directs
Her tottering Steps, and marks her for the Grave.

.The

The last, so turpid to the View, affrights
 Her Neighbour Hags. Happy Herself is blind,
 Or Madnefs wou'd enfue; so bloated-black,
 So loathsome to each Sense, the Sight or Smell,
 Such foul Corruption on this Side the Grave;
Variola yclep'd; ragged, and rough,
 Her Couch perplex'd with Thorns. — What heavy Scenes
 Hang o'er *My* Heart to feel the Theme is *Mine*!
 But Providence commands; *HIS* Will be done!
 She rushes through my Blood; she burns along,
 And riots on my Life. — Have Mercy, Heav'n! —
Variola, what art thou? whence proceeds
 This Virulence, which all, but We, escape;
 Thou nauseous Enemy to Human-kind:
 In Man, and Man alone, thy mystick Seeds,
 Quiet, and in their secret Windings hid,
 Lie unprolifick; till Infection rouze
 Her pois'nous Particles, of proper Size,
 Figure, and Measure, to exert their Pow'r
 Of Impregnation; Atoms subtle, barb'd,
 Infrangible, and active to destroy;

By

By Geometrick or Mechanick Rules
 Yet undiscover'd : quick the *Leaven* runs,
 Destructive of the Solids, Spirits, Blood
 Of mortal Man, and agitates the whole
 In general Conflagration and Misrule.
 As when the flinty Seeds of Fire embrace
 Some fit Materials, Stubble, Furze, or Straw,
 The crackling Blaze ascends ; the rapid Flood
 Of ruddy Flames, impetuous o'er its Prey,
 Rolls its broad Course, and half the Field devours.

As Adders deaf to Beauty, Wit, and Youth,
 How many *living Lyres*, by Thee *unstrung*,
 E'er half their *Tunes* are ended, cease to charm
 Th' admiring World ? So ceas'd the matchless Name,
 By *Cowley* honour'd, by *Roscommon* lov'd,
Orinda : blooming *Killigrew's* soft Lay :
 And manly *Oldham's* pointed Vigour, curs'd
 By the gor'd Sons of *Loyola* and *Rome*.
 And He who *Phedra* sung, in buskin'd Pomp,
 Mad with incestuous Fires, ingenious *Smith* :

OXONIA'S Sons! And, O, our recent Grief!
 Shall ¹BEAUCHAMP die, forgotten by the Muse,
 Or are the Muses with *their* HERTFORD dumb!
 Where are Ye? weeping o'er thy learned *Rbine*,
Bononia, fatal to our Hopes! or else
 By *Kennet's* chalky Wave, with Tresses torn,
 Or rude, and wildly floating to the Winds,
 Mute, on the hoary Willows hang the Lyre,
 Neglected? or in rural *Percy-lodge*,
 Where *Innocence* and He walk'd Hand in Hand,
 The Cypress crop, or weave the Laurel-bough
 To grace his honour'd Grave? Ye Lillies, rise
 Immaculate; ye Roses, sweet as Morn;
 Less sweet and less immaculate than He.

His op'ning Flow'r of Beauty softly smil'd,
 And, sparkling in the liquid Dews of Youth,
 Adorn'd the blessed Light! with Blossoms fair,
 Untainted; in the rank *Italian* Soil

¹ Lord BEAUCHAMP, only Son of the Earl of HERTFORD, died
 at *Bologna* of the Small-pox, *Sept. 11th*, 1744, Aged 19.

From Blemish pure. The Virgins stole a sigh,
 The Matrons lifted up their wond'ring Eyes,
 And blest the *English-Angel* as he pass'd,
 Rejoicing in his Rays! Why did we trust
 A Plant so lovely to their envious Skies,
 Unmercifully bright with savage Beams?
 His were the Arts of *Italy* before,
 Courting, and courted by the *classic Muse*.
 He travel'd *not* to learn, *but* to reform,
 And with his fair Example mend Mankind.

Why need I name (for distant Nations know,
Hesperia knows; O would *Hesperia* sing!
 As *Maro*, erst, and, late, *Marino* rais'd
 The blooming *Beauchamps* of the former Times,
Marcellus, and *Adonis* to the Stars,
 On Wings of soaring Fire! so wou'd She sing!)
 His uncorrupted Heart; his Honour clear
 As Summer-suns, effulging forth his Soul
 In every Word and Look: his Reason's Ray
 By Folly, Vanity, or Vice unstain'd,

Shining

Shining at once with Purity and Strength,
 With *English* Honesty, and *Attick* Fire:
 His Tenderneſs of Spirit, high-inform'd
 With wide Benevolence, and candid Zeal
 For Learning, Liberty, Religion, Truth:
 The Patriot-glories burning in his Breast,
 His King's and Country's undivided Friend!
 Each publick Virtue, and each private Grace;
 The SEYMOUR Dignity, the PERCY-flame;
 All, all! --- Ere twenty Autumns roll'd away
 Their golden Plenty. Further ſtill! behold
 His animated Bloom; his luſh of Health;
 The Blood exulting with the balmy Tide
 Of vernal Life! ſo freſh for Pleaſure form'd
 By Nature and the Graces: yet his Youth
 So temperately warm, ſo chaſtly cool,
 Ev'n *Seraphims* might look into his Mind,
 Might look, nor turn away their holy Eyes!
 Th' unutterable Eſſence of Good Heav'n,
 That Breath of GOD, that Energy divine

Which gives us to be wise, and just, and pure,
 Full on his Bosom pour'd the living Stream,
 Illum'd, inspir'd and sanctify'd his Soul!

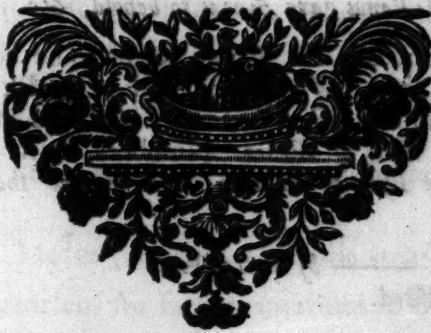
And are these Wonders vanish'd? are those Eyes,
 Where ardent Truth, and melting Mildness shone,
 Clos'd in a foreign Land? no more to bless
 A *Father, Mother, Friend!* no more to charm
 A longing People? O, *lamented Youth!*
 Since Fate and gloomy Night thy Beauties veil'd
 With Shade mysterious, and eclips'd thy Beams,
 How many SOMERSETS are lost in *Thee!*

Yet only lost to Earth! --- For trust the Muse,
 (*His Virtues* rather trust) She saw him rise
 She saw him smile along the tissu'd Clouds,
 In Colours rich-embroider'd by the Sun,
 Engirt with *Cerberus-wings*, and *Kindred-forms*,
 Children of Light, the spotless *Youth* of Heav'n!
 They hail their blest Companion, gain'd so soon
 A Partner of their Joys; and Crown with Stars,

Almost

Almost as fair, the Radiance of his Brows.
Ev'n where the Angel Host, with Tongues of Fire,
Chaunt to their glittering Harps th' Almighty's Praise,
And, in a burning Circle, shout around
The Jasper-throne, he mingles Flames with them;
He springs into the Center of the Choir,
And, drinking in the Spirit-most-divine,
He sings as sweet, and glows as bright as They.

The End of the Second Book.



NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

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Pag. 218. *WITH* Euphrasy, Angl. Eyebright. This Herb was unknown to the Ancients; at least it is not mention'd by them. It is of extraordinary Service to the Eye, curing most of its Distempers.

— *Cum debilitat morbi vis improba visum,
Aut vinum, aut cæcus, luminis osor, amor, &c.
Tunc ego, non frustra, vocor —*

Couleius Lib. Plant. p. 39.

—— Purg'd with Euphrasy and Rue
The visual Nerve. Milton.

Pag. 218. *As Venus gave Æneas to behold, &c.*

See Virgil. Æn. Lib. ii. Which seems to be borrow'd from Homer. Ilias. Lib. v. We have several of the like Instances in the sacred Volumes. Gen. xxi. 19. *And God open'd her Eyes and she saw a Well of Water.* Numbers, xxii. 31. *Then the Lord open'd the Eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord, &c.*

Pag. 218. ——— by mortal Foot.
Rare visited.

See Virgil:

*Sed me Parnassî deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: Fuvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum,
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

Georg. Lib. iii.

Which

Which is imitated from *Lucretius*, Lib. ii.

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita pede, &c.*

Pag. 218. ——— gentle Edmund, *hight*
Spenser!

The Date of our *English* Poetry may with great Justice begin with *Spenser*. It is true, *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Lydgate* were Masters of uncommon Beauties, considering the Age they lived in, and have described the Humours, Passions, &c. with great Discernment. Yet none of them seem to have been half so well acquainted with the very Life and Being of Poetry, Invention, Painting, and Design, as *Spenser*. *Chaucer* was the best before him; but then he borrowed most of his Poems, either from the Ancients, or from *Boccace*, *Petrarch*, or the Provençal Writers, &c. Thus his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, the largest of his Works, was taken from *Lollius*; and the *Romaunt of the Rose*, was translated from the *French* of *John de Meun*, an *Englishman*, who flourished in the Reign of *Richard II.* and so of the rest. As for those who follow'd him, such as *Heywood*, *Scogan*, *Skelton*, &c. they seem to be wholly ignorant of either Numbers, Language, Propriety, or even decency itself. I must be understood to except the Earl of *Surry*, Sir *Thomas Wiat*, Sir *Philip Sidney*, several Pieces in the *Mirror of Magistrates*, and a few Parts of Mr. *G. Gascoign's* and *Turbevill's* Works.

Pag. 220. *Medea* gather'd and *Canidia* brew'd, &c.

Medea, notorious for her Incantations in *Ovid*, &c. as *Canidia* in *Horace*.

Pag. 220. ——— Or *Pontus* yields, &c.

Pontus, *Colchos*, and *Theffalia*, well known for producing noxious and pois'nous Herbs and Plants.

*Has herbas, atque hac Ponto mihi lecta venena,
Ipse dedit Mœris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.*
Virg. Eclog. 8.

*Herbasque quas & Colchos & Iberia mittit,
Venenorum ferax.*
Hor. Epod. 5.

*Theſſala quinetiam tellus herbasque nocentes,
Rupibus ingenuit.*
Lucan. Lib. v.

Pag. 220. — Amello blooming still
In Virgil's rural Page.

*Eſt etiam flos in pratis cui nomen Amello
Fecere agricola.*
Virg. Georg. Lib. vi.

Besides there grows a Flow'r in marshy Ground,
Its Name *Amellus*, easy to be found:
A mighty Spring works in it's Root, and cleaves
The sprouting Stalk, and shews itself in Leaves.
The Flow'r itself is of a golden Hue,
The Leaves inclining to a darker Blue, &c.
Addison's Works, Vol. I. 4to.

Pag. 223. — or Spagnolet could paint.

A famous Painter, eminent for drawing the Distresses and
Agonies of human Nature.

Pag. 223. Which Michael in Vision strange.

See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. xi.

Pag. 223. — Clayton's honoured Life.

Sir William Clayton, Bart. died at Marden in Surrey, Decem-
ber the 28th, 1744.

Pag. 225. Where David sung, &c.

Tho'

Tho' a Croisade may seem very romantick (and perhaps it is so) yet it has been applauded by the greatest Writers of different Ages; by *Aeneas Sylvius*, by *Bessarion*, by *Nangerius*, &c. who have each writ Orations upon that Subject. And here I cannot help observing, that *Casimire* and *Jac. Balde*, the two most celebrated of the modern Lyric Poets, have writ several of their finest Odes to animate the Christian Princes to such a Design; and that *Tasso* has adorn'd the Expedition of *Godfrey of Balloign* with the most beautiful and perfect Poem since the *Aeneis* (for I prefer *Milton* to *Virgil* himself.)

Pag. 226. *Than Circe subtler far.*

See *Homer's Odyssey*, Lib. 10.

Pag. 226. *Than young Armida, &c.*

See *Tasso's Il Godfredo*, Canto iv. Stanz. 29, &c. Canto xiv. Stanz. 68. Canto xvi. Stanz. 29.

Pag. 226. *Machaon swears, &c.*

Machaon celebrated in *Homer*; but here used, in general, for any Physician. So *Ovid*:

Firma valent per se, nullumque Machaona quarunt.

And *Martial*:

Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

Pag. 226. *That Moly cannot cure.*

Mercury is said to have presented *Moly* to *Ulysses* to preserve him from the Charms of *Circe*. *Homer's Odyssey*. Lib. x.

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign Plant he drew,
Where on th' all-bearing Earth unmark'd it grew.
And shew'd its Nature and its wondrous Pow'r;
Black was the Root, but milky white the Flow'r:
Moly, the Name.

Mr. Pope.

Lauda-

Laudatissima herbarum est Homero, quam vocari a diis putat Moly, & inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contraque summa veneficia demonstrat, &c.

Plinius, Lib. xxv. C. 4.

Pag. 228. From Phalaris's Bull, &c.

Amongst several Instruments of Torment that Phalaris caused to be contrived, there was a Bull of Brass, in which People being cast, and a Fire plac'd under it, they bellowed like Oxen. Perillus the Artist, demanding a great Reward for his Invention, was put in it himself to try the first Experiment. Upon which Pliny makes this good-natur'd Reflection: *Perillum nemo laudat, saviozem Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, mugitus hominis pollicitus, igne subdito, & primus eum expertus cruciatum justiore savitia, &c.* Plinius, Lib. xxxiv. C. 8.

Pag. 228. ——— deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace.

Ixion being invited to dine with *Jupiter* fell in love with *Juno*, and endeavour'd to debauch her, who acquainted her Husband. He to try *Ixion* form'd a Cloud into *Juno*'s likeness, upon which he satisfy'd his Lust. *Hygini Fab. Diodor. vi. &c.*

Pag. 230. *Orinda*.

Mrs. K. Philips, stiled the matchless *Orinda*. See her Poems in Folio. Cowley has two Odes upon her, in the 2d Vol. of his Works, 8vo.

Pag. 230. *Blooming Killigrew's soft Lay*.

See her Poems in 4to. Mr. Dryden celebrates her Death in an excellent Ode. See his Works, Vol. 3d, Folio, p. 186. See likewise Wood's *Athena Oxon.* Vol. 2d

Pag. 230. *Loyola*.

Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the *Jesuits*; against whom Mr. Oldham writ those Satyrs, which are the best of his Works.

Pag. 231.

Pag. 231. Bononia fatal to our Hopes.

Bologna a City in Italy, the first School of the Lombard Painters, and a famous University,

— *Parvique Bononia Rheni. Silius Ital. Lib. viii.*

Pag. 232. And blest'd the English-Angel as he pass'd —

At *Bologna* he went by the Name of *L'Angelo Inglese*. The same Compliment seems to have been paid by that People to our great *Milton* in his Travels, as we learn by this Epigram of a learned *Italian* Nobleman in the 2d Volume of *Milton's* poetical Works:

*Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum herc'le Angelus, Ipse, fores.*

Pag. 234. O lamented youth, &c.

*Heu miserande Puer, siqua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris —*

Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.

Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

Belgium a City in Italy, the Gift School of the famous
Painters, and a famous University.
— Flanders Bononia Rheni. Silver-hall Lib. viii.

At Bologna he went by the name of J. Angelo Jacopo. The
Compliment seems to have been paid by that People to
our great Master in his Travels, as we learn by the Epigram
of a learned Italian Nobleman in the 2d Volume of Milton's
Poetical Works:
New Angles, various herble Angles, like
Formed, daisy, facies, moor, a picture fit

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The Marcellus-
Mrs. K. Philips. All the matches of the
in Folio. Comes his two own in the 2d Vol.
his Works, &c.

See Mr. Philips in 20. Mr. Philips in 20. Mr. Philips in 20.
in Folio. Comes his two own in the 2d Vol.
his Works, &c.

H. P.
The Works of the

THE
PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.



When I waited for Light there came *Darkness*.
My Skin is black upon me; and my Bones are burnt
with Heat.

My Harp also is turned to Mourning. *Job.*

Argument of the Third Book.

R*eflections. The Progress of the Disease.*
Blindness. Delirious Dreams. Remedies
for the Mind: 1. Patience: 2. Hope. 3. Prayer.
Human Aid and Relief in Sickness: 1. Physick;
Eulogium on that Science: 2. Friends; Digres-
sion on Friendship.

THE PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.

BOOK III.

THE Fair, the Bright, the Great, alas! are fall'n,
Nipt in the Bloom of Beauty, Wit, and Youth,
Death's undistinguish'd Prey. Shall I complain
(When such th' establish'd Ordinance of Heav'n)
If SICKNESS at *my* Bosom lay the Siege?
A Worm to Them! and to their Light a Shade,
Ungilded with one Beam, which melted down
The Tear fast-trickling o'er their honour'd Tombs:
We all must dye! Our every pulse that beats,
Beats toward Eternity, and *tolls* our Doom.

Fate reigns in all the Portions of the Year.
The Fruits of Autumn feed us for Disease;

The

The Winter's raw Inclemencies bestow
 Disease on Death; while Spring, to strew our Herse,
 Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their Dews,
 Her flow'ry Race! and Summer (kinder still)
 With the green Turf and Brambles binds our Graves.

But am I wake? or in *Ovidian* Realms,
 And *Circe* holds the Glas? What odious Change,
 What *Metamorphose* strikes the dubious Eye?
 Ah, whither is retir'd the scarlet Wave,
 Mantling with Health, which floated through the Cheek,
 From the strong Summer-beam imbib'd? And where
 The vernal Lilly's softly-blended Bloom?
 The Forehead roughens to the wond'ring Hand.
 Wide o'er the Human-field, the Body, spreads
 Contagious War, and lays its Beauties waste.
 As once thy breathing Harvest, *Cadmus*, sprung,
 Sudden, a *Serpent-brood*! an armed Crop
 Of growing Chiefs, and fought Themselves to Death.
 One black-incrusted Bark of gory Boils,
 One undistinguish'd Blister, from the Soal

Of the fore Foot, to the Head's forer Crown.

JOB's Punishment! With Patience like his own;

O may I exercise my wounded Soul,

And cast myself upon his healing Hand,

Who bruifeth at his Will, and maketh whole.

Ah, too, the Lustre of the Eyes is fled!

Heavy and dull, their Orbs neglect to roll,

In motionless Distortion stiff and fix'd;

Till by the trembling Hand of watchful Age

(A weeping *Matron*, timorous to affright,

And piously fallacious in her Care,

Pretending Light offensive, and the Sun)

Clos'd; and, perhaps, for ever! ne'er again

To open on the Sphere, to drink the Day,

Or (*worse!*) behold *Ianthe's* Face divine,

And wonder o'er her Charms. — But yet forbear,

O dare not murmur; 'tis Heav'n's high Behest:

Tho' *Darkness* through the Chambers of the Grave

This Dust pursue, and Death's sad Shade involve,

E'er long, the *Filial-light* himself shall shine;

(The

(The Stars are Dust to him, the Sun a Shade)
 These very Eyes, these Tunicles of Flesh,
 Ev'n tho' by Worms destroy'd, shall see my GOD,
 And, seeing, ne'er remember Darkness more,
 Environ'd with Eternity of Day.

Tho', at their visual Entrance, quite shut out
 External Forms, forbidden, mount the Winds,
 Retire to *Chaos*, or with Night commix;
 Yet, Fancy's mimick Work, ten thousand Shapes,
 Antick and wild, rush sweeping o'er my Dreams,
 Irregular and new; as Pain or Ease
 The Spirits teach to flow, and in the Brain
 Direction diverse hold: Gentle and bright
 As *Hermits*, sleeping in their mossy Cells,
 Lull'd by the Fall of Waters! by the Rills
 From *Heliconian* Cliffs devolv'd; or where,
 Thy antient River, *Kisbon*, sacred Stream!
 Soft-murmurs on their Slumbers: Peace within,
 And Conscience, ev'n to Ecstasy sublim'd
 And beatific Vision. Sudden, black,

And

And horrible as Murderers; or *Haggs*,
 Their Lease of Years spun out, and bloody Bond
 Full-flashing on their Eyes; the Gulf, beneath,
 Mad'ning with gloomy Fires; and Heav'n, behind,
 With all her golden Valves for ever clos'd.

Now in *Elysium* lap'd, and lovely Scenes,
 Where Honeyuckles rove, and Eglantines,
 Narcissus, Jess'min, Pinks, profusely wild,
 In every scented Gale *Arabia* breathe:
 As blissful *Eden* fair; the *Morning-work*
 Of *Heav'n*, and *Milton's* Theme! where Innocence
 Smil'd, and improv'd the Prospect. — Now, anon,
 By *ISIS*' favourite Flood supinely laid,
 In tuneful Indolence, behold the Bards
 (Harps in each Hand, and Laurel on each Brow)
 A Band of Demy-gods, august to fight,
 In venerable Order sweetly rise,
 (The *Muses* sparkling round Them) who have trod
 In measur'd Pace *its* Banks, forever green,
 Enamel'd from their Feet! Harmonious Notes,

Warbled to *Dorique* Reeds, to *Lesbian* Lyres,
 Or *Phrygian* Minstrelsie, steal on the Ear
 Enamour'd with Variety: and loud
 The Trumpets shrilling Clangours fill the Sky
 With silver Melody — Now, happier still!
 Round thy *Italic* Cloisters, musing flow,
 Or in sweet Converse with thy *letter'd* Sons,
 Philosophers, and Poets, and Divines,
 Enjoy the sacred Walk, delighted, ' *QUEEN's*!
 Where *ADDISON* and *Tickell* lay inspir'd,
 Inebriated from the classic Springs,
 And tun'd to various-sounding Harps the Song,
 Sublime, or tender, humorous, or grave,
 Quaffing the *Muses' Nectar* to their fill.
 Where *SMITH* in hoary Reverence presides,
 (Crown'd with the *Snow of Virtue* for the Skies)
 With graceful Gravity, and gentle Sway;
 With perfect Peace incircled and Esteem.
 Whose mild and bright Benevolence of Soul,
 By Reason cool, and by Religion warm,

in *Queen's College* in *OXFORD*.

And

And generous Passion for the *College-Weal*,
 More than a Muse inspire. — Momental Bliss!
 For sudden rapt, the midnight Howl of Wolves,
 The Dragon's Yell, the Lion's Roar, astound
 My trembling Ear. Ha! down a burning Mount
 I plunge deep, deep: sure *Vulcan's* Shop is here ---
 Hark, how the Anvils thunder round the Dens
 Flammivomous! What? are those Chains to bind
 This Skeleton! the *Cyclops* must be mad:
 Those Bolts of Steel, those adamantine Links
 Demand *Typhaus'* Strength to burst. — Away ---
Venus and *Mars* --- beware. — In giddy Whirls
 I ride the Blast, and tow'ring through the Storm
 Enjoy the Palace of the Morn. The Sun
 Relinquish the Reins of *Pblegon* to my Hands:
 His mane Waves fire: he scorches me to Dust:
 Avaunt, thou Fiend! — I'll hurl thee down the Deep
 Of Heav'n, with bolted Thunder, and enwrap
 With forky Lightning. — Now staggering I reel,
 By Murderers pursu'd: my faithless Feet
 Scarce shift their Pace: or down rushing again,

I cease to recollect my Steps, and roll
 Passive on earth. — Sure, 'twas *Astolfo's Horn*
 Pour'd on my Ear th' annoying Blast: At which,
Rogero trembled, *Bradamant* grew pale,
 And into Air dissolv'd th' *Enchanted Dome*.

Now starting from this Wilderness of Dreams,
 I wake from fancy'd into real Woe.
 Pain emptys all her Vials on my Head,
 And steeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd Shirt
 Of *Hercules* enwraps my burning Limbs
 With Dragon's Blood: I rave and roar like him,
 Writhing in Agony. Devouring Fires
 Eat up the Marrow, frying in my Bones.
 O whither, whither shall I turn for Aid? —
 Methinks a *Seraph* whispers in my Ears,
 Pouring Ambrosia on them, "Turn to God;
 So Peace shall be thy Pillow, ease thy Bed,
 And Night of Sorrow brighten into Noon.
 Let the young cherub *PATIENCE*, bright-cy'd *HOPE*,
 And rosy-finger'd *PRAY'R*, combining hold

A sure

A sure Dominion in thy purpos'd Mind,
Unconquer'd by Affliction." — I receive
The Mandate as from Heav'n itself. — Expand
Thyself, my Soul, and let them enter in.

Come, smiling Angel, PATIENCE, from thy Seat;
Whether the Widow's Cot, or Hermit's Cell,
By Fasting strong, and potent from Distress;
Or Midnight-student's taper-glimmering Roof,
Unwearied with revolving tedious Tomes,
O come, thou *Panacea* of the Mind!
The Manna of the Soul! to every Taste
Grateful alike: the universal Balm
To Sickness, Pain, and Misery below.
She comes! she comes! she dissipates the Gloom;
My eyes she opens, and new Scenes unfolds
(Like *Moses'* Bush, tho' burning, not consum'd)
Scenes full of Splendour, Miracle, and God.
Behold, my Soul, the Martyr-army, Who
With holy Blood the Violence of Fire
Quench'd, and with lingring Constancy fatigu'd

The

The persecuting Flame : or nobly stop'd
 The Lion's Mouth, and triumph'd in his Jaws.
 Hark, how the Virgin white-rob'd-tender Train
 Chaunt Hallelujahs to the Rack ; as dear
 And pleasing to the Ear of God, as Hymns
 Of Angels on the *Resurrection-morn*,
 When all the Host of Heaven *Hosanna* sing !
 Yet further ; lift thy Eyes upon the Cross,
 A *bleeding Saviour* view, a *dying God* !
 Earth trembles, rend the Rocks, Creation groans :
 The Sun, asham'd, extinguishes the Day :
 All Nature suffers with her suffering *Lord*.
 Amidst this War of Elements, serene,
 And as the Sun-shine Brow of Patience, calm,
 He dies without a Groan, and smiles in Death.
 Shall Martyrs, Virgins, nay, thy SAVIOUR bleed
 To teach thee *Patience* ? and yet bleed in *vain* ?
 Forbid it, *Reason* ; and forbid it, *Heav'n*.
 No ; suffer : and, in Suffering, rejoice.
Patience endureth all, and hopeth all,

HOPE is her Daughter then. Let Hope distill
 Her Cordial-spirit, as *Hybla-honey* sweet,
 And healing as the Drops of *Gilead-balm*.
 Cease to repine, as those who have no Hope;
 Nor let *Despair* approach thy darkeſt Hour.
Despair! that Triple-Death! th' imperial Plague!
 Th' exterminating Angel of th' accuſt,
 And ſole Diſeaſe of which the *damnd* are ſick,
 Kindling a Fever *botter* than *their Hell* ---
 O pluck me from *Despair*, white-handed *Hope*!
 O interpoſe thy Spear and *ſilver Shield*
 Betwixt my Boſom and the Fiend! detruſe
 This impious Monster to primæval Hell;
 To its own dark Domain: But light my Soul,
 Imp'd with thy glittering Wings, to Scenes of Joy,
 To Health and Life, for Health and Life are thine;
 And fire Imagination with the Skies.

But whence this *Confidence* of Hope? In THEE,
 And in *thy Blood*, my JESUS! (Bow, O Earth!
 Heav'n bends beneath *the NAME*, and all its Sons,

The

The *Hierarchy*! drop low the prostrate Knee,
 And *sink*, in humble wise, *upon the Stars*.
 Yes, on *Thy* BLOOD and NAME my Hope depends. ---
 My Hope? nay, Worlds on Worlds depend on *THEE*;
 Live in *Thy* Death, from *Thy* Sepulchre rise.
Thy influential Vigour reinspirés
 This feeble Frame; dispells the Shade of Death;
 And bids me throw myself on *GOD* in *Prayer*.

A Christian Soul is God's beloved House;
 And *Pray'r* the Incense which perfumes the Soul:
 Let Armies then of Supplications rise,
 Besiege the golden Gates of Heav'n, and force,
 With holy Violence, a Blessing down
 In living Streams. If *Hezekiah's* *Pray'r*,
 The Sun arrested in his prone Career,
 And bade the Shadow ten Degrees return
 On *Abaz-dial*, whirling back the Day:
 Pour out thyself, my Soul! with fervent Zeal,
 With over-flowing Ardour, and with Faith
 Unway'ring. To assist me, and to swell

My

My fainting Spirits to sublime Desires,
 Wou'd TAYLOR from his starry Throne descend,
 How Fear wou'd brighten ! by his sacred Aid,
 To live were Happiness, and gain to die. —
 No : let him still adorn his starry Throne,
 Well-merited by Labours so divine :
 For, lo ! the Man of God, and Friend of Man,
Theron, the purest Breast, and warmest Heart,
 Flies on the Wings of Charity and Love
 To join me in the Saving-Task, and raise
 My weaker Pow'rs with his abundant Zeal ;
 Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incens'd Fires,
 Of *Solomon*, thy Golden-Altar, fann'd
 By Wings of *Cherubins* into a Flame ;
 Till on the Skies the aromattick Gale
 In Pyramids of Fragrance softly stole,
 A grateful Offering to the Throne of Grace.

Still, tho' I feel these Succours from the Skies,
 In Operation mighty ! still remain

I Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR.

K k

Inferior

Inferior Aids behind : terrestrial Stores
 Medicinal : the Instruments of God.
 For GOD created the PHYSICIAN ! GOD
 Himself on Earth, our great Physician ! spread
 O'er *Sick* and *Weak*, shadowing, his healing Wings :
 Each Miracle a Cure ! — Before Disease,
 Offspring of Sin, infested Human-kind,
 In *Paradise*, the vegetable Seeds
 Sprung from their Maker's Hand, invigorate-strong
 With Med'cin. He foresaw our future Ills ;
 Foreseeing, he provided ample Cure ;
 Fossils, and Simples : *Solomon*, thy Theme,
Nature's Historian ; wisest of the Wise !
 Tho' *Paradise* be lost, the *Tree of Life*
 In *med'cin* Blooms ; then pluck its healing Fruits,
 And with Thanksgiving eat ; and, Eating, live.

Ev'n pagan Wisdom bade her Sons adore,
 As one, the God of Physick and the Day,
 Fountain of Vegetation and of Life,
Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,

And

And from his Art immortal ! Thus, of yore,
The prime of human Race from Heav'n deduc'd
The bright original of *Physick's* Pow'r :
And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who sav'd
Millions from Death, himself shou'd never die.

An Instrument of various Pipes and Tubes,
Veins, Arteries, and Sinews, organiz'd,
Man, when in Healthy-tune, harmonious wakes
The Breath of Melody, in Vocal-praise,
Delighting Earth and Heav'n ! discordant, oft,
As Accident, or Time, or Fate prevail,
This *Human-organ* scarce the Bellows heaves
Of Vital-respiration ; or in Pain,
With Pauses sad : What Art divine shall tune
To order and refit this shatter'd Frame ?
What Fingers touch into a Voice again ?
Or Musick re-inspire ? Who, but the Race
Of *Pæan* ? who but *Physick's* saving Sons ?
A *Ratcliff*, *Frewin*, *Metcalf* or a *Friend* ? —
But something yet, beyond the kindly Skill

Of *Pæan's* Sons, Disease, like mine, demands;
Nepenthe to the Soul, as well as Life.

O for a MOTHER's watchful Tenderness,
 And FATHER's venerable Care! --- But ¹ *They*,
 In Life immortal, gather endless Joys,
 Reward of Charity, of Innocence,
 Of pleasing Manners, and a Life unblam'd!
 The Tears of Poverty and Friendship oft
 Their modest Tombs bedew, where *Eden's* Flood,
 (*Ituna* 'clep'd by *Bards* of old Renown,
 Purpled with *Saxon* and with *British* Blood)
 Laves the sweet *Vale*, that first my prattling Muse
 Provok'd to Numbers, broken as the *Ruins*
 Of *Roman Towers* which deck its lofty Banks,
 And shine more beauteous by Decay. --- But hark!
 What Musick glads my Ear? 'Tis *Theron's* Voice,
Theron a Father, Mother; both, a Friend! ---
 Pain flies before his animating Touch:
 The gentle Pressure of his cordial Hand,

¹ See Tome 1st, Page 132, &c.

A burning Mountain from my Bosom heaves!
 What Wonders, sacred Friendship, flow from thee!
 One Period from a Friend enlivens more,
 Than all *Hippocrates* and *Galen's* Tomes,
 Than all the Med'cines they unfold. I feel
 Myself renew'd! not only Health, but Youth,
 Rolls the brisk Tide, and sparkles at my Heart.
 As the Live-atoms of *Campanian* Wines
 Dance in the Virgin crystal, and o'erlook
 With glorifying Foam, the nectar'd Brim;
 Smiling, and lending Smiles to social Wit,
 The jocund Hearth, and hospitable Board.

Friendship is a Religion, from the first
 The second-best: it points, like that, to Heav'n,
 And almost antedates, on Earth, its Bliss.
 But Vice and Folly never Friendship knew;
 Whilst Wisdom grows by Friendship still more Wise.
 Her Fetters, are a strong Defence; her Chains,
 A Robe of Glory; *Opbir* gold, her Bands;
 And he who wears them, wears a Crown of Joy.

Friend-

Friendship's the Steel, which struck emits the Sparks
 Of Candour, Peace, Benevolence, and Zeal;
 Spreading their glowing Seeds — A holy Fire
 Where Honour beams on Honour, Truth on Truth;
 Bright as the Eyes of Angels and as pure.
 An Altar whence two gentle-loving Hearts
 Mount to the Skies in one conspiring Blaze
 And spotless Union. 'Tis the Nectar-stream
 Which feeds and elevates *seraphic* Love —
 Health is Disease, Life Death, without a Friend.

28 MR 59
 The End of the Third Book.



NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Pag. 246. *AS once thy breathing Harvest, Cadmus, sprung.*

Cadmus is reported by the Poets to have slain a monstrous Serpent in *Boeotia*, at the Command of *Minerva*; and sowed its Teeth in a Field, which produced an Host of armed Soldiers; who, fighting, slew one other. See *Ovid. Met.* l. iii. *Suidas, Pausanias, &c.* 'Tis said, that he sowed Serpents Teeth, and that Soldiers in Armour sprung up from them; because, as *Bochart* observes, in the *Phœnician* Language, to express Men armed with brazen Darts and Spears of Brass, they made use of Words, which might be translated "armed with the Teeth of a Serpent."

Pag. 248. *Tet Fancy's mimick Works, &c.*

The following Lines upon delirious Dreams may appear very extravagant to a Reader, who never experienc'd the Disorders which Sickneſs cauſes in the Brain; but the Author thinks that he has rather ſoftened than exaggerated the real Deſcription, as he found them operate on his own Imagination at that Time.

Pag. 248. *From Heliconian Cliffs devolv'd, &c.*

Sir G. Wheeler, in his Voyages, has given a very beautiful Deſcription of an Hermitage on the Borders of Mount *Helicon*, belonging to the Convent of Saint *Luke* the Hermit, not the Evangelist, called *Stiriotes*, from his Dwelling in thoſe Deſerts. See *Wheeler's Journey into Greece*, Fol. B. iv. pag. 325.

Pag. 250.

Pag. 250. *Warbled to Dorique Reeds, &c.*

Those different Instruments are designed to express the several Parts of Poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. Pastoral, Ode, Heroic, &c.

Pag. 251. *Hark, how the Anvils, &c.*

See *Hom. Ilias*, B. xviii. *Virg. Æn.* B. viii.

Pag. 252. ——— *Astolpho's Horn,*

A Horn, in which if he do once but blow,
The Noise thereof shall trouble Men so fore,
That all both stout and faint shall fly therefro,
So strange a Noise was never heard before.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, translated by
Sir John Harrington, B. xv. Stanz. 10.

With this Horn *Astolpho* affrighted the *Amazons*. See Book xx. St. 60, &c. and even *Rogero*, *Bradamant*, &c. in dissolving the enchanted Palace, B. xxii. St. 18, &c. Drives away the Harpies from *Senapo*, B. xxxiii. St. 114, &c.

Pag. 260. ——— *Eden's Flood.*

——— *Eden*, tho' but small,
Yet often stain'd with Blood of many a Band
Of Scots and English both, that tined on his Strand.

Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book iv. Canto 11.

Pag. 261. *But Vice and Folly never Friendship knew.*

It was an Observation of *Socrates*, that wicked Men cannot be Friends either amongst themselves or with good Men.

28 MR 59 — *Xenoph. Memorab.* l. ii.

56

Argument of the Fourth Book

Reflections. Riches at the worst. Hope

Recovery cast on Heaven alone. Prosser

of Human Nature

THE
R E C O V E R Y.



THE

Thou hast deliver'd my Soul from *Death*, and my
Feet from *Falling*, that I may walk before **GOD** in the
Light of the Living.

Psalms.

254 *Notes and Allusions.*
Part II. Wanted in Design, Ready, &c.
Whole different Influences are designed to affect the
same Part of Poetry, to which they were adapted.
Argument of the Fourth Book.

R*eflections. Sickness at the worst. Hopes of
Recovery cast on Heav'n alone. Prospect
of Futurity at this Juncture. Guardian-An-
gel's Hymn to MERCY. Description of Her.
She sends Hygeia to the Well of Life; both de-
scrib'd. Her Descent. The Effects. Abatement
of the Distemper. Apostrophe to Sleep. Recove-
ry of Sight; and Pleasure flowing from thence.
Health by Degrees restor'd. Comparison between
Sickness and Health in Regard to the Body and
Mind.*

11

THE RECOVERY.

BOOK IV.

SWIFT too, thy Tale is told: a Sound, a Name,
No more than *Lucian*, *Butler*, or *Scarron*.

Fantastic Humour drop'd the feeling Sense,

Her Empire less'ning by his Fall. The Shades

Of frolick *Rabelais*, and HE of *Spain*,

Madrid's facetious Glory, join his Ghost;

Triumvirate of Laughter! --- Mirth is mad;

The loudest Languishing into a Sigh:

And Laughter shakes itself into Decay.

"Lord! what is Man?" the Prophet well might ask;

We all may ask, "Lord! what is mortal Man?"

So changeable his Being, with himself

Diffimilar ; the Rainbow of an Hour !
A Change of Colours, tranſient through his Life,
Brightens or languiſhes ; — then fades to Air.
Ev'n e're an artful Spider ſpins a Line
Of *Metaphyſick* Texture, Man's thin Thread
Of Life is broken : how analogous
Their *Parallel* of Lines ! flight, ſubtle, vain,

Man, in a little Hour's contracted Round
Perplexes Reason : now to triumph ſwell'd,
To joyous Exultations, to a Blaze
Of Ecſtaſy ; and now depreſs'd, again,
And drooping into Scenes of Death and Woe.

That ſudden Flow of Spirits, bright and ſtrong,
Which play'd in ſprightly Sallies round my Heart ;
Was it a Gleam, fore-warning me from Heav'n,
Of quick-approaching Fate ? As Tapers mount
Expiring into wide-diffuſive Flame,
Give one broad Glare, into the Socket ſink,
And Sinking diſappear. — It muſt be ſo ! —

The Soul, prophetick of it's Voy'ge, descry'd
The blisful Shore, exulting on the Wing,
In a glad Flutter: then, o'erwhelm'd with Joy,
She warn'd her old Companion of her Flight,
(The feeble Tenement of mould'ring Clay)
Who sadden'd at their Parting. --- Yes, --- I feel
Thy leaden Hand, O Death! it presses hard,
It weighs the Faculties of Motion down,
Inactive as the Foot of a dull Rock,
And drags me to thy dusty Chains: the Wheels
Of Life are fastned to the Grave, nor whirl,
Longer, the fiery Chariot on. The War,
The Struggle for Eternity begins.
Eternity! illimitable, vast,
Incomprehensible! For Heav'n and Hell,
Within her universal Womb, profound,
Are center'd. --- Sleep or Death are on my Heart:
Swims heavily my Brain: --- My Senses reel.

What Scenes disclose themselves! What Fields of Joy!
What Rivers of Delight! What golden Bow'rs!

Sweetly

Sweetly oppress'd with beatifick Views,
 I hear Angelick-instruments, I see
 Primæval *Ardours*, and essential *Forms*;
 The Sons of Light, but of created Light,
 All Energy, the *Diligence* of GOD!
 Might I but join them! Lend your glitt'ring Wings,
 Waft me, O quickly waft me to yon Crown,
 Bright with the flaming Roses of the Zone
 Sideréal: Gracious, they, beck'ning, smile,
 They smile me to the Skies! Hope leads the Way:
 Mounting I spring to seize! — What Fury shakes
 Her fiery Sword, and intercepts the Stars?
 Ha! *Amartia*? Conscience, Conscience sends
 Her griesly Form, to blast me at my End.
 Behold! she points to burning Rocks, to Waves
 Sulphureous, molten Lead, and boiling Gulphs,
 Tempestuous with everlasting Fire. —
 'Tis horrible! — O save me from *myself*! —
 O save me, JESU! — Ha! a Burst of Light
 Blends with the *Empyræum*'s azure Tide,
 While *Faith*, triumphant, swells the Trump of GOD,

And

And Shouting, "Where's thy Victory, O Grave?
And where, O Death, thy Sting?" I see her spread
Her saving Banner o'er my Soul (the Cross!)
And call it to its Peers. Thick Crowds of Day,
Immaculate, involve me in their Streams,
And bathe my Spirit, whiten'd for the Sky.

While on this *Isthmus* of my Fate I lye,
Jutting into Eternity's wide Sea,
And leaning on this habitable Globe,
The Verge of *either* World! dubious of Life,
Dubious, alike, of Death; to *Mercy* thus,
Inspired with supplicating Zeal,
My *Guardian-Angel* rais'd his potent Pray'r.
(For Angels minister to Man, intent
On Offices of Gentleness and Love.)

"Hear, *MERCY*! sweetest Daughter of the Skies,
Thou loveliest Image of thy *Father's* Face,
Thou blessed Fount, whence Grace and Goodness flow,
Auspicious, hear! extend thy helping Arm,

With

With pitying Readiness, with willing Aid,
 O lift thy Servant from the Vale of Death,
 Now groveling in the Dust, into the Fields
 Of Comfort, and the Pastures green of Health.
 Hear, MERCY, sweetest Daughter of the Skies!
 If e're thy Servant to the POOR his Soul
 Drew out, and taught the Fatherless to sing;
 If e're by *Pity* warm'd, and not by *Pride*,
 He cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed;
 If e're Distress, and Misery, forelorn,
 Deceiv'd his Cheek, and stole his untaught Tear,
 An humble Drop of *thy* celestial Dew!
 Hear, MERCY, sweetest Daughter of the Skies.

Sprung from the Bosom of eternal Bliss,
 Thy Goodness reaches *farther* than the Grave;
 And near the Gates of Hell extends thy Sway,
 Omnipotent! All, save the curst Crew
 Infernal, and the black-rebellious Host
 Of *Lucifer*, within thy sweet Domain
 Feed on *Ambrosia*, and may *hope* the Stars.

Hear,

Hear, MERCY, sweetest Daughter of the Skies.
 By thee, the great Physician from the Bed
 Of Darkneſs call'd the Sick, the Blind, the Lame;
 He burſt the Grave's relentleſs Bars by thee,
 And ſpoke the Dead to Life and Bloom again.
 His Miracles, thy Work; their Glory, thine:
 Then, O thou deareſt Attribute of GOD!
 Thy ſaving Health to this thy Servant lend!
 Hear, MERCY, ſweeteſt Daughter of the Skies!"

Inclin'd upon a dewy-ſkirted Cloud
 Purpled with Light, and dropping Fatneſs down,
 Plenty and Blifs on Man, with looks as mild
 As Ev'ning Suns (when flowry-footed *May*
 Leads on the jocund Hours, when Love himſelf
 Flutters in Green) effuſing heart-felt Joy
 Abundant, MERCY ſhone with ſober Grace,
 And Majeſty at once with Sweetneſs mix'd
 Ineffable. A *Rainbow* o'er her Head,
 The Covenant of GOD, betok'ning Peace
 'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, its florid Arch diſplay'd,

High-bended by th' ALMIGHTY's *glorious* Hand;
 The Languish of the Dove upon her Eyes
 In placid Radiance melted, from the Throne
 Of Grace infus'd, and fed with Light: her Smiles
 Expansive cheer'd the undetermin'd Tracks
 Of all Creation, from th' æthereal Cope,
 August with moving Fires, down to the Shades
 Infernal; and the Reign of Darkneſs drear.
 Ev'n Men *reſine* to Angels from her gaze,
 Gracious, invigorating, full of Heav'n!

This Daughter of the *Lamb*, to fervent Pray'rs
 And Interceſſion, opes her ready Ear,
 Compaſſionate; and to *Hygeia* thus:
 "*Hygeia*, hie thee to the *Well of Life*;
 There dip thy Fingers; touch his Head and Breſt;
 Three Drops into his Mouth infuſe, unſeen,
 Save by the Eye of *Faith*: he yonder lies —
 Deſcend, and take the Ev'ning's weſtern Wing."

She

She said. *Hygeia* bow'd; and bowing, fill'd
The circumambient Air with od'rous Streams,
Pure Effence of Ambrosia! Not the Breath
Of *Lebanon*, from Cedar Allies blown,
Of *Lebanon*, with aromattick Gales
Luxuriant, Spikenard, Aloes, Myrrh and Balm;
Nor the wise *Eastern Monarch's* Garden vy'd
In Fragrance, when his fair *Circassian Spouse*,
Enamour'd, call'd upon the South to fan
It's Beds of Spices, and her Bosom cool,
Panting with Languishment and love-sick Fires.

Forth from th' eternal Throne the *Well of Life*,
Pouring its Crystal, laves the Streets of GOD,
(Where Sicknefs never comes, nor Age, nor Pain)
Fast-trickling o'er the Pebble-Gems. Beneath
Unfading *Amarant* and *Asphodel*,
A Mirrour spreads its many-colour'd Round,
Mosaick-work, inlaid by Hands divine
In glist'ring Rows, illuminating each,
Each shading: Beryl, Topaz, Chalcedon,

Em'rald and Amethyft. Whatever Hues
The Light reflects, celestial Quarries yield,
Or melt into the vernant-showry Bow,
Profufive, vary here in mingling Beams.
Collected thus the Waters, dimpling, end
Their soft-progreffive Lapse. The *Cberubs* hence
Immortal Vigour quaff and Blifs unblam'd.
Nor only flow for you, ye *Sons of Light*,
The Streams of Comfort and of Life, but flow
To *beal* the Nations. Wonderful to tell,
The aged they renew, the dead revive,
And *more*, the Fefters of the wounded Soul,
Corrupted, black, to priftine White relume
And Saint-like Innocence. The *mystic Dove*
Broods, purifying o'er them, with his Wings.
The *Angel*, who *Bethesda's* troubled Pool
Stirr'd, firft his Pinions with thefe vital Drops
Sprinkled; then pour'd himfelf into the Flood,
Inftilling Health and Nutriment divine,
Its waves to quicken, and exalt its Pow'rs.

Here lights *Hygeia*, ardent to fulfil
 MERCY's Behest. The Bloom of Paradise
 Liv'd on her youthful Cheek, and glow'd the Spring.
 The deep Carnations in the *Eastern* Skies,
 When ruddy Morning walks along the Hills,
 Illustriously red, in purple Dews,
 Are languid to her Blushes; for She blush'd
 As through the op'ning File of winged *Flames*,
 Bounding, she lightned, and her sapphire Eyes
 With modest Lustre bright, improving Heav'n,
 Cast, sweetly, round, and bow'd to her Compeers,
 An Angel amid Angels. Light she sprung
 Along th' empyreal Road: Her Locks distill'd
 Salubrious Spirit on the Stars. Full soon
 She pass'd the Gate of Pearl, and down the Sky,
 Præcipitant, upon the Ev'ning-Wing
 Cleaves the live Æther, and with healthy Balm
 Impregnates, and Fœcundity of Sweets.

Conscious of her Approach, the wanton Birds,
 Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier Lays,

And

And merrier Melody, their grateful Hymn,
 Brisk-flutt'ring to the Breeze. Eftsoons the Hills,
 Beneath the Gambols of the Lamb and Kid,
 Of petulant Delight, the circling Maze
 (Brush'd off its Dews) *betray*. All Nature smiles,
 With double Day delighted. Chief, on *Man*
 The *Goddeſs* ray'd herself: *He*, wond'ring, feels
 His Heart in driving Tumults, vig'rous, leap,
 And gushing Ecstasy: bursts out his Tongue
 In Laud, and unpremeditated Song,
 Obedient to the Musick in his Veins.
 Thus, when at first, the instantaneous Light
 Sprung from the *Voice* of *God*, and, vivid, threw
 Its golden Mantle round the rising Ball,
 The cumb'rous Mass, shot through with vital Warmth
 And plastick Energy, to motion roll'd
 The drowzy Elements, and active Rule:
 Sudden the *Morning Stars*, together, sang,
 And shouted all the Sons of *God* for Joy.

Enters

Enters *Hygeia*, and her Task performs,
With healing Fingers touch'd my Breast and Head;
Three Drops into my Mouth infus'd, unseen,
Save by the Eye of *Faith*: Then re-ascends.

As Snow in *Salmon*, at the tepid Touch
Of southern Gales, by soft Degrees, dissolves
Trickling, yet slow, away; and loosen'd Frosts
The genial Impress feel of vernal Suns,
Relenting to the Ray; my torpid limbs
The Healing Virtue of *Hygeia's* Hand
And salutary Influence perceive,
Instant to wander through the whole. My Heart
Begins to melt, o'er-running into Joy,
Late froze with Agony. Kind Tumults seize
My Spirits, conscious of returning *Health*,
And dire Disease abating from the Cells
And mazy Haunts of Life. The judging *Leech*
Approves the Symptoms, and my Hope allows.

The

The hostile Humours cease to bubble o'er
 Their big-distended Channels; quiet now
 And sinking into Peace. The Organs heave
 Kindlier with Life: And Nature's Fabrick near
 To Diffolution shatter'd, and its Mould
 To Dust dissolv'd, tho' not its pristine Strength
 (The lusty Vigour of its healthy Prime)
 Yet gentle Force recovers; to maintain,
 Against the Tyrant-Death's batt'ring Assaults,
 The Fort of Life. --- But *Darkness*, present still,
 And absent sweet Repose, best Med'cine, *Sleep*,
 Forbid by Heart the full Carouse of Joy.

"Soft Pow'r of Slumbers, dewy-feather'd *Sleep*,
 Kind Nurse of Nature! whither art thou fled,
 A Stranger to my Senses, weary'd out
 With Pain, and aking for thy Prefence? Come,
 O come! embrace me in thy liquid Arms;
 Exert thy drowzy Virtue, wrap my Limbs
 In downy Indolence, and bathe in Balm,
 Fast-flowing from th' Abundance of thy Horn,

With

With Nourishment replete, and richer stor'd
 Than *Amalthea's*, who (so *Poets* feign)
 With Honey and with Milk supply'd a *God*,
 And fed the *Thunderer*. Indulgent quit
 Thy Couch of *Poppies*! steal thyself on me,
 (In rosy Mists suffus'd and Clouds of Gold)
 On me, thou mildest Cordial of the World?

The Shield his Pillow, in the tented Field,
 By Thee, the Soldier, bred in Iron-war,
 Forgets the mimick Thunders of the Day,
 Nor envies Luxury her Bed of Down.
 Rock'd by the Blast, and cabbin'd in the Storm,
 The *Sailor* hugs Thee to the doddering Mast,
 Of Shipwreck negligent, while Thou art kind.
 The Captive's Freedom, *Thou!* the Labourer's Hire;
 The Beggar's Store; the Miser's *better* Gold;
 The Health of *Sickness*; and the Youth of Age!
 At thy Approach the wrinkled Front of Care
 Subsides into the smooth Expanse of Smiles.

And, *Stranger* far! the *Monarch*, crown'd by Thee,
Beneath his *Weight of Glory* gains Repose.

What Guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,
Ev'n tho' my *Eyes* are seal'd, am wake alone?
Ah seal'd, but not by *Thee*! The World is dumb;
Exhal'd by Air, an awful Silence rules,
Still as *thy Brother's* Reign, or Foot of *Time*;
Ev'n *Nightingales* are mute, and *Lovers* rest,
Steep'd in thy Influence, and cease to sigh,
Or *only* sigh in Slumbers. Fifteen Nights
The Moon has walk'd in Glory o'er the Sky;
As oft the Sun has shone her from the Sphere,
Since, gentle *Sleep*, I felt thy cordial Dews.
Then listen to my Moaning; nor delay
To sooth me with thy Softness; to o'ershade
Thy Suppliant with thy Pinions: or at least,
Lightly to touch my Temples with thy *Wand*.

So, full and frequent, may the crimson Fields
With *Poppies* blush, nor feel a *Tarquin's* Hand.

So may the West-Wind's Sigh, th' murm'ring Brook,
 The Melody of Birds, *Ianthé's* Lute,
 And Musick of the Spheres, be all the Sounds
 That dare intrude on thy devoted Hour.
 Nor *Boreas* bluster, nor the Thunder roar,
 Nor Screech-Owl flap his Wing, nor Spirit yell,
 As 'neath the Trembling of the Moon he walks,
 Within the Circle of thy still Domain.
 He comes! he comes! the reconciling *Pow'r*
 Of Pain, Vexation, Care, and Anguish comes!
 He hovers in the *lazy* Air: — He melts,
 With Honey-heaviness, my Senses down. —

— I thank thee, *Sleep*! — Heav'ns! is the Day restor'd
 To my desiring Eyes? their Lids, unglew'd,
 Admit the long-lost Light, now streaming in
 Painfully clear! — O check the rapid Gleam
 With shading Silk, 'till the weak visual Orb,
 Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the Sun,
 Nor, wat'ring, twinkles at unfolded Day.
 As, where, in *Lapland*, *Night* collects her Reign,

Oppressive, over half the rounded Year
 Uninterrupted with one struggling Beam;
 Young *Orra-Moor*, in furry Spoils inroll'd,
 Shagged and warm, first spies th' imperfect Blush
 Of op'ning Light, exulting; scarce her Eyes
 The Lustre bear, tho' faint; but, wid'ning fast
 Th' unbounded Tide of Splendor covers, fair,
 Th' expanded Hemisphere; and fills her Sight
 With Gladness, while her Heart, warm-leaping, burns.

Sight, all-expressive! Tho' the *feeling* Sense
 Thrills from *Ianthe's* Hand; at *Handel's* Lyre
 Tingles the *Ear*; tho' *Smell* from blossom'd Beans
Arabian Spirit gathers; and the Draught,
 Sparkling from *Burgundy's* exalted Vines,
 Streams *Nectar* on the *Palate*; Yet, O *Sight*!
 Weak their Sensations, when compar'd with Thee.
 Without Thee, Nature lies unmeaning Gloom.
 Whatever smiles on Earth, or shines in Heav'n,
 From Star of *Venus* to *Adonis* Flow'r;
 Whatever *Spring* can promise; *Summer* warm

To rich Maturity; gay *Autumn* roll
 Into the Lap of Plenty, or her Horn;
Winter's majestic Horrors; --- all are Thine.
 All varying in Order's pleasing Round,
 In regular Confusion grateful All!

And now progressive Health, with kind Repair,
 My fever-weaken'd Joints and languid Limbs
 New-brace. Live Vigour and auxiliar'd Nerves
 Sinew the freshen'd Frame in Bands of Steel.
 As in the Trial of the furnace Ore,
 From baser Dregs refin'd, and droffy Scum,
 Flames more refulgent, and admits the Stamp
 Of Majesty to dignify the Gold,
 CÆSAR or GEORGE! the human Body, thus,
 Enamel'd, not deform'd, from Sicknefs' Rage
 More manly Features borrows, and a Grace
 Severe, yet worthier of its Sovereign Form.
 The Patriarch of Uz, Son of the Morn,
 Envy'd of *Lucifer*, by Sores and Blanes
 Sharply improv'd, to fairer Honours rose;

Less his Beginning blest than latter End.
How late a tortur'd Lump of baleful Pain,
The Soul immerg'd in one inactive Mass
Of breathing Blanes, each Elegance of Sense,
Each intellectual Spark and fiery Seed
Of Reason, Mem'ry, Judgment, Taste and Wit,
Extinguish'd and smother'd in unwieldy Clay
Scarce animated : and (O Blessing !) now
I seem to tread the Winds ; to overtake
The *empty* Eagle in her early Chase,
Or nimble-trembling Dove, from preyful Beak,
In many a rapid, many a cautious Round,
Wheeling precipitant : I leave behind,
Exulting o'er its aromatic Hills,
The bounding *Berber-Roe*. The POET'S *Mind*,
(Effluence essential of *Heat* and *Light* !)
Not mounts a loftier Wing, when *Fancy* leads
The glitt'ring Track, and points him to the Skies,
Excursive : He empyreal Air inhales,
Earth *fading* from his Flight ! triumphant soars
Amid the *Pomp* of Planetary Worlds,

Ranging

Ranging *Infinitude*, beyond the Stretch
Of NEWTON'S Ken, *Reformer of the Spheres*,
And, gaining on the *Heav'ns*, enjoys His *Home*!

The *Winter* of Disease all pass'd away,
The *Spring* of Health, in bloomy Pride, calls forth
Embosom'd Bliss, of rosy-winged Praise
The rising Incense, the impassion'd Glance
Of Gratitude, the Pant of Honour, quick
With emulating Zeal; the florid Wish
For sacred Happiness, and cordial Glow
From conscious Virtue felt: all the sweet Train
Of Vernal Solitude's *refining* Walks,
Best Gift of Heav'n, and Source of nameless Joys!

The End of the Fourth Book.





NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Pag. 270. ——— *The Sons of Light.*

Light is the first-born of all Creatures, and it is commonly observed that the Angels were created at the same Period of Time. *St. Austin* thinks them meant under *FIAT LUX*, *Let there be Light*: *De Civitate Dei*, l. xi. c. 9. This indeed is only conjectural, and we have no Article of the *Apostles Creed* which directs upon any Considerations of Angels; because perhaps it exceeds the Faculties of Men to understand their Nature, and it may not conduce much to our practical Edification to know them. Yet however this Observation may serve to illustrate that beautiful Passage in the Book of *Job*: When the Morning-Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy.

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Pag. 276. ——— *To pristine White volume.*

White has been accounted in all Ages the peculiar Tincture of Innocence, and white Vestments worn by Persons delegated for sacred Offices, &c. When our Saviour was transfigured before his Disciples, his Raiment became shining, exceeding white as Snow, *Mark*, chap. ix. 3. When he ascended into Heaven, the Angels descended in white Apparel, *Acts* i. 10. And to the Spouse of the Lamb was granted that she should be array'd in fine Linen, clean and white, which is the Righteousness of the Saints, *Rev. xix. ver. 8, 14*. Hence the Custom of the primitive Church of Cloathing the Persons baptized in white Garments.

Inde Parens sacro ducens de fonte Sacerdos

Infantes, niveo corpore, mente, habitu.

Paulinus, Epist. xii.

The Heathens paid likewise a great Regard to White:

Color albus præcipuè Deo charus est.

Cicero de Leg. Lib. ii.

—— *Ante aras stat veste Sacerdos*

Effulgens nivea.

Silius Ital. Lib. iii.

Delius hic longè candenti veste Sacerdos

Occurrit.

Valerius Flacc. Lib. ii.

And not only the Priests, but likewise those who attended at the Sacrifices and paid their Devotions to their Gods:

Cernite fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras,

Tinctaque post oleâ candida Turba comas.

Tibull. Lib. ii. Eleg. i.

And Ovid:

Linguis candida Turba favet.

Fast. Lib. ii.

I shall only add one Passage, from Plautus:

—— *Ergo equius vos erat*

Candidatas venire, hostiataſque ad hoc

Fanum.

Rudens. Act. i. Sc. 5.

Pag. 279. —— *Touch'd my Breast and Head,*

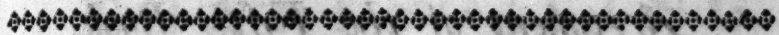
Three Drops, &c.

Hygeia here performs her Office in the very Manner she was order'd by *Mercy*. I have, after the Manner of *Homer*, used the same Expressions over again, as when she received the Mandate. The *Father of Poetry* constantly makes his Envoys observe this Practice, as a Mark of Decency and Respect.

Pag. 281. *Than Amalthea's, &c.*

Amalthea the Daughter of *Melissus* King of *Crete*, and Nurse of *Jupiter*, who fed him with Goats-Milk and Honey. But this Story is differently related. See *Strabo*, l. x. *Diodor. Sicul.* l. iv. c. 5. and *Ovid. Fast.* l. v. It is very remarkable that the Translation of the Septuagint uses the Expression *Amalthea's Horn*, for the Name of *Job's* third Daughter *Keren-happuc* (so called from her Beauty) alluding to a Grecian Fable invented long after; *Job* ch. the last, ver. 14. The same Translation likewise mentions *Arachne* in the ninetyeth *Psalms*, and 9th Verse, which Image is left out in all our late Versions. A Christian Poet therefore may surely be excused for using the Word *Ambrosia*, &c. or drawing Metaphors or Comparisons from the Pagan Mythology in a serious Composition; which is the Practice of *Milton* and some of the best Poets. The Fault only is, when the Poet weaves the Heathen Fables with the Jewish and Christian Truths. As when *Sannazarius* introduces the *Furies*, *Cerberus*, &c. into his Poem (which is otherwise a very fine one) *De Partu Virginis*. And likewise when *Camoens* blends the Adventures of *Bacchus* with the Miracles of *Christ*, &c. in his *Lusiad*. But this by the by.

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THE THANKSGIVING.



V.

The *Grave* cannot praise THEE; *Death* cannot celebrate Thee. — The *Living*, the *Living*, He shall praise Thee, as I *do this Day*.

Isaiah.



Argument of the Fifth Book.

THE Effects which the Restoration of Health
ought to have in the Solitudes of Spring.
Rural Prospect. Excursion to the Battle at
Tournay. Reflections on the Abuses of modern
Poetry. Hymn to the ever-blessed and glorious
TRINITY: 1st, to GOD the FATHER, as
Creator and Preserver: 2dly, to GOD the SON,
as Mediator and Redeemer: 3dly, to GOD the
HOLY GHOST, as Sanctifier and Comforter.
Conclusion.

THE THANKSGIVING.

BOOK V.

COME, *Contemplation!* therefore, from thy Haunts,
From SPENSER'S Tomb, (with reverent Steps
and flow

Of-visited by me; certès, by all,
Touch'd by the Muse:) from *Richmond's-green* Retreats,
Where NATURE'S BARD the *Seasons* on his Page
Stole from the *Year's* rich Hand: or *Welwyn* Groves,
Where YOUNG, the *Friend* of Virtue and of Man,
Sows with *poetick* Stars the *Nightly* Song,
To *Phæbus* dear as *is own Day!* and drowns
The *Nightingale's Complaint* in sadder Strains
And sweeter Elegance of *Woe*, O come!

! Mr. James Thomson.

Now

Now Ev'ning mildly-still and softer Suns
(While every Breeze is flowing Balm) invite
To taste the fragrant *Spirit* of the *Spring*
Salubrious; from Mead or Hawthorn-hedge
Aromatiz'd, and pregnant with Delight
No less than Health. And what a Prospect round
Swell's greenly-grateful on the cherish'd Eye!
A universal *Blush*! a *Waste* of Sweets!
How *live* the Flow'rs, and, as the *Zephyrs* blow,
Wave a soft Lustre on their *Parent-sun*,
And *thank* him with their Odours for his Beams;
Mild Image of himself! reflected fair,
By Faintness fair, and amiably mild!

Hark! how the airy *Echoes* talk along
With undulating Answer, soft or loud,
The mocking Semblance of the imag'd Voice,
Babbling itinerant from Wood to Hill,
From Hill to Dale, and wake their Sisters round,
To *multiply* Delight upon the Ear.

As float the *Clouds*, romantic Fancy pours
The Magazines of *Proteus* forth, and builds
Huge *Castles* in the *Air*; while *Vessels* sail
Spacious, along the fluid *Element*;
And *Dragons* burn in *Gold*, with *azure* Stains
Speckled: Ten thousand inconsistent Shapes
Shift on the Eye, and through the Welkin roll.

Here tufted *Hills*! -there shining *Villas* rise,
Circling; and *Temples*, solemn, fill the Mind
With Beauty, Splendor, and religious Awe!
Peace o'er the *Plains* expands her snowy Wing,
Dove-ey'd; and buxom *Plenty* laughs around!

Far different Objects mortify the Eye
Along thy Borders, *Scheld*: (with *William's* Tears
Ennobled, Tears from brave Humanity
And Royal Pity drawn! nor of his Blood
Less prodigal!) Instead of herbag'd Plains,
Of Fields with golden *Plenty* waving wide,
Of lowing Vallies, and of fleecy Hills:

What

What Magazines of *Death* ! what flaming Swords
Destruction brandish ; what a burnish'd Glare
Of Horror *wanders* round ; what Carnage vile
Of *dubitable* Limbs ; what groaning Piles
Of dying Warriors on th' ensanguin'd Earth
(Ev'n Sons of *Britain*, Chiefs of high Renown)
Gro'ling in Dust, and with *unmartial* Fires
Sheer blasted ! O 'tis pitiful to Sight !
It smites the honest Brain and Heart ! The Cloud,
Belch'd from the brazen Throat of War, *wou'd hide*,
Industrious, the Ruin which it spreads,
As if asham'd of Massacre --- But hark ! ---
What dire Explofion tears th' embowel'd Sky,
And rumbles from th' infernal Caves ? The Roar
Of *Ætna's* troubled Caverns, when she heaves
Trinacria from her marble Pillars, fix'd
On the Foundations of the solid Earth,
And *Thetis'* bellows from her distant Dens,
O'erwhelm the Ear ! --- A Mine with deadly Stores
Infuriate, burst ; and a whole squadron'd Host
Whirl'd through the riven Air. A human Show'r

With

With smouldry Smoak enroll'd and wrapt in Fire,
To cover Earth with Desolation drear! ---

Curst be the Man, the Monk, the Son of Hell,
The triple *Moloch*! whose mechanic Brain,
Maliciously inventive, from its Forge,
Of cruel *Steel*, the sulphur Seeds of Wrath
Flash'd on the World, and taught us how to kill;
To hurl the blazing Ruin, to disgorge
From smoaking Brass the ragged Instruments
Of Fate, in Thunder, on the mangled Files
Of gallant Foes: --- the Cowardice of Hell!
And, what the *barb'rous* Nations never knew,
(Tho' nourish'd by the *Tigers*, and their Tongues
Red with the Gore of *Lions*) to involve
The holy Temples, the religious Fanes,
To *Hallelujahs* sacred and to *Peace*,
With *dreadless* Fires. Shudd'ring the *Angels* weep
At Man's Impiety, and seek the Skies:
They weep! while *Man*, courageous in his Guilt,
Smiles at the Infant Writhing on his Spear;

The *hoary* Head pollutes the flinty Streets
 With scanty Blood; and Virgins pray in Vain.
 Blush, blush! or own *Deucalion* for thy Sire.

Yet should *Rebellion*, bursting from the Caves
 Of *Erebus*, uprear her *Hydra-Form*,
 To poison, *Liberty*, thy Light divine;
 If she, audacious, stalk in open Day,
 And hiss against the Throne by Heav'n's own Hand
 Establish'd, and Religion *Heav'n-Reform'd*,
 BRITANNIA! rescue Earth from such a Bane:
 Exert thy ancient Spirit; urge thyself
 Into the Bowels of the glowing War,
 Sweep her from Day to multiply the Fiends,
 And scare the Damn'd! -- and Thou! the God of Hosts,
 Supreme! the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!
 Thy People, thy Anointed with thy Shield
 Cover and shade; unbare thy righteous Arm,
 And save us in the Hollow of thy Hand!
Michaël send, as erst against the Host
 Of *Lucifer*, and let his Sword be drunk

With

With Rebel-Blood. The Battle is thy own;
When Virtue, Liberty, Religion call:
Thine is the Victory: the Glory thine!

Turn, *Contemplation*, from this savage Scene
Of Violence and Waste: my swimming Eyes
Have lost the Beauties of the vernal View!

Sweet are the Beauties of the vernal View!
And yet Devotion wafts to nobler Themes,
And lifts the Soul to Heav'n! For who, untouch'd,
With mental Adoration, feeling Laud,
Beholds this living-vegetable Whole,
This universal Witness of a God!
Tho' silent, yet convincing, uncontroul'd,
Which meets the Sense, and triumphs in the Soul?
Let me, by *Isaac's* wife Example fir'd,
When Meditation led him through the Fields,
Sweetly in pious Musings lost, adore
My God! for Meditation is too poor,
Below the Sacrifice of Christian Hearts:

Plato cou'd meditate; a **CHRISTIAN**, more:
CHRISTIANS, from Meditation, soar to Pray'r.

Methinks I hear, reprov'd by modern Wit,
 Or rather Pagan: "Tho' ideal Sounds
 Soft-wafted on the Zephyr's fancy'd Wing,
 Steal tuneful Soothings on the easy Ear,
 New from *Ilissus*' gilded Mists exhal'd;
 Tho' gently o'er the Academic Groves,
 The magic Echoes of unbodied Thoughts
 Roll their light Billows through th' unwounded Air,
 In mildest Undulations! yet a *Priest*,
 Tasteless and peevish, with his *fargon shrill*,
 Scorns *Academus*; tho' its Flow'rs bestow
 On *Hybla* Nectar, purer than her own,
 From *Plato*'s honey-dropping Tongue distill'd
 In copious Streams, devolving o'er the Sense
 Its sweet Regalement!" *Philodemus*, yes:
 (Tho' learn'd *Lyceum*'s Cloisters lead the Mind
 Attentive on, as far as Nature leads:
 And *Plato*, for a *Heathen*, nobler dreams

The very Expressions of one of our Disciples of Socrates, Than

Than dream some *modern* Poets :) Yes, a Priest,
 A Priest dares tell you, *Salem's* hallow'd Walks,
 And that illumin'd Mountain, where a GOD,
 The GOD of my Salvation, and I hope
 Of thine, unutterable Beauty beam'd,
 (Tho' shaded from Excess of Deity,
 Too fierce for mortal-aking Eyes to prove
 The Rush of Glory) me, desirous, draw
 From *Athen's* Owls, to *Jordan's* mystic Dove.
 Thou sing of Nature, and the moral Charms
 Gild with thy painted Muse : My Fingers lift
 The Lyre to GOD ! JEHOVA ! ELOIM !
 Truth is my Leader ; only Fancy, thine :
 (Sweet *Farinelli* of enervate Song !)
 I quit the *Myrtle*, for a *Starry* Crown.
 And know, if Sickness shed her bluish Plagues
 From Fog, or Fen, or Town-infected Damps,
 (And, sure I'd pity thee) among thy Veins :
 Then, then *no Platonist* ! thy inmost Soul
 Will thank me for this Preaching ; nor disdain
 To breath itself in Pray'r, as low as mine ;

From

From GOD begin, with GOD conclude the Song;
 Thus Glorifying with a *Christian-Zeal*.

FATHER of *Heav'n* and *Earth*! Coeval SON!
 And co-existing SPIRIT! *Trinäl-One*!
 Mysterious Deity; Invisible;
 Indefinite, and Omnipresent GOD,
 Inhabiting Eternity! Shall Dust,
 Shall Ashes, dare presume to sing of *Thee*?
 O for a *David's* Heart, and Tongue of *Fire*
 To rival Angels in my Praise and Zeal!
 Yet Love immense, and Gratitude, with Awe
 Religious mix'd, shall elevate the Hymn,
 My Heart enkindle, and inspire my Tongue.

FATHER-CREATOR! who beholds Thy Works,
 But catches Inspiration! Thou the Earth
 On Nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void
 With a magnetic Force, and central Poise.
 Ocean of Brightness Thou! Thy grand Behest
 Flung on thy Orb, the *Sun*, a *sparkling Drop*,

To light the Stars, and feed their silver Urns
 With unexhausted Flame; to bid them shine
 Eternal in their Courses, o'er the Blue
 Which mantles Night, and woo us to repose
 With roscid Radiance. They, harmonious roll,
 In Majesty of Motion, solemn, loud,
 The universal Hallelujah: Sphere,
 In lucid Order, quiring sweet to Sphere,
 Deep-felt and loftier than a *Seraph's* Song;
 The Symphony of well-according Worlds!
 But *Man*, thy Beam, thy Breath, thy Image, shines
 The Crown, the Glory, and the Lord of All;
 Of all *below* the Stars! a *Plant*, from Heav'n
 Traduc'd, to spread the Riches of its *Bloom*
 O'er Earth, and water'd with æthereal Dews;
 Incorruptible Aliment! The Birds
 Warble among his *Boughs*; the Cattle, safe,
 Pasture within his *Shade*; and Earth beneath
 Th' *imperial Umbrage* of his *Branches* smiles.
 The smiling Earth, the spangled Spheres, and *Man*
 Their great Creator praise! but praise how long,
 Unless

Unless by thy *Almighty Arm* upheld,
Preserver infinite? By Thee unless
 Upheld, the Earth wou'd from her Basis reel;
 The *Spheres* forego their Courses, (off their Orbs
 The silver Softness melted into Shade)
 Obscurely dissonant; and *mortal Man*
 (Void of thy Fostering fires) his stately Form
 To Dust be moulder'd: *Chaos* wou'd resume
 Her ancient Anarchy; Confusion, rule;
 And *Darkness* swallow ALL. In Thee we live,
 In Thee we move: Our *Beings* in Thy Chain,
 Linkt to Eternity, fasten on Thee,
 The *Pillar* of our *Souls*! For me, (how late
 A Neighbour of the Worm!) when I forget
 The Wonders of thy Goodness ray'd on me;
 And cease to celebrate, with *Matin-Harp*
 Or *Vesper-Song*, thy Plenitude of Love,
 And healing Mercy; may the *nightly Pow'r*,
 Which *whispers* on my Slumbers, cease to breathe
 Her *modulating* Impulse through my Soul;
 Untun'd, unhallow'd! Discord, string my Lyre,

Idly,

Idly, my Finger, press the fretted Gold,
 Rebellious to the Dictates of my Hand,
 When indolent, to swell the Notes for Thee,
 FATHER of *Heav'n* and *Earth*! — *Coeval* SON!
 (His Word, His Essence, His Effulgence pure!)
 Not less thy *FILIAL Likeness* I adore,
 Nor from thy *Father's* Glory *ought* disjoin,
Redeemer! Mediator! from the Birth
 Of uncreated Time, thy *Father's* Wrath
 (Sprung from Omniscience!) to appease, for *Man*,
 Upright as yet, to mediate, *Mercy* wak'd
 Unbounded *Love* in *Thee*; unbounded Love
 Contracted to the Measure of a *Span*
Immensity of *GODHEAD*, and thy Crown
 Reft from thy *faded* Brow. Listen, O *Earth*!
 And wonder, O ye *Heav'ns*! shall *He*, whose *Feet*
 Are cloath'd with *Stars*, (the Glory of his *Head*
 For *who can tell?*) whose Looks divine illumine
 The dazzel'd Eyes of *Cherubs*, and the Youth
 Of *Saints* with everlasting Bloom *renew*:
 Shall *He*, whose vital Smiles with Splendor fill

The Circuits of Creation, and sustain
 Th' Abodes of all Existence, from the Depths
 Of Hell beneath, above Heav'n's highest Orb,
 With Life, and Health, and Joy! shall He, to God
 Dear as his Eye and Heart, engraven *there*
 Deep from Eternity; alone Belov'd,
 Alone Begotten! say, shall He become
 A Man of Grief — *for Man?* nay more his *Foe*,
 Rebellious *next* the Fiends? — Astonishment
 Had chain'd my Tongue to silence, if the Pow'rs
 Of tenderest Pity and of warmest Love
 Provok'd not pensive Measures, sadder Strains
 Of *Elegiack*-Sorrow, with the Theme
 Mournfully *varying*. Take, my Soul redeem'd!
 O take the moaning *Dove's* dew-dropping Wing,
 Fly, fly to *Solyra*! and melt thy Woe
 To *Cedron's* Murmurs. Thence, extend thy Flight
 To *Golgotha's* accursed Tree. Behold!
 Clouds roll'd on Clouds of Wrath (the blackest Wrath
 Of an offended God!) His Beauties shade;
 But shade not long: it soon in Drops dissolves,

Sweet

Sweet to the Soul as *Manna* to the Taste,
 As Pride of Summer-Flow'r to Sight or Smell !
 Behind this shadowing Cloud, this *mystic* Gloom,
 The *Sharon Rose*, dy'd in the *Blood* of Heav'n,
 The *Lilly* of the Vally, *white* from Stain,
 Bows the fair Head, in Loveliness declines,
 And, sweetly languishing, it droops and dies.
 But darkness veils the *Sun* : a *Curtain* draw
 Before the *Passion* ; beyond Wonder great,
 Great *beyond Silence* ! — (Awe-struck *pause* awhile —)
 And heavy as the Burthen of *our Sins* ! —
 'Tis *finish'd* ! — Change the Lyre, the Numbers change ;
 Let holy Anthem-Airs inspire the Hymn,
Glory in Heav'n ! Redemption to Mankind,
 And Peace on Earth ! Dominion ! Blessing ! Praise !
 Thanksgiving ! Pow'r ! Salvation to our *GOD* !
Salvation to our *GOD*, and to the *Lamb* !
 And, co-existing *SPIRIT* ! *Thou*, whose Breath
 My Voice informs, shall it be mute to *Thee*,
 Eternal *Paraclete* ? in Order, *last*,
 Equal in Glory to Omnipotence

The *First*, as to the *Second*; and from *Both*
 Proceeding; (O inexplicable NAME!)
 Mystical Link of the *unnumber'd* THREE!
 To Learning, Night; to Faith, the noon-tide Day.
Soul of the Universe! thy Wisdom, first,
 The Rage compos'd of warring *ELEMENTS*,
 (The Subject of a *nobler future* SONG)
 Yon all-surrounding Heav'ns with crystal Orbs
 Garnish'd, and living Gems, in goodly Ranks
 And disciplin'd Array; dividing Night
 From Day, their Ordinances stablish'd sure.
 Moving the Waters saw Thee o'er their Face,
 O GOD, the Waters saw Thee, and affraid,
 Into their Channels shrunk, (capacious Bed
 Of liquid Element!) and own'd their Bounds
 Impassable, as that eternal *Gulph*
 'Twixt Bliss and Woe. -- THE PRINCE OF PEACE
 thy Beams
 Largely imbib'd, when, *Dovelike*, o'er his Head,
 Fast by the Banks of *Jordan's* sacred Stream,

I THE ELEMENTS, A Poem: in Four Books,

Thy

Thy mantling Wings diffus'd their heav'nly Hues;
 And ABBA glorify'd his *Only* SON,
 Well-pleas'd. — From thy *Tongues* of *cloven Fire*
 Kindled, the Nations burn'd in flaming Zeal,
 And unextinguish'd Charity, dispers'd
 And glowing as the Summer Blaze at Noon.
 The *rushing Winds*, on all their Wings convey'd
 Thy Doctrine, strong to shake the guilty Soul;
 As, erst, the *Dome*, low-stooping to its Base,
 Before thy *mighty Presence* learn'd to bend.
 Thou, from the Morning-Womb, upon our Souls,
 Barren and dry, thy Sanctifying Dews,
 Abroad, in silent Softness sheds: the Dews
 Of Love unspotted, uncorrupted Joy;
 Obedient Goodness, Temperance subdu'd;
 Unshaken Faith, and Meekness without Guile.
 Hence flow the *Odours* out, our Pray'rs perfume,
 Like *Incense*, rising fragrant on the *Throne*,
 From *golden Vials* pour'd, by *Elder Hands*!
 Extinct thy influential Radiance, Sin,
 Incumbent on the Soul, as black as Hell,

Holds

Holds godless Anarchy: by Thee refin'd,
Incens'd, sublim'd, and sanctify'd, the Soul
 Invites the HOLIEST (O Abyss of Love!)
 To chuse a *Temple*, purer than the Sun,
 Incorruptible, formed not by Hands,
 Where best He loves to dwell. — Thou all my Bed,
 Most *holy Comforter*! in *Sickness* smooth'd,
 And Violet-Buds, and Roses, without Thorn,
 Showr'd round the Couch. From Darknes and the
 Vale

Of shadowy Death, to Pastures fair, and Streams
 Of Comfort, thy refreshing Right-Hand led
 My wearied Soul, and bath'd in *Health* and Joy!

To Light restor'd, and the sweet Breath of Heav'n,
 Beneath thy *Olive-Boughs*, in plenteous flow,
 The *Golden Oil* effusing on my Head
 Of Gladness, let me ever sit and sing,
 Thy *numerous* Godhead sparkling in my Soul,
 Thyself instilling Praises, by thy Ear
 Not un approv'd! For Wisdom's steady Ray,

Th' enlight'ning Gift of Tongues, the sacred Fires
Of Poesy are Thine; United Three!

FATHER of Heav'n and Earth! Coæval SON!

And co-existing SPIRIT! Trinal One!

The End of the Fifth Book.





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NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Pag. 295. *Along thy Borders, Scheld* —

This was written at the Time of the Siege of *Tournay*.

Pag. 300. ——— Plato *could meditate*.

Far be it from me to speak with Disrespect of this Pagan Philosopher. For my Part, I could almost declare my Admiration of *Plato's* beautiful Descriptions, &c. in the Words of *B. Johnson* on *Shakespear*: "To justify (says he) my own candour, I honour his Memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any." See his *Discoveries*, Vol. II. Fol. of his Works. Pag. 98.

I only here wou'd observe how falsely, not to say impiously, some modern Writers seem to take pains to recommend *Plato's* Ideal Morality in Opposition to the glorious Doctrines so fully reveal'd in the Holy Scriptures.

Pag. 300. ——— *Philodemus*.

Alluding to *Q. Sestanius's* admirable Satires; who introduces much such another Character under this Name. The true Author, as we are inform'd by *Monf. Blainville* in his curious Travels, is *Monf. Sergardi*, one of the finest and politest Gentlemen of *Rome*; by *Philodemus*, he means one *Gravina*, an atheistical Pretender to Philosophy, the *Greek Language*, &c. He thus makes him *boast of himself*, as if he drew the Principles of his System from *Socrates*.

*Nos etenim (puto jam nosse) docti sumus, & quos
Socraticâ capi tractandos mollitèr arte
Sordibus emergunt vulgi, totâque probantur
Urbe.*

See Q. Sæctani Satyr. 4to, vol. I. Sat. 1. lib. i.
v. 108, &c.

Pag. 308. ——— Soul of the Universe.

The Heathens frequently give the Appellation of Soul or Spirit to God.

Thus Virgil:

*Cælum & terram camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum luna, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus agit.*

That he means God by Spirit, appears from another Place.

————— Deum ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris cælumque profundum.

And Zeno's Opinion is very remarkable;

Θεός ἐστι πνεῦμα διῆκον δι' ὅλην τὴν κόσμον.

See Lactantius, B. vii. c. 3. and Diogenes Laertius
in the Life of Zeno.

Pag. 308. Moving the Waters saw thee o'er their Face, &c.

Cicero tells us that it was Thales's Opinion that God was the Spirit which created all Things from the Water. *Thales aquam dixit esse initium rerum, Deum autem esse Mentem qua ex aqua cuncta fingeret.* De Nat. Deor. l. 1.

Pag. 309. ——— Before thy mighty Presence, &c.

The very Heathens imagin'd a Commotion in Nature at the Presence of the Deity.

—— *Vibratus ab æthere fulgor*
Cum sonitu venit, ruerè omnia visa rependè.

Æneis, lib. 8.

And in another Place, *Virgil* :

Vix ea fatus eram, tremere omnia visa rependè
Liminaque laurusque Dei, totusque moveri
Mons circum.

Æneis, lib. 3.

So likewise *Statius* :

Mirabar cur templa mihi tremuere Diana.

Theb. lib. 4.

And *Seneca* :

—— *Imo mugit è fundo solum,*
Tonat dies serenus, ac totis domus
Ut fracta tectis crepuit.

Thyestes, Act. II.

Pag. 309. —— *Thou from the Morning-Womb, &c.*

Psalms cx. 3. This is a noble Metaphor to express the Beauties and Graces of the Holy Spirit. So that "From the Womb of the Morning" in the *Psalmist*, signifies this: From the heavenly Light of the Gospel, which is the Wing or Beam whereby the Sun of Righteousness revealeth himself, and breaketh out upon the World, the People shall adorn themselves from the first Forming of Christ in them, with the Dews of Grace, and the Gifts and Emanations of the Holy Ghost: which are Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance. *Gal. v. 22, &c.* When the Spirit of Christ bloweth thus upon us, and the Dews of Grace are poured into our Hearts, then the Spices flow out, which arise from the holy Duties and spiritual Infusions, mention'd above.

Pag. 309. —— *From Elder-Hands.*

Rev. v. 8. The four and twenty Elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them Harps and golden vials full of

of Odours, which are the Prayers of the Saints; that is, the Prayers of good Men are as grateful to God as Incense from the Tabernacle. So *David*, *Pf. xiv, 2. Let my Prayer be directed to thee as Incense.*

Pag. 310. *Beneath thy Olive-Branch, &c.*

Alluding to the two Olive-Branches in *Zecharia*; ch. iv. ver. 11 and 12, which empty the golden Oil out of themselves. Amongst other Expositions of which Words, *Junius* and *Tarnovius* interpret them, to mean the various Gifts and Effusions of the Holy Spirit, which are, by Christ, deriv'd upon the Church. For Christ is called the *Messiah*, on Account of his being anointed with the Oil of Gladness; *Pf. xiv, 8.* And *St. John* speaketh thus of the Holy Ghost: *Ye have an Unction from the Holy One*; 1 John ii. 20. *The anointing which ye received from him, abideth in you*; John, c. ii. v. 27.

To Conclude; a *Recovery* from the *Small-Pox* a few Years ago, gave Occasion to the preceding Poem. I only at first (in *Gratitude* to the *GREAT PHYSICIAN* of Souls and Bodies) designed to have published this Hymn to the *TRINITY* upon a *Recovery* from *Sickness*. But the Subject being very extensive, and capable of admitting serious Reflections on the frail State of Humanity, I expatiated farther upon it. It cannot be suppos'd that I should treat upon *Sickness* in a medicinal, but only in a descriptive, a moral, and religious Manner: the Verification is varied accordingly: the *descriptive* Parts being more *poetical*; the *moral*, more *plain*; and the *religious*, for the most Part, drawn from the *Holy Scriptures*. I have just taken such Notice of the Progress of the *Small-Pox*, as may give the Reader some small Idea of it, without offending his Imagination. These few Notes are not intended for the *learned* Reader, but added, to assist those who may not be so well acquainted with the *classical* and other *Allusions*. I don't remember to have seen any *other Poem* on the *same Subject* to lead me on the Way, and therefore, it is to be hoped, the *good-natur'd* Reader will more readily excuse its *Blemishes*.

I have here added, by Way of Conclusion to the Notes, a short Hymn written (when very Young) in the great Epidemical Cold in 1732.

An Hymn in Sickness.

I.

O LORD! to Thee I lift my Soul,
To Thee direct my Eyes,
While Fate in every Vapour rolls,
And sick'ning Nature sighs.

II.

Ev'n Air, the Vehicle of Life,
The soft Recess of Breath,
Is made the Harbinger of Fate,
And poison'd Dart of Death.

III.

No gentle Strains relieve my Ears:
But hark! the Passing-Toll,
In a long, sadly-solemn Knell,
Alarms anew my Soul.

IV.

No lovely Prospect meets my Eye,
But melancholy Fear,
Attended with the hollow Pomp
Of Sickness and Despair.

V.

My Sins wide-staring in my Face
In ghastly Guise alarm;
The pleasing Sins of wanton Youth,
In many a fatal Charm.

VI.

I sink beneath their black Approach:
My GOD! thy Mercy lend;
Let Hope her healing Wings diffuse;
O snatch me from the Fiend!

I feel,

VII.

*I feel, I feel Thy saving Health:
New Raptures fill my Heart:
A shining Train of Bliss succeeds;
The gloomy Scenes depart.*

VIII.

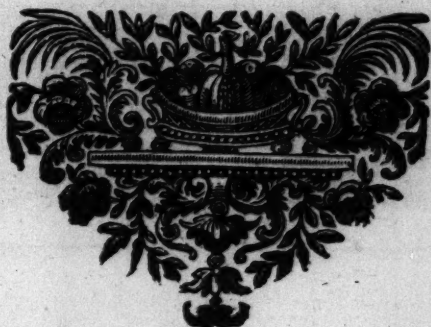
*Tho' straining Coughs this mortal Frame
To Dissolution bring,
Yet dreary Death in vain affrights
And points in vain his Sting:*

IX.

*If gracious Heaven at that sad Hour
Its guardian Arm extend;
If Angels watch my parting Soul,
And save me at my End.*

X.

*O LORD, or let me live or die,
Thy Holy Will be done!
But let me live alone to THEE,
And die in THEE alone.*



View and Reflections

I feel I feel the living presence
Near Rapture in my Heart
A living beam of light
The glory of the living

VIII
The living Conqueror
To Dispel the living
In death's dark night
And points in shining light

IX
If glorious Heaven at this hour
In radiant light
If Angels watch my passing soul
And love me as my Lord

X
O Lord, we love thee
The Holy Will be
But let us love thee
And draw thee near

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319
GONDIBERT AND BIRTHA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Scribere jussit Amor. Ovid.

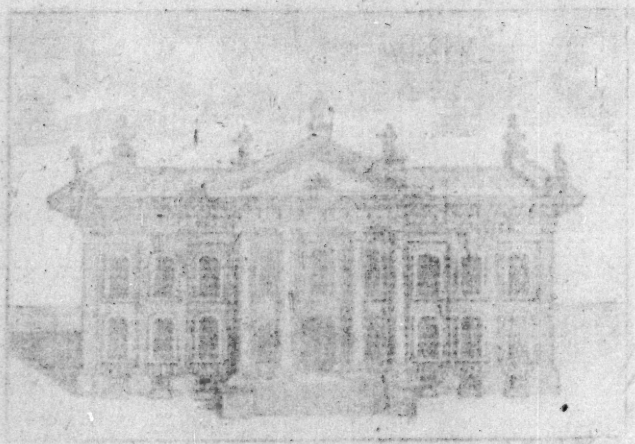


OXFORD,

Printed at the THEATRE, MDCCLI.

GONDIBERT AND BIRTHA

TRAGEDY



OXFORD,
Printed at the Theatre, MDCCL.



GONDIBERT *and* BIRTHA.

T R A G E D Y.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Aribert, King of Lombardy.

Gondibert, Duke of Verona, in Love with *Birtba*.

Astragon, Father of *Birtba*.

Ulfnore, secretly in Love with *Birtba*.

Tybalt.

W O M E N.

Rhodolinda, the King's Daughter in Love with *Gondibert*.
Birtba.

Tbula, Confident of *Rhodolinda*.

Laura, Confident of *Birtba*.

SCENE the Gardens of *Astragon* near *Verona*.

GONDIBERT AND BIRTHA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GONDIBERT and ULFINORE.

GONDIBERT.

BLEST be the Hour which brought me to this Seat

Of Piety and Peace: may Ev'ning crown it

With all the softest Purple of the Sky:

The Hour when *Astragon* receiv'd me first

With hospitable Arms, and heal'd my Wounds.

'Twas then I learn'd the Vanity of Fame:

Then Virtue open'd all her Charms upon me,

Her modest Charms, superiour to the Blaze

Of courtly Pomp, and brighter than a Crown,

ULFINORE.

Yes;-- then his Daughter taught your Soul to languish,

The Flame of Glory sicken'd into Love.

When Virtue courts us in so fair a Form,

No wonder Pomp and Kingdoms fade before Her.

GONDIBERT.

Yes, I must own, my Friend, my gentle *Ulfimore*,
Thou dear Companion of my Youth, I own
That *Birtba* triumphs in my yielded Heart;
My Heart, my Life, my Soul, my All are *Birtba's*:
And can I blame my Passion? can you blame it?
For, oh, her Truth is matchless as her Beauty!
Such winning Innocence, such spotless Graces,
So Young, so full of Tenderness and Love!
By Heaven, my *Ulfimore*, She's more than Woman!

ULFINORE.

She shou'd be more: for royal *Rhodolinda*
Cou'd never steal your Breast into a Sigh.
This Heiress to the Crown of *Lombardy*,
This *Rhodolinda*, tho' she doats upon you,
And pines her Life away, must weep in Vain,
Neglected for the Daughter of poor *Astragon*.

GONDIBERT.

Is She not rich in all her Father's Virtues?
Then what are Crowns to Virtue, Love and *Birtba*?
Is She not fairer than the Morning Light?

Is She not softer than the Ev'ning Dews
 That kifs, then melt away upon the Flow'rs?
 Chaster than Lillies clad in Summer-Fragrance?
 And sweeter than the rosy Mouth of Spring?
 But You have seen Her often: --- then She loves me,
 She loves me with such dear Excess of Fondness ---
 I pity Monarchs while I fight before Her.

ULFINORE.

I find She hangs so close around his Heart,
 No Hopes, alas, no hopes are left for me. [*Aside.*
 'Tis strange that Birtba, by her Father tutour'd,
 Ev'n with a stoical Severity,
 That She, unknown to Galantry and Courts,
 So soon shou'd learn to Love, should melt so soon.

GONDIBERT.

To love is Nature; Love's the Law of Kindness;
 Springs from a Look, a Sigh, perhaps, a Tear;
 Bathes in the Blushes of a Virgin-Cheek,
 Or flutters round a Bosom's heaving Hills.
 But, oh, when Harmony of Souls is blended
 Into this softest, best of Passions, Love;

When

When Honour beams on Honour, 'tis a Flame
 Which Art can never raise; a Holy Union,
 A golden Chain of Hearts let down from Heav'n.
 'Tis silent as the Whisper of a Genius,
 Which breathes Delight into a good Man's Soul,
 First tunes his Mind, and sweetens every Passion,
 Then opens Heav'n upon his dazzled Senses,
 That pant for sacred Bliss and burn with Rapture!

ULFINORE.

But strove She not to hide her Passion from you?
 Did She not blush whene're you sigh'd your Vows,
 And dy'd upon her Hand? For tender Virgins,
 Tho' their soft Bosoms swell with warmest Wishes,
 Pretend a Coldness foreign to their Hearts.

Oh? How I long to hear what must undoe me!

[*Aside.*]

GONDIBERT.

I'll tell Thee all the Progress of our Love,
 For I believe Thee faithful in thy Friendship,
 And my whole Breast is thine, my secret Soul.
 When first my Wounds confin'd me to my Chamber,

The

The

She waited on me with assiduous Care,
Compassionately sweet! She seem'd a *Guardian*,
Sent from the Skies in Pity to relieve me,
Her charming Presence soften'd pain away.
Whene're her tender Fingers dress'd my Wounds,
A pleasing Anguish tingel'd through my Veins,
And Sighs unbidden, soft, and thick, stole from me,
Whene're I sigh'd, She thought they rose from Pain,
And wept a Show'r of sympathizing Sorrow.
But when, like dewy Morn, She shone in Tears,
In beauteous Tears — O *Ulfmore*! — O Heav'n!
Love dip'd his Arrows in the falling Crystal:
The busy Graces gather'd, ere they fell,
The liquid Pearls, which trembled down her Check,
To sparkle on the Arm and Neck of *Venus*.

ULFINORE.

Contain yourself, dear Sir: But did she weep?

GONDIRBERT.

She wept: I saw the silver-streaming Show'r,
Which fell like Drops of Fire upon my Heart.
But when I talk'd of Love, and of her Conquest,

Quick

Quick Waves of Scarlet floated through her Cheeks,
 And dy'd Them in the Morning's deepest Red,
 Just as if *Modesty* herself had chose
 A Throne of Coral there, and Crown of Roses.
 An artless Fondness languish'd o'er her Features;
 And, lifted up and down by sudden Starts,
 Her Bosom rose and fell as soft and white,
 As rising Lillies or as falling Snow.
 She sigh'd, deny'd; she melted, and withdrew.
 I saw the Woman stealing on her Soul,
 And look'd and vow'd, and swore such tender Things,
 As stop'd her backward Flight and won her Heart.
 E're since we liv'd within the Skies! -- the Hours
 Are wing'd away with Love and downy Joys.
 Our Kisses are so pure, so warm with Innocence,
 Our Sighs so glowing, yet so chafly sweet,
 That Zephyrs waft them on their gentle Wings,
 As grateful Incense, to the Throne of Love.

ULFINORE.

O State of Bliss!

[*Aside.*

GONDIBERT.

But, *Ulfino*re, retire;My *Birtba*, at her promis'd Hour, attends me.

And yet, observe Her; -- oh! observe her Beauties:

That Face, illumin'd by her brighter Mind;

That easy, unaffected, graceful Port!

And then her Softness, her entrancing Softness!

She smiles the Spring, and blushes-almost-Heav'n!

Mark how the flowing Wonders of her Breast,

Impatient of Confinement, pant for Freedom,

And seem to struggle with their filken Bonds!

See how her Lips, -- I taste Them while I see Them --

Swell sweetly-pouting with nectareal Dew,

To feed and satisfy the thirsty Soul.

What living Purple animates her Cheeks!

'Tis not the Blood of Youth and Flush of Health

That mantles high and kindles up her Charms:

No! -- it is more! -- the very Health of Virtue,

The Mark and Tincture of immortal Bloom.

-- I fly on all the Wings of Love to meet Her.

[Exit *Ulfino*re.]

T t

SCENE

SCENE II.

GONDIBERT and BIRTHA.

GONDIBERT.

You come, my *Birtba*, like the op'ning East,
 Half strow'd with Blushes, and half drest in Smiles.
 When thou art absent Darkness broods around,
 And Melancholy spreads her baleful Wing:
 But now my Sun of Beauty gilds the Gloom,
 To bless my Eyes and cheer my Heart with Gladness.
 For, oh, believe me, I am ne'er so happy
 As when I hang dissolving o'er thy Beauties,
 As when I pour my Soul upon thy Lips,
 As when I languish, languish on thy Bosom,
 And, oh, as when I sink into thy Arms
 And lose myself in Softness and in Love.

BIRTHA.

If I can make you happy, sure, my Lord,
 'Tis my first Duty to attend your Pleasure,
 Since you neglect the Court and all its Pomp
 For Love and me; for so you please to honour

The humble Daughter of your poor, old Friend,
And condescend to dignify our Shades.

GONDIBERT.

These rural Shades are the best Friends of Love.
From Palaces He flies, and Midnight Balls,
To revel in the Myrtles and the Groves.
Here, here I found Him panting on thy Breast,
And envy'd Him so fair, so soft a Throne.
Oh, what are Courts to Shades possess'd of Thee,
Thou darling of my Soul! I joy more in Thee,
Than high Ambition in its darling Purpose.

BIRTA.

Like a young Flow'r, o'ercharg'd with balmy Dew,
I sink beneath th' Abundance of your Kindness,
For I have nothing to return but Love.

GONDIBERT.

I swear, my Fair, by thy dearself I swear,
By that enchanting Smile, by every Grace,
(And every Grace is thine) thy Love is more,
Thy Love is doubly more than Worlds to me.
Tho' Nature offer'd all her Treasures up,

Her Spices, Gold, and Gems to buy my Faith,
 I'd dash Them to the Earth in Scorn, and fly,
 Quick as a Turtle's Wing, into thy Bosom,
 There brood and murmur, there sigh out my Soul,
 There find a sweeter, richer, brighter World.

BIRTHA.

Sure Nature form'd me softer than my Sex :
 Or else to make me worthier of my Heroe,
 She fil'd the ruder Particles away
 Which render us malicious, wayward, proud,
 And melted all my Passions into Love.
 Love forms alone my Heart ; for oh ! I feel,
 At every tender Word you speak, my Heart
 Flow at the Sound, and all dissolve within me.

GONDIBERT.

Sure thou art fairer, brighter than thy Sex ;
 For while I gaze upon Thee, all my Spirits,
 Shoot to my Eyes, and press their Beams on thine.
 Nature has cast thee in a Mold of Heav'n :
 Such shining Beings, in the Midnight Hours,
 When Slumbers wave their fleecy Gold around us,

Steal from their lucid Spheres to bless our Dreams, —
And, hovering, prompt the willing Mind to Virtue.
We bless their Goodness, and almost adore Them.

BIRTHA.

O may the Hours for ever smile like this!
For ever let me glory in your Love. —
But who is yon that moves this Way? my Father?

GONDIBERT.

'Tis He: I know Him by his reverend Port,
Yet mark Him well; He seems immerst in Thought.
Now with unequal Steps He measures o'er
The level Green of yonder Walks; now stands,
As if that Motion had forgot its Office,
And with a steady Eye-Ball gains on Heaven,
Till Contemplation have her fill. Whate're
Employ his Thoughts, 'tis for the good of Man.

BIRTHA.

He moves, and looks this Way.

GONDIBERT.

Thou art so good,
From Heav'n to Thee is but a small Transition.

— I'll

— I'll meet Him, and acquaint Him with our Passion,
 I hope He'll pity us, and crown our Wishes.
 Retire behind you breathing Sycamores,
 And, when he's gone, I'll meet and tell Thee all.

[*Exit Birtba.*]

GONDIBERT *Solus.*

May soft Persuasion arm my Tongue to move Him,
 And all the tender Eloquence of Love!
 May Paphian Honey melt in every Accent
 And steal into his Soul. — Hear, O ye Gods!
 Make me but happy in the Maid I doat on,
 In beauteous *Birtba*, and a Spring of Incense
 Shall roll away in Odours from your Altars.

SCENE III.

GONDIBERT and ASTRAGON.

ASTRAGON, *at some Distance.*

What! *Birtba* yonder parting from the Duke!
 It must be so. I have observ'd of late
 Uncommon Alteration in my Daughter.
 Whene'er I mention *Gondibert*, she blushes,

III —

But

But soon the Purple fades away to Paleness:
 A dying Languor swims upon her Eyes,
 And her whole Nature's chang'd. It must be Love.
 The *Duke's* made up of Honour, Truth, and Goodness,
 And might I glory in Him for a Son! —
 But that's too high Ambition. No; the Princess,
 So Fame reports, is by the King design'd
 To bless his Bed: and, sure, He's worthy of Her.
 I love the *Duke* too well to bar his Way
 To Empire, by advancing *Birtba's* Fortune? —
 But He's at Hand. — Good Heav'n preserve your Grace,
 May Fortune fan you with her softest Wing,
 May Peace and sweet Contentment wait around you,
 May sure Success for ever bless your Hopes,
 And pour the Balm of Gladness on your Heart.

GONDIBERT.

Good *Astragon*, your Wishes half are heard,
 And seal'd in Heav'n: the Ways of Peace are yours,
 Divine Contentment spreads her rosy Wing
 And constant hovers o'er your Walks. Yet still,

Still

Still may you add one Kindness to the Rest,
And make me happier than the Sons of Men.

ASTRAGON.

And is it in my Pow'r? I thank you, Gods,
Here on my aged, bended Knees I thank you.
But quickly speak, my *Gondibert*; unload
Your secret Breast, and, by the Pow'r of Friendship,
My Life, my all are yours.

GONDIBERT.

O wond'rous Virtue!
O might I be ally'd to so much Goodness,
Might I but call you, Father; then, O, then,
Heav'n, here, cou'd add no Happiness to this.

ASTRAGON.

What means my *Gondibert*?

GONDIBERT.

Oh beauteous *Birtba*!
Amazing Brightness! were but *Birtba* mine ---

ASTRAGON.

What? She? --- the Daughter of a poor Physitian? ---
Impossible --- what *Birtba* touch my Heroe? ---

Poor, little Innocence! --- It cannot be. ---

I fear, my Lord, you laugh at your old Man.

GONDIBERT.

No, *Astragon*: I love her, --- how I love Her!

Oh, She's the Soul of Goodness, all Perfection,

And everlasting Joy is in her Arms.

ASTRAGON.

This Rapture is the Blaze of youthful Blood,

By Beauty kindled, by Enjoyment cool'd ---

GONDIBERT.

Forbid it, Reason; and forbid it Heav'n!

My Love is Virtue, Purity and Truth,

Cool as a Sage's morning Contemplation,

Yet glowing as the Vestals Holy fires.

Pour but the Marriage-Oil upon the Flame

And in a sacred Blaze it mounts to Heav'n;

If not, which all the Gods avert! It then

Burns up my Life, and I am lost for ever.

ASTRAGON.

Good Heav'n forbid, a Life so fair as yours,

The Joy of Thousands, perish in its Bloom!

U u

No:

No: may it flourish, like the goodly Cedar,
 Till Time grow old, and shed abroad its Odours
 To sweeten Earth, and entertain the Skies,
 With the rich Incence of a virtuous Name.

Yet, call Reflection to your Aid, my Lord;
 For, while you honour *Birtba* with your Love,
 You sink beneath your Dignity and Fame:
 You stain the Current of your Blood, which teems,
 Rich in a Race of Heroes, through your Veins.

GONDIBERT.

I tell Thee, no: by mingling with her Virtues,
 A Stream of Crystal! I refine my Nature.
 For Beauty gilds a Crown with double Lustre,
 And Virtue lifts us nearer to the Stars.
 But shall I live? O say, is *Birtba* mine?
 For Life and She are so wound up in One,
 That every Pulse beats Musick at her Name;
 But if That Dear One, whom my Soul longs after,
 If She's deny'd, the Springs of Life stand still.

ASTRAGON.

Live, and be happy!

GONDI-

GONDIBERT.

Blessings on the Sound!

ASTRAGON.

Let Happiness and *Birtba* crown your Wishes!

GONDIBERT.

Not West-winds breathing o'er a Bank of Violets,
Not the Love-labour'd Song of Nightingales,
Not Sighs of Virgins in the Summer-Groves,
At close of Eve, when, soft, their Lovers steal
With Raptures to their Arms, are half so sweet
As those dear Words, "Let *Birtba* crown your Wishes!"
O *Astragon*! O more than Father to me!
Thus give me leave in flowing Gratitude
To pour th' Abundance of my Heart before you,
My ravish'd Heart that leaps and bounds with Joy!

ASTRAGON.

Joy streams into my Eyes to call you Son.
New Tides of Vigour swell my wither'd Veins
In sparkling Sallies. --- I am young again ---
Again I live in you, my Son, my Son!

Rise but To-morrow, and the Holy Priest
Shall make Her yours for ever !

GONDIBERT.

Rise ! O Rise !

Spring into Light, Thou 'Morrow's chearful Dawn,
Ye Minutes, speed away ! Thou lusty Sun,
Drest, like a joyful Bridegroom, mount the East,
In all thy richest Rays and gayest Gold :
Nor shalt Thou see, in thy wide Circuit, One
So blest as I shall be, or fair as *Birtba*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

BIRTHA and THULA,

THULA.

Yes — you are chang'd of late, my gentle Mistress,
Your Actions, nay your very Looks are chang'd.
No more you love to wake the sleeping Strings
Into the sprightly Life of Harmony,
Nor teach the Lute to dye away in Softness.
No more you dip the Pencil, and diffuse
A Blush or Smile upon the breathing Canvass,

Nor

Nor trace a Flow'r along the snowy Lawn,
Created by your Hand, the Pink or Violet.
The purple Morn no more beholds you busy
In culling Herbs to ease unhealthy Mortals.
No more your wonted Songs provoke the Lark,
The morning Lark, or Ev'ning Philomel,
To answer you with less melodious Sweetness.
Nay ev'n Devotion grows more languid in you ;
Your Bosom swells, but not with holy Ardour,
And when your Eyes shou'd drink in Beams from Heav'n,
They steal a Glance and melt on *Gondibert*.
Your very Sighs, which us'd to rise like Incence,
Grateful to Heav'n, and fragrant as the Morn,
Now steem with Love, but not celestial Love :
The Gods with Pity view your War of Passions,
And as you mourn the Altars seem to tremble.

BIRTHA.

I dare commit the Secret to thy Ear,
Tho' nothing but these Groves were trusted by me
With the dear Truth ; for oft to Them I whisper,
In lowest Murmurs, which escape the Echoes,

That

That Love and *Gondibert* possess my Soul.
 Yes, *Thula*, yes, that gallant, Godlike Stranger
 Beats in my Pulse and trembles in my Heart.
 And is He not deserving of my Love?
 Tell me, dear *Thula*, is He not deserving?
 So graceful is his Port, so sweet his Nature,
 So high in Glory, and so great in War,
 And yet so young, so passionately Loving,
 And glowing in his Vows; my yielding Heart,
 Without a Flutter, fled into his Bosom,
 Nor once, once wishes to return again.

T H U L A.

Believe me, Madam, tho' his Vows be glowing,
 It is the Art of those Deceivers, Men,
 With Oaths and Murmurs, soft as billing Doves,
 To sigh believing Maidens into Ruin.
 They'll pray, and weep as if they dy'd with Love,
 Besiege us with a Storm of burning Passion,
 Till we, too fondly, give our Treasure up,
 The Treasure of our Innocence and Beauty.
 Awhile they wanton with unbounded Freedom,

And

And seem to pour away their Souls in Pleasure;
But soon their Passion ebbs to cold, cold loathing;
Then leave the helpless, poor, forsaken Kind-One
To Grief, to Shame, and triumph in our Ruin.

BIRTHA.

By all the Powr's of Virtue, Love, and Honour,
Now I cou'd chide Thee for this base Mistrusting.
He's pure as Chastity, as Pity kind:
My *Gondibert*! How can that godlike Youth,
So full of Truth, of Tendernefs and Goodnefs,
Design the Ruin of the Maid that loves Him?
Or Falshood lodge in such a gallant Breast?

THULA.

Beneath the smiling Herbage of the Spring
The Adder may be couch'd, nor once betray
His spotted Skin, till —

BIRTHA.

Hold, nor wound his Virtue.

THULA.

Nay I believe your *Gondibert* as good,
Tender, and true as any of his Sex;

But

But still He's Man, and then-He may deceive you.

BIRTHA.

Hold, hold thy Peace : He's something more than
He looks a Deity : and lo ! He comes [Man.

Like radiant Truth ! Suspicions fly before Him ;
Blush, *Thula*, blush --- for, know to thy Confusion,
To-morrow's dawning Light shall see Us One.

SCENE V.

GONDIBERT, BIRTHA, THULA,

GONDIBERT.

My *Birtba* ! now for I will call Thee mine,
I long have sought Thee through these secret Shades,
Through every Walk and Grotto, to disclose
Our mutual Happiness. A Tide of Joy
Bears down my Soul : the Gods are most propitious :
Thy Father (O the Rapture turns my Brain !)
Blesses our Passion and confirms our Love.

BIRTHA.

Is it the Voice of *Gondibert*, or Heav'n ?
For oh, thy Words are wing'd with heavenly Joys !

Pardon

Pardon me, Modesty, and Virgin-Shame,
 If here I clasp Him in my eager Arms,
 If here my heaving Bosom grow to his,
 If all my Wishes are dissolv'd in Love,
 And Thought be happily destroy'd with Rapture.

GONDIBERT.

Let but To-morrow come, and I'll reward Thee,
 For all this Flow of Tenderness and Love,
 With Faith unequal'd, and unbounded Joys.

THULA.

Indeed, my Lord, She well deserves Affection,
 Ev'n now She call'd you God, She doats upon you;
 She lives but on your Sight, She bleeds with Tenderness,
 And all her Soul o'erruns with Fondness to you.

I did but hint at Man's Inconstancy,
 And Rage began to sparkle in her Eyes
 For Doubting of Your Virtue: nay, She chid me!

GONDIBERT.

And did She, *Thula*, did the Charmer chide Thee?
 O wond'rous Goodness! No, my *Birtha*, no;
 When I prove false -- but 'tis impossible; --

X x

Ev'n

Ev'n were my Nature vile and giv'n to changing,
 Thy Beauty, matchless Beauty might reclaim me,
 Might fix me Thine, and thine alone for ever.
 And when this rebel Heart forgets to love,
 And beats with ought but Thee, may want o'ertake me,
 Contempt and Ruin haunt me through the World,
 And Guilt pursue me with a Whip of Scorpions.
 I love Thee in my Nakedness of Soul,
 Bare and unclouded with the Mask of Baseness.
 I'll be so very jealous of my Heart,
 That, shou'd another Woman enter in,
 I'd stab Her there; and do my *Birtba* Justice.

B I R T H A.
 Enough, my Lord, my Life, my Soul, my Husband!
 For I will call you by that tender Name,
 The Spring of chaste Delight and long Endearments.
 And if the Gods be kind, I hope To-morrow,
 O Transport! I may truly call you so.

G O N D I B E R T.
 The Marriage-Robe To-morrow shall infold Thee
 With purest White, the Emblem of thy Mind,

Then,

Then, like a Zephyr o'er a Field of Spices,
 My Virgin-Bride, I'll whisper in thy Arms
 The Breath of Ecstasy; I'll murmur round Thee,
 Unfold thy Charms, and wanton in thy Sweetness.
 O drowning Bliss! I dye upon the Thought,
 I dye with Ravishment, and, oh, my Senses
 Are hurried down the Flood of swelling Joy,
 And swallow'd in the Ocean of thy Love.
 --- Let me repose me on thy fragrant Breast,
 And lull me with the Musick of thy Voice,
 O sweetly lull my Senses into Calmness!
 For now my Spirits bound with wild Excess,
 An Agony of Bliss! Oh *Birtha*, oh! ---
 Yet how on this soft Pillow of Delight,
 How on this Bosom can I rest from Rapture?

BIRTHA.

My *Gondibert*! but Language all is poor. ---
 I'll answer you with Gazing, dart my Soul
 In Glances on you, till they twist their Rays
 With those kind Rays of yours, and melt together.

GONDIBERT.

Why, I cou'd gaze for ever on thy Beauties
And look away my Soul into thy Eyes:
Ev'n now it fickens, languishes to leave me,
And longs to rise upon their Beams to Heaven.
What art thou, Beauty? whence thy charming Pow'r,
To swell the Passions thus, and fire the Blood,
With pleasing Madness, and delightful Fury?
Beauty's the sweet, unfading Rose of Love,
Which blooms diffusive on to endless Ages
From Stock to Stock, in amiable Progress;
And where it blooms creates eternal Spring.
Beauty's a Recompence for all the Woes,
A Counterpoise for all our Pains below.
Beauty's the Essence of divine Perfection,
A radiant Emanation of the Gods,
The Smile of Innocence, the Blush of Virtue,
The Light of Truth, the Harmony of Goodness,
The Flow of spotless Love, the Ray of Honour,
And, all in one, the very Soul of Woman!
Of Woman, lovely, wond'rous, sacred Sex,

The

The darling Masterpiece of smiling Nature,
 The fair Epitome of all that's good,
 The Wish of Wisdom, and the Joy of Sense,
 At once the Honour and the Proof of Heav'n!

THULIA.

My Lord, the Hour of Pray'r is now at hand,
 And *Astragon* will wait. — They heed me not.
 — My Lord the Hour of Pray'r —

GONDIBERT *starting from his Rapture.*

'Tis well observ'd.
 Yes, gracious Pow'r, we'll fly unto thy Altars
 With holy Fervour, and o'erflowing Hearts.
 To Thee we owe our Being; all the Good
 Which show'rs in dewy Plenty on Mankind,
 Riches, and Ease, and Honours flow from Thee.
 And, oh, Thou Fount of Life, to Thee I owe
 This Treasure of my Soul, my *Birtba's* Beauties.
 Still may thy Blessings thus descend upon us,
 Of Virtue, Peace, of Piety, Delight;
 And still be thus propitious to our Love.

[*Exeunt Gondibert and Birtba.*]

THULIA.

THULIA. *The darling Mistress of Nature.*
 Ha! *Ulfinores!* — I'll steal into this Bow'r, *The fair Elf.*

[*Thula retires.*]

SCENE VI.

ULFINORE *Solus.*

In vain I wander through the Shades and Gardens
 For Peace; the Shades and Gardens nourish Love.
 O Love, thou Serpent hid beneath the Flow'r's
 Of rural Innocence, to sting our Quiet!
 How am I lost! The Venom burns me up.
 I pine away in Thought; I sink in Sorrows;
 And Hope, the smiling Flatterer of Grief,
 Ev'n Hope is distant from me, to extend
 A helping Hand, and raise Me from the Vale
 Of Misery: but dull and black Despair
 Sits heavy on my Soul and weighs it down.
 Why shou'd I think; for Thought must swell to Madness.
 O *Birtba!* lovely as the youthful Spring,
 When happy Nature, drest in Verdure, smiles!
 But *Gondibert* alone shall revel there:
 Luxurious Thought! to dwell upon her Sight;
 To drink the fragrant Dew from her moist Lip Breath-

Breathing Delight ; to clasp her yielding Wafte ;
 To melt upon her easy-swelling Bosom,
 Till the fond Soul flow all to Ecstasy
 And bubble up in Sighs ! --- O happy *Gondibert* !
 No wonder He neglects the Princess' Passion.
 But yet the King --- By Heav'n the lucky Thought
 May dart a Beam of Comfort through the Gloom,
 And light me up to Joy : for well I know
 The King assumes the Pow'r to chuse a Bride
 For his Allies ; and *Gondibert* so charms Him,
 He swore that none but He shou'd wed his Daughter.
 Wou'd the King knew but of their Loves, in time,
 Before that Marriage make Them one for ever ;
 Still, still She might be mine ! hush, *Thula* comes.

S C E N E VII.

ULFINORE, THULA.

THULA.

What ? ever musing in these lonely Shades ?
 Some Beauty fure, must entertain your Mind,
 Some City-Fair ; for, as I came along,
 Methought the Echoes seem'd to murmur Love. A L-

ULFINORE: *Breathing Delight*

'Tis Love, 'tis more, 'tis almost Adoration. [*Afide.*

No, gentle *Thula*, I was bred to war,
 And the rough Business of the Iron-field;
 No Beauty sheds a Softness o'er my Mind—
 The little God of Love's afraid of Arms:
 Whene'er He spys a burnish'd Shield, or Helmet,
 Horrid with flaming Gold, He moves his Pinions,
 His downy Pinions to the rural Walks,
 And aims his Arrows at the blushing Maid,
 Easily won; or else delights to wound,
 The Shepherd, piping on the whiten'd Plains:
 But I was wond'ring at the grateful Peace,
 And Lassitude of quiet Bliss which reigns
 Here, far from Courts, within your happy Groves.
 Here I cou'd wish to dwell, but that my Duty
 To *Gondibert* must draw me from your Shades.

THULA.

Why, *Ulfinoe*?

ULFINORE: *Some Beauty here*

Because the royal *Aribert*,

No

No doubt, will speedily invite my Lord,
For now his Wounds are heal'd, unto the Court,
And crown his Valour with the Princess' Beauty :
For so the King designs.

THULA.

Forbid it, Love!

The Duke with Oaths has promis'd beauteous *Birtba*
To-morrow's rising Sun shall see Them one.

ULFINORE.

What mean thy Words?

THULA.

They cannot want a Meaning ;
To-morrow, holy Marriage makes Them One.

ULFINORE.

Marriage -- To-morrow -- Thou confounds me, *Thula*.

THULA.

Why, *Ulfinore*? She well deserves a Crown ---

ULFINORE.)

True She is fair, as Heavn's unfullied Face,
And spotless as the Eye of Day: but then ---

Y y

THULA.

THULA.

What Then?

ULFINORE.

The King, I fear —

THULA.

'Tis well observ'd:

But I'll acquaint Them with thy kind Suspicions,
And hasten on their Marriage. Then, secure,
They'll live the Life of Gods, nor fear the King,
But grow immortal in each other's Arms. [Exit,

ULFINORE *Solus.*

Then I am lost. To-morrow — what — no longer?
No Time's allow'd to finish my Design.
What shall I do? O whither, whither wander?
Where can I find the thornless Paths of Peace?
No Peace is left for Thee, unhappy *Ulfinore*.
Why didst thou gaze upon her fatal Beauties?
Why drink such pleasing Poison to thy Soul?
And, oh, oh, wherefore — wherefore didst thou Love?
Let dull Forgetfulness creep o'er thy Senses,
And close her dazling Beauty from thy Thoughts:

Yet

Yet still it flames in Fancy. Dye, then, dye :
 O mournful State when Death alone can ease me !
 But, tho' to Death I suffer, make Them Happy,
 Heav'n, make Them Happy ! -- And They must be so
 In one another's Arms ! -- Yes hear my Prayers,
 Ye genial Deities, with Blessings crown Them
 As everlasting as their mutual Love !
 O may a little, prattling, beauteous Race
 Reward their soft Endearments, smile around Them,
 With all the Father's Virtue in their Minds,
 And all the Mother's Lustre in their Eyes,
 The Blossoms of their Joy, and Fruits of Love !
 Then, when I moulder in my silent Grave,
 And this rebellious Heart forgets to heave,
 May *Birtha* then with pious Pity mov'd,
 Shed one soft Tear, and say, "How well He lov'd !"

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*ASTRAGON, ULFINORE,**Philosophers, Servants, &c.*

ASTRAGON.

LET Plenty walk around, and pour Herself
 Into the foaming Gold: the rosy Wine
 Shall laugh away our Cares and ill-tim'd Wisdom:
 Forget awhile to be severe, my Friends:
 Indulge the genial Hour; — To-morrow sees
 My *Birtba* marry'd to the gallant *Gondibert*.
 Blest be the Holy Pow'r who rules our Actions,
 Who prompts our Minds to good, directs our Wills.
 And stems the Torrents of unlawful Passions.
 For sure the Love of *Gondibert* and *Birtba*
 Is lighted by a sacred Beam from Him,
 An Emanation of the God of Purity!
 O, may He thus continue still to bless Them
 With glowing Piety, with spotless Love,
 The Fatness of the Earth, and Dew of Heaven!

[*Exeunt Philosophers.*

To the Servants.

Go crop the Virgin Beauties of the Spring,
And crown the Altars with unfully'd Flowers,
The vernal Blushes of luxuriant Nature,
Sweet as the Breath of Morn: for Heav'n is pleas'd
With humble Offerings from a grateful Heart,
But yet requires them sweet and undefil'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

But Sorrow seems to mark thy Visage, *Ulfinoe*,
Amid this general Joy: what means that Sigh?
A Face of Gladness wou'd become this Hour,
When Pleasure waits upon thy gracious Lord,
And opens all her nectar-flowing Springs
To bathe Him in the Rivers of Delight.

ULFINORE.

I fear the King ---

ASTRAGON.

What of the King, good *Ulfinoe*!

ULFINORE.

The King design'd His Daughter for the Duke:
And shou'd He marry Here, without his Leave

Or ev'n his Knowlege; think, O think what Storms
 May crush this springing Joy, and blast its Sweetness.
 For *Aribert* — you know not *Aribert*. —
 He's haughty, stern, unbounded in his Pow'r;
 His Temper stormy as the troubled Ocean,
 When warring Winds with high-wrought Billows rage,
 O'erturn the Deep and tempest all the Main.
 Tho' now He smiles on *Gondibert*, as mild
 As Ev'ning Suns, and gilds Him with his Favour;
 Yet shou'd He —

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.
 Sir a Messenger's arriv'd,
 And waits without: I think his Name is *Tibalt*.

ULFINORE.

Good Heav'n, improve my Wishes! [*Afide.*

ASTRAGON.

Bid Him enter

Tibalt? a Stranger to my Ears.

ULFINORE.

I know Him!

A Message from the King ---

ASTRA-

ASTRAGON.

A Message, sayst Thou? —

A Message from the King : — an Icy Cold
Stiffens my shivering Blood. I fear the Purpose:
All-gracious Heav'n, avert these sad Forebodings!

ULFINORE.

My Peace and Life depend upon this Hour. [*Aside.*

SCENE II.

ASTRAGON, ULFINORE, TIBALT,

TIBALT.

My *Alfinore*! let me embrace my Friend,
And strain Him to my Heart. — Your reverend Port
And humble Dignity bespeak you *Astragon*:
That good old Man whose Care and healing Labours
Have piously restor'd to Life and Health,
The noble *Gondibert*: for which the King,
In Honour of your Virtue, comes to thank you.

ULFINORE.

What says my *Tybalt*? now I bless my Stars,
My kind, propitious Stars that beam with Love. [*Aside.*

ASTRA-

ASTRAGON.

Too much He honours with his royal Presence
The meanest of his Servants : but the Duke
Is worthy to receive Him ; I'll acquaint Him.

TIBALT.

But stay : a softer Message waits for *Gondibert*.
Tell Him, theauteous *Rhodolinda* comes,
And, with a gallant Train of Worth and Beauty,
Attends the King.

ASTRAGON.

Poor *Birtba* ! wretched Daughter ! [*Aside.*

TIBALT.

Tell Him, the King designs to bless His Valour
With *Rhodolinda*'s melting Pomp of Charms.

ASTRAGON.

Undone for ever ! [*Aside. Exit.*

ULFINORE.

Happy, happy *Ulfino* ! [*Aside.*

TIBALT.

Tell Him, like *Venus* in her rosy Chariot,
She comes to recompence Her God of War

With

With softer Scenes, and sweeten all his Labours.

— But *Astragon* is gone: no doubt, He flew
With joyful Haste, nor stay'd to hear the Rest,
Before th' unfinish'd Period had discover'd
The King's Munifence: He knew that *Gondibert*
Would gladly thank Him for but half the Message.

Now, *Ulfimore*, here's room to speak my Joy:
In thus beholding Thee again: for oft,
Oft have I wish'd, when Pleasure fill'd my Heart,
To make Thee Sharer, and divide the Blis.
For well I know, such is thy honest Nature,
My Happiness wou'd make my Friend rejoice,
And I am greatly happy, greatly so,
Since I beheld Thee: I am marry'd, *Ulfimore*,

ULFINORE.

Marry'd? May Rapture dwell upon the Sound,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love:

For so I wish my *Tibalt*: yes, believe me,
I wish the all the Blessings of the Gods.

But tell me, who, who is that dear one? *Laura*?

TIBALT.

Yes, charming *Laura* is at last my own:
 At last She list'ned to my tender Vows,
 And well rewards me for my Sorrows past.
 She waits upon the Princess. — Hark! methought
 The Trumpet's sprightly Musick pierc'd my Ear:
 'Tis so; the Notes come swelling on the Wind,
 The King's at Hand: I long to see my *Laura*,
 For every Minute is an Age to Lovers.
 Oh, 'tis a painful Interval of Time
 Between the parting and the meeting Hour.
 Come, *Ulfinoe*.

ULFINORE.

I come — to thank the Gods
 For this most dear and unexpected Mercy. [Aside.

SCENE III.

BIRTHA and THULA.

BIRTHA.

A strange Variety divides my Soul:
 Now smiling Hope with golden Pinions fans me,

Now

Now Terror chills my Blood. I find a Sigh
 Unbidden stealing from my inmost Breast,
 And agonizing Tremblings shake my Frame: ---
 Again my Spirits nimbly dance their Rounds,
 Warm rolls the purple Tide of Life again,
 And all is Peace within. Begone, my Fears,
 Nor dare to enter where the charming Youth,
 Where *Gondibert*, without a Rival, reigns
 The Object of my Soul.

T H U L A.

These doubtful Passions
 Perplex the Ignorance of wishing Maids,
 Who pant for something, yet they know not what,
 They long, indeed, but tremble at their Longing,
 Lost in a Sweet, uncertain Expectation:
 But when the loving Bridegroom fills their Arms,
 All Doubts dissolve away, and Joy alone
 Possesses every Thought: the flaming Blood
 In fallying Tumults revels through the Heart,
 A painful Ecstasy o'erflows their Senses,
 And leaves them dying in the Throbs of Love.

BIRTHA.

You seem experienc'd in the Bridal-ways —

THULA.

Yes, I have read —

BIRTHA.

Indeed I fear too much.

Such warm Expressions! — Virgin Modesty

Must veil itself in Blushes at thy Talk.

THULA.

Your *Gondibert*, and Night will hide your Blushes.

BIRTHA.

Thula, for shame! nor violate my Ears. —

No wanton Wish has ever stain'd my Thoughts

So deep, as call the Blood into my Cheek.

And tho' I love my *Gondibert* as much,

As tenderly as ever Maiden lov'd —

Yet may I never know the Joys of Marriage

If ought but purest Sanctity, as spotless

As Chastity Herself, inflam'd my Breast.

THULA.

Excuse me, bright Perfection! for I found

A Heavi-

A Heaviness upon your Heart, and hop'd
To chase the Gloom away with smiling Language.

BIRTHA.

Ah me!

THULA.

What means that Sigh?

BIRTHA.

And did I sigh?

THULA.

You did, and you look pale: the Roses languish
That shed a cheerful Beauty o'er your Features.

I fear you are not well: dear Madam, tell me:

O tell me: is your Pain about your Heart?

Or where? that I may fly to help my Mistress.

BIRTHA.

A sudden Damp of Spirits; that was all:

But I am easy now; indeed I am.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, the King, and with Him *Rhodolinda*—

BIR-

BIRTHA.

Oh! Oh! --- [Swoons away.

THULA.

She faints. --- Heav'n, take Her to thy Care!

To the Servant.

Here -- bend her forward, while I chafe her Temples.
 O Birtha! O my Mistress! --- But again
 The fragrant Breath --- it hovers o'er her Lips,
 Her Eyes lift up their sickly Lids again
 And languishingly steal into a Sparkle:
 Her Pulses beat; and Beauty's orient Red
 Flows to her Cheeks afresh --- She lives again.

BIRTHA.

He will not, sure, forsake me; his poor Birtha.
 No: Gondibert is Dovelike in his Nature;
 Is made of Truth! --- we'll live among the Lillies:
 Soft-spicy Gales shall waft us to Elysium,
 To Beds of Roses, and to Groves of Myrtle!
 No Rhodolinda shall disturb us there.
 -- Ah, Thula! where! where am I? where is Gondibert?
 My Gondibert? methought He lov'd me well,

BIR

And

And swore He wou'd be true.

THULA.

He will be true:

Compose yourself: all will be well again:

Dear Madam, we'll retire into your Chamber:

All will be well again --- He will be true.

SCENE IV.

ARIBERT, GONDIBERT, ASTRAGON.

ARIBERT.

Thy Actions, *Gondibert*, were so conspicuous ^{Them,}
That Fame employ'd Her hundred Tongues to spread
And charm'd the Ears of Envy with thy Valour.
When all the Battle glow'd, and bloody War
Frown'd horrible; when Shrieks and dying Groans,
Tormenting dismally in Peals the Air,
Roll'd, as the Murmurs of Despair, along,
And Spears, like Light'ning, blasted half the Field;
Yet then, ev'n then, thy gallant Spirit press'd Thee
To pierce the Cloud of Death, to dare all Danger,
To pour thy Thunder where the thickest bled,

To

To bleed thyself, till Victory with Tears
Deform'd her Smiles to see her Heroe's Wounds.

GONDIBERT.

Too much you Honour with your royal Praise
My humble Deeds in War —

ARIBERT.

I know thee modest,
Nor will offend Thee with the glorious Truth,
Thou excellent Young Man! — Thy Father's Soul
Beams in thy Looks; the Soul of my old Friend.
And when I see Thee, I am warm'd again
Into the dear Remembrance of my Youth;
When oft with Him I launc'd the foaming Boar,
Or rush'd into the Bowels of the Battle:
Or in the midnight Dance, and courtly Ball
Sigh'd on the trembling Hand of blushing Beauty
And Sighing have prevail'd. But, ah, those Days,
Those happy Days and Nights are vanish'd long.
Old Men can only meditate with Pleasure
On the past Joys of Youth, and wish, in vain,
The former sprightly, gay, and lusty Years,

When

When every Prospect smil'd, wou'd glide again
 A Revolution of returning Bliss.
 But Thou art in thy Prime: the Blood of Youth
 Now dances briskly in the crimson Channels:
 The Season of Delight! And since thy Wounds,
 (Thanks to the Care of *Astragon*) are heal'd,
 The Court and Beauty may be grateful to Thee.

GONDIBERT.

Eternal Thanks are due, my royal Master,
 To this obliging, condescending Goodness.
 But well I know the polish'd Gallantry,
 The easy Gayety which shine in Courts
 Can never suit a Soldier bred in Camps,
 Unpractis'd in the Art of ought but War.
 The gaudy, wanton, smiling, dancing Courtier
 Wou'd only laugh, and wonder at my Awkerdness.
 No: send me to the Field, when Business calls;
 There send me, and my Life shall gladly bleed
 To serve my Master, Liberty, and Country.
 But now, with your Permission, I'd retire
 Unto these Shades, and learn the Works of Nature,

Turn o'er the Volumes of the sage and good,
And here philosophise with *Astragon*:
This Life is better suited to my Temper.

ARIBERT.

By Heav'n, Thou art injurious to thyself:
That Form of thine was made to charm the Women;
For Strength and Harmony are blended there.
I well remember, for it is not long,
Before the Battle call'd Thee from the Court,
Before these manly Graces flourish'd in Thee,
When *Gondibert* pass'd by, the Ladies sicken'd,
And blest Thee with their Eyes; ev'n *Rhodolinda*,
My Daughter *Rhodolinda* languish'd for Thee.

GONDIBERT.

Let not the Lord my King thus mock his Servant.

ARIBERT.

Mock Thee? I tell Thee, *Gondibert*, thy Virtue,
And Grandour of thy Soul have greatly charm'd me:
And by the Pow'r I serve I swear, my Daughter
Shall take Thee to her Bed, her Lord and Husband.

ASTRAGON.

Oh, there He falls : oh *Birtba*, oh ! my Daughter.

[*Aside.*

GONDIBERT.

O never, never ! What ? your *Rhodolinda*,
My Princess wed her Slave ? far be it from me,
Far be it from me thus to stain her Beauties,
To fully thus the Lustre of your Crown.
I will not, dare not aim --- While crowding Kings
With Transport lay their Hearts and Crowns before Her.
No ! at an humble Distance let me wait
And thank the Gods for Forming so much Beauty.
I'd venture Life in Honour of her Virtue,
But wou'd not live to sacrifice my Princess
To my Delight, tho' Heav'n is in her Arms ; ---
Too much I honour and regard her Happiness.

ASTRAGON.

O matchless Truth ! and more than mortal Goodness !

[*Aside.*

ARIBERT.

Thy great Humility has urg'd in vain.

A a a 2

I know

I know thy Passion will be welcome to Her.
 I know how sweet thy Name and Virtues sound
 In *Rhodolinda's* Ear: when late I mention'd
 This my Design, a various Glow of Blushes
 Ran flushing through her Face, and dy'd her Cheeks
 In Love's own purple Dress; She stole a Sigh;
 A lucid Softness dy'd upon her Eyes,
 And every Look and Gesture spoke her Love.
 But we will leave Thee: --- *Tibalt*, call the Princess.
 -- It shall be so -- have done. -- Come, worthy *Astragon*,
 In the mean time, I'll view thy House and Gardens,
 For they are fam'd for Beauty and Design:
 An elegant Simplicity conspires
 With Nature to command our Admiration,
 And pleases better than the swelling Pride
 Of marble Domes and sculptur'd Alabaster.

SCENE V.

GONDIBERT, RHODOLINDA, LAURA.

GONDIBERT.

Ambition reaches out a Crown in vain,
 To raise me into Misery for ever.

Cease.

Cease, gilded Bait, to swim before my Eyes;
My Love is fixt and stedfast as the Pillars
Which prop the Sky: Ambition, cease to tempt me;
Thy Efforts all are light as empty Air.
— My *Birtba*'s dearer than ten thousand Crowns,
Tho' every Crown was spangled o'er with Stars,
And golden *India* ripen'd all Her Mines
Beneath its Pow'r. — But how shall I behave,
Or how disguise my Passion from the Princess.
She must expect a softer, warmer Meeting
Than I have Pow'r to give. This, this perplexes.
— I cannot now avoid her ill-tim'd Visit:
No; if I shou'd, her Anger might arise
And ruin all my Hopes: I must receive Her;
I must; but yet I need not mention Love:
With awful Reverence I'll seem to greet Her,
And, after formal Complements, retire
Submissively; then silent steal to *Birtba*,
And crown our Vows with Marriage:— sure, the Princess,
When Marriage has united us, will pity us,
Nor hurl the Bolt of Vengeance at Our Love:

Softness

Softness becomes Her Sex. But then the King ---
 His Rage, at my Refusal, may undo us : ---
 Good Heav'n, direct me in this doubtful Hour,
 O safely lead me through this Maze of Ruin;
 For I resign our Loves unto thy Care :
 Look down with Mercy : *Birtba's* Innocence
 May hope Protection from thy righteous Hand! ---

But *Rhodolinda* comes, and *Laura* with Her.

Hail, royal Maid! whose Beauty, like the Sun,
 Disdains not thus to shine on all alike.
 This Visit might detain a fleeting Soul,
 Just on the Wing to Heav'n, and call it back
 To stay awhile and wonder at your Goodness :
 Might bid the Hearts of Princes beat with Pride :
 But when vouchsaf'd to me, your humblest Vassal ---

R H O D O L I N D A.

My Lord, you'r not so much indebted to me;
 For ev'n without the Orders of the King,
 The Gratitude, and Friendship which I owe
 The brave Defender of my Father's Throne,
 Had brought me thus to thank you for your Service.

G O N D I -

GONDIBERT.

Alas, my Service, Madam, was but trifling;
What every honest Man shou'd pay his King,
And only can deserve the Name of great,
Since you are pleas'd to raise it with your Praises.
To be rewarded thus, might teach a Coward
To flame with Valour, rush on certain Death,
And thank the Gods who made his End so glorious.
For not the generous Poet's golden Pen,
Dip'd in Eternity, and dropping Life,
Cou'd give the Heroe half so high a Fame,
As when you gild his Actions with your Tongue.

I fear She loves: I see it in her Eyes;
They swell on Mine, and Love is pregnant in Them.

RHODOLINDA.

But what if *Rhodolinda* shou'd dispence
Superiour Favours to her graceful Warriour.
Excuse me, Modesty, and hide my Blushes. [Aside.

GONDIBERT.

Impossible: your Praises are too high;
They lift the Soul above --- What shall I say? [Aside.

RHODO-

RHODOLINDA.

What if the Princess whom you say you honour --

GONDIBERT.

Madam, I fear I violate your Goodness
 With tedious Service, and detain your Beauties
 From spreading out their Beams and kindly Influence,
 And comforting the Earth with Light and Joy.
 May bounteous Heav'n Show'r all its Blessings on you.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

RHODOLINDA, LAURA.

RHODOLINDA.

He's gone: nor wou'd He listen to my Love.
 Patience direct me! to be left so coldly!
 Left, when I just was pouring out my Heart
 In Words which might have been Ambrosia to Him:
 For which ev'n Kings had laid there Scepters by,
 And thought themselves more blest to drink them in,
 Than if the Queen of Beauty had caress'd them,
 Unloos'd her Charms, and giv'n up all her Sweetness.

What

What can He mean? some other Virgin charms Him?
It must be so? —

L A U R A.

Some other Virgin charm Him?

What radiant Image can employ his Heart,
When once your Eyes have let out Day upon Him?
Impossible: She shou'd be all a Goddess:
Her Cheeks shou'd glow with Roses, deep as those
Which glister in the Eastern Fields of Heav'n,
And shed the purple Morning from their Blushes:
Her Lips shou'd breath Delight.

R H O D O L I N D A.

I pray thee hold,
Nor praise thy Mistress' Beauty, but assist Her.
I think myself as fair as any She
That ever held the captive World in Chains:
And shou'd another --- poison to my Thoughts ---
But sure He cannot be so dull, so senseless,
As thus neglect a Crown and *Rhodolinda*,
To languish in another's humble Arms: ---
Yet shou'd He, by the Anguish of my Soul

B b b

Which

Which bleeds with Indignation and with Love,
 Her Life shall forfeit, what Her Beauty gain'd.
 But how to find the Secret: there's the Question.

LAURA.

The only Way, my Thoughts present, is this.
 My Husband, and the Duke's Companion, *Ulfinoe*,
 Were born together and together bred,
 In early Friendship and most strict Alliance.
 The Duke reposes all his Bosom in Him,
 And shou'd He love, which I can scarce believe,
 Yet shou'd He, *Ulfinoe* must know his Passion,
 The Progress of it and the fatal Object.
Tybalt, no doubt, may wind into his Heart;
 And then the Secret's ours. But I'll instruct Him.

RHODOLINDA.

Let me embrace thee, *Laura*; dear, dear *Laura*!
 Thy Words are balm, and Comfort dawns upon me.
 But I'll retire, and with Impatience wait
 Till Time unbosom this mysterious Turn.
 Seek *Tybalt*, and discover what thou can
 To ease thy Mistress, and restore her Peace.

Distracted

Distracted with Variety of Pain,
Love, Rage and Madness fire my tortur'd Brain.

The End of the Second Act.



Bbb. 2

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

GONDIBERT, BIRTHA,

GONDIBERT.

I Feel myself more light, my Spirits flow
Serenely on, and Life is less a Burthen,
Since I have made this Vow to marry *Birtha*.
But I will go to comfort the poor Mourner,
Who weeps and groans in Bitterness of Spirit.
For, *Thula* tells me, when She heard the News
Of *Rhodolinda*, Life forgot its Office;
She dy'd away with tender Fears, and sigh'd
With all the piteous Harmony of Sorrow:
Then sought her Chamber, but with tottering Steps,
To hide her Woes in solitary Darkness. —
Methinks I hear Her Sighs: — It must be so:
I hear them softly breathing on my Ears,
Sad as the Nightingales melodious Woe
In gentle Even-Tide, when Westwinds shake
The new-blown Roses from their balmy Wings;

All

All-night She sings the Absence of her Mate,
While Sorrow pricks her Breast, and fondest Love
Mistakes Him ever lost. — Like kindly Dew
I'll steal upon this lovely-drooping Flow'r,
And wake it into Smiles: And, see, She comes,
In all the Beauty of Distress. — My *Birtha!*

BIRTHA.

What Voice is that, which in so sweet an Accent
Dare call upon so lost a Thing as I am?
They say, Compassion, in this Age, is cold.

GONDIBERT.

My Birtha!

[*She sees Him.*]

BIRTHA.

Oh! And is it you, my Lord?

Indeed its kind to visit the distress.
If Comfort cou'd diffuse her golden Dawn
On Grief so black as mine, it wou'd be now.
Your Presence ever blest my Eyes with Gladness,
Joy prun'd his purple Wings when you appear'd,
And waited on your Smiles. — Yes I remember

Those

Those dear, white Hours. But now it is not so:
For, ah, I grieve the more to see you here,
So much my Heart is careful for your Peace,
Left Sorrow prove infectious and you catch it.
And Sorrow shou'd be foreign to that Face,
When *Rhodolinda* opens all her Beauties
To charm my Lord, and crown his Soul with Joy.

GONDIBERT.

Why wilt thou break my Heart with mourning thus?
And why be so unkind, so very cruel
As thus distrust my Constancy and Love?
No, *Birtba*, no: were *Rhodolinda* fair
As summer Skies, when not a Cloud deforms
The blue Expanse, but all is spotless Beauty
Fring'd with celestial Streams of sunny Gold:
Cou'd *Rhodolinda* place beneath my Feet
The Stores and Realms which *Juno* promis'd *Paris*;
Yet, by the Softness of thy Soul, I swear,
I'd quit them all for Thee: tho' meagre Want,
And baleful Misery besieg'd my Way,
I'd venture on, I'd catch Thee in my Arms,

I'd feed upon thy Beauties, smile at Poverty,
And think the Gods were kind in giving Thee.

B I R T H A.

Ascend, ye Lover-Spirits, from Elysium
And sing this wond'rous Truth. — Amazing Constancy!
O *Birtba*, thou art quite undone with kindness,
And Admiration swallows up my Soul.

[*After Pausing.*

And can you think, my Lord, to stay with me?
For me, to quit the royal *Rhodolinda*?
It is too much, your Virtue is too bounteous:
I am unworthy, quite unworthy of You.
No; take Her, take the lovely, loving Princess,
And Heav'n incircle You with sumless Joys!

G O N D I B E R T.

What means my *Birtba*?

B I R T H A.

I absolve my Lord,
Yes, I absolve you from your Vows and Faith.
Why shou'd I ruin such unbounded Goodness,
And why, why stand between a Crown and You!

No:

No: leave me to my Sadness; do, my *Gondibert*!
 Ascend the royal Bed of *Rhodolinda*:
 While I consume my solitary Days
 In some forsaken Cave, or wayless Wild,
 Where misery wou'd chuse her dreary Dwelling;
 There will I teach the Streams to murmur "*Gondibert*;"
 The Birds shall learn to whisper the dear Name,
 And every Echo sooth me with the Sound:
 There beg of Heav'n in never-ceasing Pray'rs
 To bless you both with everlasting Love.

GONDIBERT.

I pray thee, hold; nor wound me to the Soul:
 For while thou talk'st thus to me, see, my Eyes
 Swell into Tenderness, and flow with Sorrow.

BIRTHA.

My Lord, I speak the Language of my Heart,
 For tho' Heav'n knows I dye upon the Thought,
 (Yes, while I think, the Weight of Death is on me.)
 Tho' all the Sum of Bliss my Fancy form'd
 In golden Dreams, and happier Days, depended
 On you alone, the Cordial of my Life,

Joy of my Sense, and Comfort of my Soul :

Yet --- oh ! --- since Heav'n will have it so, I yield ;

I give myself to Wretchedness for ever,

With all the Fondness of a dying Lover.

By the chaste Splendours of the Moon I swear,

That gild yon Orange Grove with silver Softness,

By every Star that burns around her Throne,

The solemn Witnesses of both our Loves,

I'd rather part for ever from my Lord,

For ever part, than bar your Way to Greatness.

The King enrag'd, shou'd you refuse the Princess,

May let the Fullness of his Fury fall

Upon us both, and crush us both to Ruin :

Rather than both, --- upon my Knees I beg it,

I beg it by these Tears, let *Birtba* suffer,

And, if I save You, Ruin will be pleasing.

'Tis more than Happiness to die for You.

GONDIBERT.

Thou Soul of Goodness, how shall I reward Thee --

Or how admire thy Virtues as I ought ?

They stream in such Variety of Light,

C c c

My

My Senses all are dazzled with the Glory.
Whether the Lustre of thy Mind or Face,
The Beauty of thy Sorrow, or thy Joy,
Come o'er my Thoughts they equally surprize me.
Thus have I seen the many-colour'd Dove
Sport in the Blaze of Day: his changeful Neck
Waves beaming round a Rainbow of Delight:
The Purple varies into glossy Gold,
The Gold into the Robe of smiling Spring,
As different Points of Light present a Chain
Of transient Colours glancing on the Sun:
But whether Purple, Gold or Green diffuse
Alternate Rays, the Green, the Gold, the Purple
With equal Pleasure, but with varied Beauties
And bright Confusion entertain our Eyes.

BIRTHA.

Oh me! —

GONDIBERT.

Be comforted, the Gods are good,
Are kind to Virtue, and delight in Mercy;
And Heav'n, I hope, has Blessings yet in Store,

To lap us in Elysiums of Love,
And recompence the Miseries we taste of.
This Hour I mean to make thee mine for ever,
The holy Priest will meet us in thy Chamber,
By my Appointment, and receive our Vows.
Then *Birtha*!

BIRTHA.

O my Lord, I fear.

GONDIBERT.

No more ---

BIRTHA.

But shou'd the King --- consider O my Lord!

GONDIBERT.

None but the holy Priest shall know the Secret:
To-morrow's Light will further open to us
The King's Design: and shou'd He still persist,
Then, *Birtha*, then, my Soul, we'll fly together,
Together to some distant Realm we'll fly,
Where *Aribert* shall never more disturb us;
There sweetly roll away our Life in Love,
Blest in each other, and grow old in Joy.

B I R T H A.

And will you then forsake a Crown for me?

O think —

G O N D I B E R T.

My *Birtba*, Crowns are Trifles to Thee.

B I R T H A.

Then here I give myself to You and Heav'n.

G O N D I B E R T.

O bounteous Gift! — Heav'n make me worthy of
 And, Thou, the God of Purity and Love, [Thee.
 Whose Pow'r is infinite, protect thy Servants:
 O snatch us from the Malice of our Fortune,
 And lead us to the quiet Ways of Peace.
 O save us; we resign ourselves to Thee.

S C E N E II.

ULFINORE, TIBALT.

T I B A L T.

You strive in vain to hide your Sorrows from me,
 Your Words, your Silence equally betray you.
 Your Cheeks are tinctur'd with the yellow Plague

Of

Of Jealousy, which marks you for her Conquest.
 If Friendship may relieve you speak your Grief,
 My Counsel may direct you to the Port
 Of sweet Contentment and the Paths of Peace;
 Or is my Friendship and its Proffers slighted?
 My Hours were tedious tho' possess'd of *Laura*,
 Till *Ulfignore* was Master of the secret:
 My Happiness ev'n suffer'd a Stagnation,
 Pent up within my Breast, till I cou'd open
 The Sluices of my Joy to Thee, my Friend,
 And pour the copious Stream upon thy Bosom:
 Yet *Tibalt* is neglected by his *Ulfignore*.

U L F I G N O R E.

No, witness, Heav'n! thy Friendship is my Glory:
 But what avail its kindly Care and Wishes?
 Despair forbids all Cure.

T I B A L T.

But why Despair?
 If Love possess Thee, Love may be procur'd,
 If Honour bleed, thy Honour may be heal'd;
 I'll plead thy Passion, or I'll fight thy Cause,

Prevail

Prevail in Both, or dye to give thee Comfort.

ULFINORE.

Wou'd I had dy'd in Battle! e're my Eyes
Beheld her fatal Beauties --- but She's lost,
For ever gloriously lost to me. ---
Yes, *Gondibert* alone cou'd merit *BIRTHA*.

TIBALT.

Hah! --- *Gondibert* and *BIRTHA* --- Thy Despair,
Black with a baleful Humour, turns thy Brain;
Say rather *Gondibert* and *Rhodolinda*.
For so thy Purpose means; --- and Heav'n has will'd.

ULFINORE.

The King might will it so; but, *Tibalt*, Heav'n,
Heav'n to reward his Virtues gives Him *BIRTHA*.
A Kingdom had been less with *Rhodolinda*.

TIBALT.

Amazement chains my Tongue. -- But did She spurn
Despise thy Passion, and disdain thy Vows? [Thee,
No doubt She did, when *Gondibert* ador'd Her.

ULFINORE.

I never told my Love, I never own'd it.

The

The secret Serpent, folded in my Brain,
Shot all his Stings, or twisting round my Heart
Drank my warm Life-Blood there. And let Him riot,
The purple Currents are well-nigh exhausted;
My Torments too will end when They are dry.

TIBALT.

Heav'n knows I pity Thee and wou'd relieve ---

ULFINORE.

I know Thou wou'dst: But leave me to my Fate,
Since Death alone must ease me: For I swear
I wou'd not if I might possess my Wishes,
Nor violate my Master's matchless Goodness;
He lives alone in Her and She in Him;
Hope were Ingratitude, and wishes Sin;
I cut Them off, and gladly plunge in Ruin.

TIBALT.

Illustrious Sufferer! Thy Virtues shine
Fairer through Misery and gild Destruction.
But lo! the King, He seems to bend this Way,
And *Astragon* attends Him, with his Friends
The grave Philosophers. Let us retire. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

KING, ASTRAGON, PHILOSOPHERS.

KING.

The Wonders I have heard and seen surprise me.
 The Life of Knowledge is the Life of Bliss.
 What Scenes of Glory open on my Mind
 With new Delight, which Ignorance had veil'd!
 How often I beheld yon azure Vault,
 The spangl'd Firmament, and glittering Host
 Of Stars innumerable sparkling round,
 With cold Neglect and stupid Inattention?
 Till You, ye Sons of Wisdom and of Virtue,
 Dispel'd the Gloom and lighted up my Soul.

ASTRAGON.

The Firmament's a Volume fair display'd
 With sacred Characters that shine Conviction,
 And glorify their Maker in their Courses:
 There's not a single Spark but glows with Praises;
 The Spheres harmonious roll the glorious Hymn,
 Tun'd to the golden Harps of *winged Flames*,
 From World to World, and burn with Adoration.

KING.

KING.

O wou'd some God but purge th' obstructed Ear,
 What elevating Musick might surround
 Th' inferior Globe with symphonising Peals
 Of Melody celestial, Orbs to Orbs
 Sweet quiring, and exalt the Soul to Heav'n!

PHILOSOPHER.

Heav'n's Ordinances, Royal Sir, are just,
 And suited to the present State of Man.
 This radiant Scale of Music meets the Eye
 Not meant to pierce the Ear. Our feeble Organs
 Confounded while the Constellations sing,
 As if ten thousand Thunders burst around,
 Wou'd faint beneath the Melody divine.
 Th' ethereal Roll of loud resounding Spheres
 Wou'd stun if not unloose the World below.

ASTRAGON.

So much the rather let us strive to tune
 These little Worlds ourselves to righteous rule,
 Compose Them to the Harmony of Virtue,

Assuage the Tumults of rebellious Passions,
 And teach Subjection to our Foes within.
 Thus fitted to the Laws of Good and Just
 Shall universal Order rule the Whole,
 Our Souls be Music and our jarring Bodies
 Obedient to the Music of our Souls:
 So Peace shall wave her Olive Branches o'er Us
 And Concord bind Us in her golden Chain.

KING.

I cou'd for ever hear You. O how blest
 Had been my Fortune, O what Joys unmix'd,
 What Days of Innocence, what Nights of Rest,
 The Brow unclouded and the Breast serene,
 If Heav'n had plac'd me in these Seats of Science,
 Of Purity, Contentment, Health and Peace!
 For Royalty too oft, the Gaze of Ideots,
 The Pageantry of Guilt and splendid Danger,
 This Royalty I say is rais'd on high,
 Only to sink beneath its Weight of Grandeur.

2. PHILOSOPHER.

Few Monarchs like yourself are born to bless

An happy People, in their Princes happy.
That King is only great who rules by Goodness.
Justice supports but Mercy fills his Throne:
Tho' Gold and Jewels flame around his Temples
The Wreath of Virtue is his brighter Crown.

3. PHILOSOPHER.

His Throne, establish'd in his Subject's Hearts,
Nor overthrown by Foes nor sap'd by Treason,
Shall flourish still unmov'd and stand unshaken,
Firm as the Pillars of the Earth and lasting.

ASTRAGON.

Such are the Blessings which attend on Kings
Who reign in Righteousness, like royal *Aribert*,
By Mortals honour'd and approv'd by Heav'n.

KING.

For Virtues such as these I choose the Duke
The gallant *Gondibert* to wed my Daughter.
Tho' Young, his Name is mighty in the Field:
Thrice He repell'd my Foes and thrice He stain'd
Our silver *Adice* with hostile Purple,
Victorious in his March. Nor less his Skill

In Counsels and the Myſteries of State.
 Beneath his Rule my People, all my Care,
 May live ſecure and happy. For myſelf,
 Since Age unnerves this Arm and damps my Brain,
 Unequal now alike to War or Counſels,
 Times hoary Victim, gladly I reſign
 My Crown and Scepter to his Brow and Hand,
 To glory there aſreſh with priſtine Luſtre.

ASTRAGON.

Yet hear your faithful Servant, royal Sir,
 Tho' Time has ſnow'd his venerable Honours
 Upon your ſacred Head, ſtill unimpair'd
 Your Wiſdom might direct a larger Kingdom,
 Your Virtues ſtill may bleſs your loving People,
 Who long to live and die beneath your Sway.

KING.

Yes, *Aſtragon*, my People are my Children,
 Their King's and Father's Bleſſing ſhall await Them,
 Till Death forbid. But *Gondibert* muſt ſhare
 The Honours with the Troubles of my Crown.
 Eaſe is the Balm of Age. My Years demand

ASTRAGON.

The

The Comforts of Retirement and of Peace.
The Fire which kindled up my Soul to Fame
And Deeds of Prowess languishes within me.
His ardent Spirits like an active Flame
Shall warm his Subjects, but consume his Foes.
My Laurels, well-nigh faded with the Frosts
Of seventy Winters, shall revive anew
Transplanted to his Brows, again shall flourish,
And gather Verdure from his youthful Spring.

But come, my *Astragon*, and you, my Friends,
My Daughter *Rhodolinda* will expect me.
With you conversing, Time on Feet of Down
Pac'd unperceiv'd away, so sweet the Hours
By sacred Wisdom led! It must be late;
For lo the Moon, which only seem'd to tip
The Summits of the Grove, advanc'd in Glory
Now pours a silver Deluge o'er the Night,
Near mounted to her Noon.—Perhaps my Daughter
May be retir'd; for early at the Dawn,
I order'd our Departure for *Verona*,
To celebrate the Nuptials: so good Night.

ASTRAGON.

Permit us to attend you to your Chamber;
 That done, we'll beg of Heav'n to bless your Slumbers
 Humbly before the Altar.

KING.

Thank your Goodness:
 The pious Prayers of holy Men like you
 Are powerful Intercessors with kind Heaven,
 They rise in Incence and descend in Blessings. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

RHODOLINDA, LAURA.

RHODOLINDA.

Am I despis'd for *Birtba* then, for *Birtba*?
 Patience, I give Thee to the Fiends --- Confusion.

LAURA.

This very Hour my Husband gain'd the Secret
 From *Ulfmore*, who dies himself for *Birtba*.

RHODOLINDA.

Hah! am I *Rhodolinda*, am I Daughter
 To *Aribert* and Heiress of the Crown

-ASTRA

Of

Of *Lombardy* and scorn'd? How am I fall'n!

Perdition seize her Beauties, Lightnings blast Them —

A Princess I, and She — My Soul's on Fire,

Nought but her Blood shall quench it: come, Revenge,

From thy black Cave; I feel thy Serpents here,

They Hiss me into Madness. Live? She shall not,

Not breath another Hour, by Hell She shall not,

Tho' Nature sunk in Ruins at her Fall.

For *Gondibert*, I scorn Him and myself

I scorn, for losing but one Thought upon Him.

O Pusillanimous! O abject Slave!

Slave to a Girl, a Village Girl! By Heav'n

I triumph in the meanness of thy Spirit.

Go, wed Her, She alone is worthy of Thee —

But yet the Sorcerers, the smiling Sorcerers,

Shall She escape? — I'll stab Her in his Arms.

L A U R A.

Madam compose Yourself, this Storm of Passion

Shakes every Nerve, and ruffles all your Form.

Acquaint your Father.

R H O-

RHODOLINDA.

Yes, the King shall know it,
 Shall know his Baseness: His paternal Care ---
 --- Yet shou'd the Weakness of old Age betray Him
 To pity Them and pardon --- If He shou'd,
 Still there are Daggers, Poison --- Hence away;
 I know the sage *Urganda* will assist me:
 This Moment seek her Cave, and fetch her Poisons,
 That Fate may be secure --- This Moment, *Laura*. ---
Destruction; lead me on; I'll follow Thee.
 The *Furies* shall their Nuptial Torches bear,
 And big with fell Revenge I'll meet Them there.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

GONDIBERT.

HAIL Marriage! Fountain of unsullied Blifs,
Descending from above, to quench the Thirst
Of Holy Love, and bathe the Soul in Sweetness.
Hail Hymeneal Rose, without a Thorn!
How have thy Leaves distill'd into my Heart
Their balmy Dews, as pleasant as the Drops
Which softly fall upon our Fields and Hills.
But see the beauteous Partner of my Life,
My *Birtha* moves this Way. Her modest Cheeks
With rosy Virtue flame, and speak her Thoughts
As bright and spotless as the golden Lamps
Which burn before the sacred Throne of Love.

Scene Fourth.

Gondibert, Birtha.

BIRTHA.

My Lord, my *Gondibert*, it was not kind
To leave me thus alone, so soon to leave me,

E e e

For

For I cou'd dwell for ever in your Sight,
Live on your Looks, or dye within your Arms.
But you'll forgive me while I thus complain,
For 'tis Excess of Love, it is, believe me :
Love overflows my Heart, inflames my Pulse,
Beats with my Life, and mingles with my Soul.

GONDIBERT.

Good Heav'n! what Blessings has thy Mercy pour'd
On thy unworthy Servant! — O *My Birtha*,
Thy Love is Wonderful, surpassing far
The Love of Women! Vestal Maids might own it,
And learn from thine to glow with purer Fires.
Here I had sought the Bosom of the Grove
To wonder at thy Charms, to feed my Heart
In Meditation on Thee, and to thank
In humble Pray'rs the Gods for giving Thee!
For, trust me, while I stand blest in thy Presence,
Such ardent Tumults of severe Delight
Astonish all my Soul, that nought is left
To shew the boundless Virtue of my Love
But dying Gazes, Sighs, and speechless Raptures.

BIRTHA.

The Language of the Soul! no Tongue can speak it:
O Love! thy Thoughts are painted to the Eye;
Each Motion has the Force of Eloquence,
And nothing in us, but our Tongues, is silent. ---
Support me, *Gondibert*, I faint with Rapture.

GONDIBERT.

Methinks I am a real *Atlas*, thus
While I support my *Birtha* --- Heav'nly Burthen!
Ambition! how I spurn thee! --- And I swear
The Flame of Glory, and the shouting Field,
The golden Chariot, and attending Princes
Who bit their Chains to swell the Triumph high,
Cou'd never pour such Transports on my Heart,
As now I feel, thus clasping Thee! --- Farewel
All future Thoughts of War: farewel, my Arms,
Which spread a burnish'd Horror o'er the Fields,
I give you up to rust. No more the Foe
Shall tremble at the nodding of my Plumes;
And Death no more look grimly pleas'd to see
Her griev'd Empire growing by my Sword.

No Sights but Beauty now shall charm my Eyes,
 No Sounds but Sighs be pleasing to my Ears,
 And nought but *Birtba* triumph in my Heart.

B I R T H A.

And by the gentle Pow'r of Love, I never,
 O never tasted Joy compar'd to this
 Through all my Virgin-Life. Your Words are Honey
 Distilling from your Lips, and feed my Soul.
 Your Silence and your Words both charm alike.
 O may our Bliss continue thus to roll,
 A long, a soft, uninterrupted Stream;
 Nor vex with Troubles, nor the Storms of Life;
 Till having run through Meadows, green Retreats,
 And peaceful Vales, refining as it runs,
 It meet the Ocean of Eternity,
 There lose itself in never-ending Love.

G O N D I B E R T.

My Heart has form'd as fair a Scene of Joy.
 For I have call'd to mind a Seat of Safety
 Low in a Vale, and distant from the Court,
 Where Peace and Innocence wou'd chuse a Dwelling:

Where

Where Pleasure smiling roves through blooming Bowers,
Through flowery Fields, through silver-rolling Streams,
And dips in rosy Dews her purple Wings.

In those soft Scenes of Love and rural Silence,
Where Nature laughs, a Wilderness of Sweets !
There lives a good old Man, my Father's Friend,
I know He gladly will receive us both.

We'll fly to Him, nor hear of Danger more.

There like two Vines we'll grow and curl together,
Swell into Ripeness, blossom into Joy !

The Sun shall sooth us with his sweetest Beams,

No Winds, but spicy Gales, refresh our Noons,

No Birds, but Turtles, warble in our Shades,

And Love Himself shall wave his Banner o'er us :

While Truth, and Joy, and Hope, a smiling Train,

Sport round, and fan us with their shining Plumes.

—You tremble and look pale :—Why starts my Love ?

—What sudden Change is this ?

B I R T H A.

Behold the Guards ;

Protect us, Heav'n ! I dread the fatal Consequence.

G O N -

GONDIBERT.

Heav'n will protect Thee : Let us meet the Storm,
I'll either save my Love or perish in it.

S C E N E II.

Enter Tibalt and Guards.

GONDIBERT.

What mean these *Guards*, and *Tibalt* in Disorder?
You seem to labour with some mighty Message
That's big with Fate : what're it be declare it.

TIBALT.

Unwilling we approach with bleeding Hearts
And faltering Tongues, but Orders from the King--

GONDIBERT.

Tibalt, speak out, what Orders from my Sov'reign?

TIBALT.

Forgive Us, noble Sir, the King commands
That we confine you till his farther Pleasure.

GON-

GONDIBERT.

I know Submission, as I knew to conquer.
I fought his Battles, and He thus rewards me.
But be it so; for Kings must be obey'd.
The delegated Majesty of Heav'n,
The radiant Image which improv'd Creation
Is stamp'd upon Them, and their Laws enforces
With sacred Characters. The Deity
Lets down Himself into the Rays of Kings,
And throws a reverential Glory round Them
Inviolable, as a Guard celestial
And Panoply divine. I know my Duty.
Ev'n tho' They err — And Man is prone to Errors;
Altho' protected with that high Commiſſion,
His Paſſions may betray Him or his Weakneſs —
Yet ſtill we muſt forget Him as a Man,
Confess the Tye betwixt the Gods and Him,
Like *Jupiter's* betwixt his Throne and Earth,
And glory, while we ſuffer, in Obedience.
— I follow You — lead on. — Alas, my *Birtba*,
Thy Sorrows, not the royal Menace, wound me;

No

No sooner Heav'n bestow'd its choicest Blessing,
In giving Thee, but —

BIRTHA.

Oh, my Heart, my Heart!

The Pangs of Separation are upon Thee.
And is our Love thus blasted in its Spring,
Now, when the Buds of Hope were sweetly-swellling
And promising a bounteous Crop of Joy?

Enter Messinger.

MESSINGER.

Your Stay is dangerous: This Moment part Them,
Or Punishment awaits your Disobedience,
The Princess self commanded me to tell you,
And threaten'd Vengeance in her Words and Eyes.

GONDIBERT.

The Princess -- ha! -- The King may be impos'd on;
Perhaps his Tendernefs for *Rhodolinda*,
Perhaps the sudden Transport of his Passion
Inflam'd with her pernicious Rage might drive Him
Impetuous on, which Reason yet may cool;
Perhaps — we still may Hope —

[*Aside.*

T I-

TIBALT.

It grieves us, Sir,
But pardon us — our Lives are else in Danger —

BIRTHA.

Nought but the cruel Hand of Death shall part us.
No : — I will be Companion of your Woes,
Your faithful dear associate in Confinement,
Try every gentle Art and winning Charm,
To woo you from Affliction and beguile
Approaching Pangs from hatching in your Bosom.
I'll teach your Chains to fit more easy on you,
And by the powerful Chemistry of Love
Their Iron soften or convert to Gold.
When the raw Dungeon-Damps pollute your Senses,
I'll breath a warm and fragrant Gale of Sighs,
To sweeten Misery ; my Breast, your Pillow,
Shall heave you to repose, my faithful Arms,
A kinder Prison, fold you into Rest,
And my Lips chastly kiss away your Sorrows.

Fff

GON-

GONDIBERT.

The Gods will bless Thee, *Birtba*, and protect Thee,
And for thy Sake may kindly look on Me.

Enter another Messinger.

TIBALT.

My Lord!

GONDIBERT.

'Tis well: one dear Embrace, my *Birtba*,
The Rest I leave to Heav'n, for Heav'n is just.
Adieu — be comforted — we must obey —
Adieu!

1. GUARD.

We little thought to lead our General
To Prison thus —

2. GUARD.

But if the Camp shou'd hear it,
He's so deservedly belov'd, They'd All —

TIBALT.

What are you muttering there?—Sir, We attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*BIRTHA, THULA, ASTRAGON.**BIRTHA.*

Are these the Comforts of a Bridal-Day?
The Sighs of Ecstasy are sunk in Sobs
Of Bitterness. A Prison deep, and dreary
As the dark Mansions of the Dead, receive Him,
Receive my Lord and Husband! Oh, my Heart,
What Hoards of Rapture didst thou fondly promise,
What golden Scenes, what Flows of endless Joys,
What Calms of Fortune, and what Smiles of Love!
Instead of these, O Heav'ns, instead of Blessings,
The baleful Stars have pour'd their Curses on me
And empty'd all the Vials of their Wrath.
But why on me, ye Stars, but why on me?
How have my tender Years provok'd your Rage,
And what has been my Crime? for sure, o sure
It is no Crime to love as I have lov'd,
So chastly, tenderly as I have lov'd!
Then why these Plagues on me? If Love be Guilt,
Who, who is innocent?

Enter.

Enter Astragon.

What lovely Mourner,
What Daughter of Affliction wounds my Ear
With such sad Accents? ah — it is my own,
My poor, dear *Birtba*, 'tis my only Child!
What ails my Love? what Misery unheard of
Provokes this deep and overflowing Sorrow?
Say, tell me; that thy Father with the Wing
Of Tenderneſs may guard Thee from thy Sorrows.

B I R T H A.

No, rather curſe me; for my Woes are ſuch
So black with Fate, that not a pitying Pow'r
Dare ſpread one Ray of Comfort on my Soul
Or liſt me kindly into Joy again.
Deſpair has drag'd me down into her Cave,
And chain'd me there for ever — O my Father!

A S T R A G O N.

What? ſhall I curſe my Child? no, *Birtba*, no:
May the beſt Wiſhes of a dying Mother
Pour'd for her Infants, weeping round her Bed
In all the Agonies of artleſs Sorrow,

Encom-

Encompas thee about with dearest Blessings.

But say what sudden Stroke of Fate has sunk Thee

So very low, that Hope has left my Child,

That Hope, the last of Friends, has left my *Birtba*?

B I R T H A.

Oh! — do not break, my Heart, before my Tongue
Has told the Tale of Misery; but then

In a long Sob dissolve my Life away.

But do not break before my Father know

The Pangs I feel, and their most dismal Causes

That he may pity me: and sure He will,

For he has ever been the best of Fathers,

Most loving and belov'd! and see, He weeps,

Poor, good Old-man He weeps before He knows them,

What must He then, what must He when He hears?

What Heart-felt Stings, what bleeding Drops of Nature!

---- But I will spare his Peace: Why shou'd I wound

Him,

Why drink the Fountain of my Life, and lay

His venerable Greynefs in the Dust?

ASTRAGON.

Yet tell me, tho' thy every Accent blast me,
And shrivel up my Being like a Scroll.
Tell me, for I am on the Rack? what said I?
The Rack is softer Ease than Beds of Roses.
Uncertainty is Death, is more, is Hell —

BIRTHA.

First, I am marry'd, there, O there I fall —

ASTRAGON.

Marry'd? I hope to *Gondibert*.

BIRTHA.

To *Gondibert*.

ASTRAGON.

And can thy Marriage with that Noble Youth,
And gentlest of his Sex too, give This Pain.

BIRTHA.

O that undoes me! 'tis the Pang of Pangs,
To think the dear, the tender, gentle Youth,
Just when the Holy Priest had made us One,
Just when He breath'd the fondest Vows of Love
That ever fill'd a Virgin's Ear with Rapture,

And

And figh'd, and smil'd unutterable Softness,
That He shou'd then be ravish'd from my Arms,
That then the Bolt of Fate shou'd hurl Him from me,
Shou'd hurl Him thus for ever — 'tis too much —
I sink — I hope the Hand of Death is on me.
My Father, Oh my Father! —

Falls into his Arms.

ASTRAGON.

O my Child! —

Run, *Thula*, fetch the Life-restoring Drops,
The Aromatick Stream of Herbs and Flow'rs
By Chimick Forces drawn to stay the Soul
Just fleeing to the Stars, and call it back
To animate again the pallid Clay. —
Awake, my *Birtba*! O my Child! my Child.
Why wilt thou leave thy Aged Father thus
To Pain, to Grief, to Wretchedness for ever?
Thou only Comfort of my Eyes, awake,
Prop of my Life, and Glory of my Age,
Thou dear, dear Image of thy Mother's Sweetness,
Awake, and blefs thy Father with thy Beauties,

Gild

Gild his Grey Hairs with thy returning Beams,
And do not leave me on the Verge of Age!
For who shall close my Eyes, when thou art gone?
Who pay the last sad Duties at my Grave?
Who pour the Stream of Sorrow on my Herse,
Or sooth my hovering Spirit like to *Birtba*?

She revives.

B I R T H A.

O — oh — Why am I curst to Life again.
And does the Grave too envy me its Darknefs,
Nor will it kindly gape and take me in?
My Father! am I in your Arms again?
I hop'd e're this that Life had left its Mansion,
Nor wou'd have staid with one so curst as I am.
O how I long to mingle with the Dust,
To mingle with my Mother's cold, cold Ashes
And warm Them to receive and blend with Yours.
O Death, Death, Death, borrow the Wings of Time
For now thou art too slow.

T H U L A.

Break, break, my Heart! —

ASTRAGON.

Forbear to talk thus. --- Yet I hope that Heav'n
Will smile in favourable Blessings on us.

Come, my dear *Birtba*, *Thula* shall inform me
Of thy Misfortunes, and I'll strive to aid Thee
With all a Father's Care, and Mother's Fondness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Aribert. Guards at a Distance.

ARIBERT.

My Daughter's Passion hurry'd me too far :
Now cooler Reason mounts again her Throne,
I blame myself. True, *Gondibert's* Refusal
Might well alarm a Woman in her Weakness :
Besides, my Hopes are cross'd : my every Wish
Was center'd in Him for my Son and Heir :
By Blood ally'd, I fix'd on Him alone.
His Virtues might have dignify'd a Scepter,
And added fresher Honours to my Kingdom.
My Kingdom's Wish no less than mine. --- How blind
Are Mortals to Futurity? One Glance

G g g

From

From Beauty's Eye can baffle all our Schemes
And melt them down to Air. This fatal Marriage,
Thus unforeseen, has overturn'd the Plan
Of many a wakeful Hour. --- But be it so:
From different Courts I still have Choice of Sons,
Who plead their Passion for my Daughter's Love,
With richer Crowns than mine and fairer Kingdoms.
--- Since *Gondibert* is marry'd, let me pay Him
The proper Honours which his Merit claims,
His Father's Goodness and his own demand it.
He still shall be my General and my Friend!
The Message which I sent was too severe,
Forbidding Him my Presence: I revoke it.
I know the Powers of Beauty and forgive Him.
I long to comfort his afflicted Youth
And hail the Bridegroom with the Voice of Joy,
Of prosperous Wishes and unfeigned Pardon.

To the Guards.

Go find the noble *Gondibert* and tell Him
To meet me in the Gardens: I'll be there.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Astragon and Birtba.

ASTRAGON.

Forgive us, Royal Sir, forgive your Servants ---

BIRTHA.

Forgive your humble suppliant who implores
Your Pardon to my Lord, tho' not to me.
Here let your Indignation fate its Fury
Upon my wretched Head: I'll dye with Pleasure
To satisfy the Justice of your Anger:
But spare my *Gondibert*, O spare my Husband,
For Mercy's Sake for Piety's forgive Him;
By these fast-streaming Tears --- O let Them speak
The bleeding Anguish of my wounded Spirit,
And steal the Drops of Pity to your Bosom! ---

KING.

Speak, *Astragon*, what means this beauteous Vision,
This Daughter of the Skies (the Skies may claim Her)
Bright as the Morning Star, yet wet with Dews,

Thus kneeling at my Feet? Arise: --- my Senses
Are dazzled at her Radiance. --- Ease my Wonder.

A S T R A G O N.

My Daughter in the Feelingness of Sorrow,
And from a Heart in Pieces torn with Grief,
For her imprison'd Husband begs Compassion.
Upon my aged Knees I likewise beg it:
If e're my salutary Skill in Med'cin,
If e're my faithful Lessons of Instruction
Reliev'd your Body or compos'd your Mind
When agoniz'd with Doubts or stung with Pain;
If e'er my daily and my nightly Pray'rs,
Sent from the Fullness of my Heart to Heav'n
For Blessings on you, drew those Blessings down,
Have pity on her Youth, forgive the Duke,
And save us from the Terrors of your Wrath!

K I N G,

Rise, Both. --- Thy Daughter's Beauty might prevail
O'er *Jupiter*, offended at Mankind,
To lay his Thunder by. --- As sure as *Venus*,
Like Thee distress'd and beautiful like Thee,

Shining

Shining in Tears and breathing of *Ambrosia*,
Obtain'd of *Jove* to pity her *Aeneas*
Our glorious Ancestor, from whom we sprung,
So sure I pardon *Gondibert* and Thee.
His Choice of Thee absolves Him from all Guilt,
Thou Something more than Mortal! and exalts Him
Above the Thrones and Happiness of Kings.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Tibalt.

T I B A L T.

The Soldiers, Sir, in mutinous Disorder,
Allegiance broken, in a civil Storm
Led on by *Ulfmore*, with hideous Clamours
Rush from the Camp, and threaten Desolation,
Unless the Duke be quickly freed from Prison.

K I N G.

From Prison freed! hah!--Who imprison'd *Gondibert*?
Thy Words confound me -- speak -- or else Thou dy'ft.

T I B A L T.

By your Commands, for so the Princess told us,
Sir, we imprison'd Him this Morn.

K I N G.

KING.

Confusion! ---

By my Commands? --- the Princess told you so? ---

Destruction on his Head who durst attempt it.

--- This a Plot of Hers: unhappy Woman!

--- I'll teach her more Obedience. --- By the Gods

She, She Herself shall wait upon their Nuptials.

Go tell Her so; and say that I command Her.

--- My General the Protector of my Country

To be imprison'd for a Woman's Humour ---

'Twas wrong -- 'twas base -- She may repent her Rashness.

--- You, *Astragon*, meanwhile appease the Soldiers,

While I myself release my injur'd Heroe,

And satisfy his Doubts.

BIRTHA.

O hear your Handmaid,

Most gracious Sir, and grant me this Request,

Commit the grateful Message to my Care:

Forgive my eager Fondness to convey

Myself your Royal Mercy to my Lord,

And Both will wait upon You with our Duty.

KING.

KING.

Here, take this Signet: tell Him how I long
To make Amends for this unheard of Usage.
May Comfort guide thy Steps.

BIRTHA.

Upon your Head
May Blessings fall in neverceasing Show'rs,
Thick as the Winter Stars or Summer Flow'rs!
May future Lovers blest your Sacred Name,
And future Poets consecrate your Fame.

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I. *a Prison.**Enter Birtha.*

BIRTHA.

A Sweet Sensation melting round my Heart
 Springs up and overflows my Soul with Joy,
 Which conjugal Affection only feels;
 A secret Glow and Throbbing to impart
 The dear Assurance of our mutual Safety.
 I'll steal upon his Sorrows like a Slumber
 Pregnant with Bliss to sooth a Fever's Rage
 Tumultuous charging thro' the languid Patient,
 After long Tossings on the Bed of Sicknes;
 The balmy Comfort sinks into his Senses
 And sweetly cools the Life-consuming Flame.
 This Passport to my Love, this precious Signet
 Throws out a Ray of Glory o'er the Gloom
 Which Melancholy hangs around the Dungeon,
 And lights me to his Presence. Hark, methought
 I heard his Voice; be still, my Tongue, a Moment,

One

One Moment let me listen to his Moanings,
Then pour the Tidings of Delight at once
Into his Soul, and give Him all my Raptures.

[Retires aside.

Enter Gondibert.

GONDIBERT. [Walls,

Yes ---- tho' besieg'd with Guards, and fenc'd with
The Soul is left at Liberty to wing
Her free Excursions and disdains Confinement.
Confinement may be dreadful to the Wicked:
When Conscience whets her Stings and Darkness frowns
Brooding with supernumerary Horrors,
Woe to the guilty Spirit! Guilt may tremble
When self-condemn'd, and call on deeper Night
To cover from the Wrath of Heav'n offended
Its Coward, shrinking Head, --- and call in vain.
But strong in Innocence why shou'd I fear?
True to my Honour, faithful to my Sov'reign,
Can I deserve his Rage? if not deserve it,
His Rage is impotent. The Gods protect
Their pious Votaries where're They find them,

H h h

In

In Prisons or in Palaces, the same
Unerring Arbitrators of our Fortunes,
Supremely good and merciful in Justice.

Tho' Malice send her Flight of Arrows at me
If Virtue spread her Adamantine Shield,
From Heav'n's bright Armory, of sevenfold Proof,
They pointless fall, and innocent of Harm,
Their idle Forces spent in empty Air,
Like spoils in Battle, but adorn my Conquest.

--- But *Birtba* --- *Birtba* --- O the dear Forlorn One!
Her tender Sorrows, pressing on my Heart,
Unman my firmest Purpose --- put to flight
The Succours which Philosophy wou'd lend me.
Were she but safe! --- my Soul wou'd be at Peace.

[*Birtba comes forward.*]

BIRTBA.

Behold Her here, and safe, and thine for ever.
The King forgives us Both ---

GONDIBERT.

Forgives us?

BIR-

BIRTHA.

Yes:

Our Happiness begins its golden Round,
And we shall never Taste of Anguish more.

GONDIBERT.

Thy Words transport me with Delight and Wonder,
Too full of overbearing Joy to gain
Credit from any but from Thee.

BIRTHA.

Behold

The Royal Signet as the Seal of Pardon.

GONDIBERT.

And is it given me once again to hear Thee,
To bless my Eyes with thy endearing Beauties
And strain Thee to my Breast? --- O bounteous Heav'n!
O gracious Aribert! O happy Gondibert!
This Moment might reward an Age of Bondage.
O BIRTHA, O my Wife! my Joy, my Blessing,
Thou Object of my Soul! O take me thus,
Thus folded in thy Arms in circling Bliss,
And may we never, never part again.

Still let me clasp Thee to my glowing Heart,
Which beats against my Bosom to receive Thee.

B I R T H A.

My Heart expands Itself to let Thee in
And wrap thy Image in the Foldings there,
Deep in the warm Recesses of my Being!
There I will cherish my dear Lord for ever.

Enter Astragon.

A S T R A G O N.

Joy to you Both! A Father's Blessing on You.
--- The Soldiers are appeas'd, The King forgives Them,
And sends me to declare his generous Will,
And call you to the Banquet, now preparing
In Honour of your Marriage,

Enter Messenger.

M E S S I N G E R.

Hail to Birtba!

The Princess in regard to *Birtba's* Worth
Forgets all former Jealousies and Wrongs,
And sends her Joy and Peace. She waits to see You.

B I R -

BIRTHA.

We humbly will attend the King and Princess
Much honour'd with her Grace. *[Exit Messinger.]*

GONDIBERT.

This sudden Change
I like it not, beware of *Rhodolinda*. *[To Birtha aside.]*
What of the Soldiers? for I think you nam'd Them.

Enter Ulfinoe.

ULFINORE.

Eternal Happiness attend my Lord,
And crown his beauteous Bride and Him with Joy.

GONDIBERT.

I know thy honest Nature.

BIRTHA.

Sir, We thank You.

ASTRAGON.

The Soldiers, Sir, --- but *Ulfinoe* Himself
Will tell You at a more convenient Season,
And give the full Relation. We, mean time,
Prepare ourselves to wait upon the King,
And taste the Blessings which the Gods bestow.

GON-

GONDIBERT.

To Them give all the Praise. My *Birtha* looks
 So near ally'd to Heav'n, Her Voice and Hands
 Will recommend our Incence and our Vows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rhodolinda, Laura.

RHODOLINDA.

Thou tell'st me Wonders.

LAURA.

Greater wait behind.

Soon as I reach'd the sage *Urganda's* Cell,
 A Flight of Owls and Batts and Raven-Wings
 With hideous Clang, I tremble to relate it,
 Beat the thick Air, and Adders thro' the Brakes
 His'd ruffling, grumbled underneath the Ground,
 And open wide the Doors, harsh-creaking, flew.
 I shou'd have dy'd with Fear, if Zeal to serve You,
 My royal Mistress, had not arm'd my Soul,
 Weak in its native female Pow'rs, with Courage
 Unknown before, against these Scenes of Horror.

She,

She, tottering o'er an Ebon Staff, demanded
My Business at that solemn Hour of Darknes.
Quick I acquainted Her with your Commission,
With trembling haste: She mutter'd and withdrew,
But soon return'd, and folded in a Paper
She gave the Poison You requir'd. "Take this,
This Powder, tell thy Mistress, breaths Destruction,
Perfum'd with Death: no Skill on Earth can save
The Person who but smells the precious Bane.
These Herbs were gather'd by the trembling Moon-light,
Beneath a Mandrakes melancholy Shade,
Steep'd in *Echidna's* Gore and wash'd in *Acheron*;
Thrice with the sooty Wings of East-winds fann'd,
And thrice unhallow'd with a Blight of Curses
In *Demogorgon's* Hall: the Charm is fatal."
She said, and with an hollow Smile retir'd.

R H O D O L I N D A.

What Dangers hast Thou undergone to ease me?
Nor shall They, unrewarded, pass forgotten.
Now to our Business. We in Time provided
This blessed Remedy: had we defer'd

A Day,

A Day, an Hour, a Moment, as you find,
 It wou'd have come too late ; at least for Vengeance.
 She shall not live an Hour. The King commands
 My Presence at this hated Nuptial Banquet,
 The Bride shall find me there, and Death together.
 Yes, Death shall hold her Revels, and Destruction
 Drest up in Smiles and Flow'rs. Methinks I see Her
 Flushing with Pride, perhaps with Scorn : -- enjoy
 Thy momentary Triumph ; -- yes, --- enjoy
 Thy Husband's Vows --- another Moment longer ---
 Then, then the Triumph shall be all my own.
 Are all Things ready ?

L A U R A.

All prepar'd by *Tibalt* ;
 The Flow'rs, the Sword the Cupids and the Music.

R H O D O L I N D A.

'Tis well. Meanwhile, Diffimulation, aid me,
 Ingenious in thy undermining Arts ---
 Yet timorous --- O that we must sink so low ! ---
 My Soul disdains Thee, but Revenge commands me,
 So thou, Diffimulation prompt my Purpose,

Thou

'Thou trick my Countenance with lying Smiles,
 And breath thy subtle Pow'rs into my Eyes.
 --- Th' Hyena and Revenge may soon be tutour'd;
 For Nature, ready Nature points the Way.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, the Banquet waits You.

RHODOLINDA.

I'll be there. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Ulfinoe.

ULFINORE.

Perdition on his Head! the lurking Villain ---
 'Twas He that drew this Danger on my Lord,
 'Twas He acquainted *Laura* with his Love,
 Against th' inviolable Laws of Friendship,
 'Twas He declar'd me Traytor to the King:
 O wou'd some God but give Him to this Arm,
 A Victim to the Fury of my Vengeance,

With fell Delight I'd riot in his Blood,
And every Blow shou'd right my wounded Honour.

*Enter Two dress'd like Cupids, They cross the Stage,
the One with a Sword the Other with a Garland.*

What fair Delusion swims before my Eyes?

Speak, say what are You? for what Purpose? ha!

My Senses fail'd me. --- Are the Gods descended

To grace my Master's Nuptials with their Presence?

It was the Error of my Understanding:

The Vision is dissolv'd and sunk in Air.

Was it to interrupt Revenge? it shall not:

Tho' *Erebus* shou'd pour out all its Forms

And grielly Shapes of Horror, I will on,

And find the Villain *Tibalt*. --- Hence, vain Shadows,

Nor dare to disengage my settled Soul

From her sure Purpose. --- Lead me on, Revenge,

I follow thy red Footsteps to the Grave.

[*Exit Ulfinore.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Tibalt.

Where shall I hide my ignominious Head?

I hate the Light, and cannot bear myself.

--- Curse on the Weakness which betray'd my Virtue.

How am I fall'n from Honour! O my Soul ---

And how become the Instrument of Hell,

To murder Innocence which never wrong'd me!

--- Drawn by a Woman to forego my Faith

To worthy *Ulsinore* --- to mingle Poison

Ev'n for my General's Bride! --- Rejoice, *Prometheus*;

Thy Vulture will be mine; my Guilt is blacker:

Thy Crime was only *stealing* Heav'nly Fire,

Which mine *extinguishes*, in murd'ring *Birtba*,

Form'd of Celestial Beams! --- Earth groans beneath me:

Hell, Hell, I feel Thee Here. --- Ha, *Ulsinore*?

I'd rather meet *Alecto* with her Whips,

Than my offended Friend. --- Gape, Earth, and hide

me.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ulfinoe.

ULFINORE.

'Twas He, the Wretch!---Now aid me, Heav'n and
Justice!

Far as the flaming Limits of the World
I'll follow Thee, or punish thy Transgression, ---
The Center shall not hide thee from my Arm,
While Vengeance whets my Sword and Justice guides it,

[Exit.

SCENE V.

*KING, RHODOLINDA, GONDIBERT,
BIRTHA, ASTRAGON, PHILOSOPHERS &c,
as after the Banquet,*

GONDIBERT,

This royal Overflowing of your Bounty
Restrains my fault'ring Tongue, which fain wou'd speak
The thankful Language of my grateful Heart. ---
My Actions shall declare my Zeal and Duty.

KING.

Dear to my Soul as when, adorn'd with Spoils,
Thou bravely triumph'd o'er my Kingdoms Foes,

Establish-

Establishing my Throne, I reinstate Thee
 My General and my Friend: forget the Storm
 Which burst too sudden, but is pass'd away
 Ne'er to distress Thee more. Exert again
 Thy pristine Pow'rs and shine with equal Glory.
 The generous Eagle thus, awhile dismiss'd
 The Service of the Cloud-compelling God,
 In Darkness drooping, flags his burnish'd Wings,
 Nor bears his bold Incurfions on the Sun;
 But soon recall'd He tow'ring claps his Pinions
 Resumes the Bolt of *Jove* and grasps the Thunder.
 Here, crown and reach the Bowl; let purple *Bacchus*
 Walk jocund round. --- He sparkles in the Gold
 With reconciling Smiles, and courts the Lip
 Ambitious of the charming Health we give,
 Joy to the Bride.

R H O D O L I N D A.

And to the Bridegroom Health.

B I R T H A.

The Business of my Life, most gracious Princess,
 Shall be employ'd in praising of your Goodness.

1. PHILOSOPHER.

May Heav'n surround you with the Gifts of Plenty—

2. PHILOSOPHER.

With Peace and Pleasure —

3. PHILOSOPHER.

And a beauteous Offspring

Rich in their Father's and their Mother's Graces —

ASTRAGON.

May every Day like this be crown'd with Blessings,
Till ripe for Immortality you gather
The glorious Harvest and Reward of Virtue,
Partakers of celestial, endless Joys.

KING.

But where's the Musick? Harmony becomes
This genial Hour — Here, let the sprightly Viol
The numerous Lyre and soft melodious Lute,
With every Instrument of pleasant String
Divide their Notes and wake the Sounds of Rapture.

Enter

Gondibert and Birtha.

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Enter two Pages drest like Cupids.

1. *Sings and presents a Naked Sword richly embelish'd
with Diamonds to Gondibert.*

By the brazen Pomp of War,

By the glittering of his Spear,

Mars commands his favourite Son

With this Sword to grace his Side,

To protect with this his Bride

And his Royal Master's Throne.

Mark its Beams!

How it gleams!

Not *Æneas'* brighter shone:

Fit to guard a Bride and Throne.

2. *With a Garland sings.*

By the Billing of her *Doves*,

By the Arrows of her *Loves*

Venus from her *Paphian* Bow's,

Begs the Bride, the beauteous Bride

(Let not *Venus* be deny'd)

To accept this Wreath of Flow'rs;

Roses

Gondibert and BIRTHA.

Roses glowing,

Myrtle blowing,

All their Sweets and Charms are Yours :

O accept this Wreath of Flow'rs.

*As He is presenting the Crown of Flow'rs to BIRTHA
enter Ulfinoe wounded.*

ULFINORE.

Perish thy hellish Present, smiling Villain —

*[Catches It and stamps it under
his Feet.*

KING.

Unmanner'd Slave! what means this bold Intrusion?

GONDIBERT.

Ah! bleeding? *Ulfinoe*, explain thyself —

He faints — He falls —

ULFINORE.

Forgive my seeming Rudeness,

This Rudeness which preserves the Life of *BIRTHA*.

GONDIBERT.

Ha! sayst Thou —

ULFI-

ULFINORE.

Hold, my Life, till I have told
 The guilty Tale, and I shall dye in Peace. —
 This Moment *Tibalt*, whom my Arm has slain
 For Treachery to Friendship and my Master,
 Expiring and repenting of his Treason,
 Confess'd, in Combination with his Wife
 And *Rhodolinda*, that He strew'd these Flow'rs
 With baleful *Aconite* and Drugs from Hell,
 With Charms deliver'd by the Witch *Urganda*,
 To poison *Birtba*. — Luckily I came
 Fast as my Wounds allow'd me and prevented
 Her certain Fate: — For which I thank the Gods
 And gladly fall a Victim — at her Feet. [Dies.

RHODOLINDA.

Ye cruel Stars! — what — am I disappointed?
 Thus I make sure —

[Snatches the Sword and offers to stab
Birtba: prevented by *Gondibert*.

Baffled again! — Confusion —

Then thus —

[Stabs Herself.

K k k

KING.

KING.

Oh Horror, O! — my Crown to save Her —

[Faints.]

GONDIBERT.

Good Heav'n, support the King!

RHODOLINDA.

The Stroke was Home —

My Life-blood follows, and my flaming Spirits

With Indignation quit their hated Mansions.

And yet, my Soul! but oh it is too late —

The Rage of Female Pride contemn'd and scorn'd

To Madness drove me — hurl'd me on Destruction.

O *Rhodolinda*! by thyself undone —

Revenge in Woman, kindled by Despair

Must end in — Death. — O cursed Pride and Jealousy,

O fatal Female Ruin — Pride and Jealousy

Absolve the Furies — when compar'd with Them

The Furies seem to whiten into Virtue.

— My Hate together with my Life is finish'd. —

Forgive me, *Birtba*, *Gondibert*, forgive me,And pardon *Laura* too — the Guilt was mine.

— The

— The Crown must now be Yours — let that atone
For all the Crimes my frantick Passion plotted —

GONDIBERT.

Madam your last Request shall be obey'd;
We pardon *Laura* — For the Witch *Urganda*
Flames, next that Hell she's leagu'd with, shall await her.

RHODOLINDA.

— My Father! — O take care of his Old Age —
His Grief sits heavy on his Spirits — oh. [Dies.

ASTRAGON.

The King revives; quick, softly lead Him hence,
And I'll attend Him with my ablest Care.

GONDIBERT.

All-gracious Heav'n! Thy Mercy first be prais'd:
Repair We to the Temple! Then we'll pay
Our Duty to the Dead — My *Birtba*, come,
Sav'd by the Gods and their protecting Goodness,
To crown my Life with Joy!

ASTRAGON.

From hence behold
The righteous Care of PROVIDENCE, who guards
With

With its bright Shield, and leads thro' secret Paths
 The Innocent to Peace: While Guilt is punish'd
 By its own wicked Arts, and vile Revenge
 Pursues her Votaries with Swords and Poisons,
 But chief Blood-Guiltiness, Murthers intended,
 Tho', by Heav'ns Care, not put in Execution,
 For ever to their Authors fatal prove,
 While Happiness attends on Virtuous Love,

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

F I N I S.

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